

WAID • SAMNEE • WILSON

# DAREDEVIL



MW  
SAMNEE '14



# PREVIOUSLY:

The world now knows that blind lawyer Matt Murdock is Daredevil. After years of maintaining a secret identity to protect the people he loves, Matt came clean in a court of law. His heightened senses, including his 360-degree radar sense, are now a matter of public record. In order to protect his best friend and former law partner, Foggy Nelson, from Daredevil's enemies, Matt very publicly faked Foggy's death. They then moved to San Francisco, where Matt opened a new law practice with his girlfriend, Kirsten McDuffie. Matt's old foe, the persuasive Purple Man, reemerged in San Francisco, along with his offspring, whose abilities prove to be even more compelling than their father's. When they encountered Daredevil, he was inescapably overwhelmed by their powers of intense emotional control.



**MARK WAID & CHRIS SAMNEE**

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**ELLIE PYLE**

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PUBLISHER

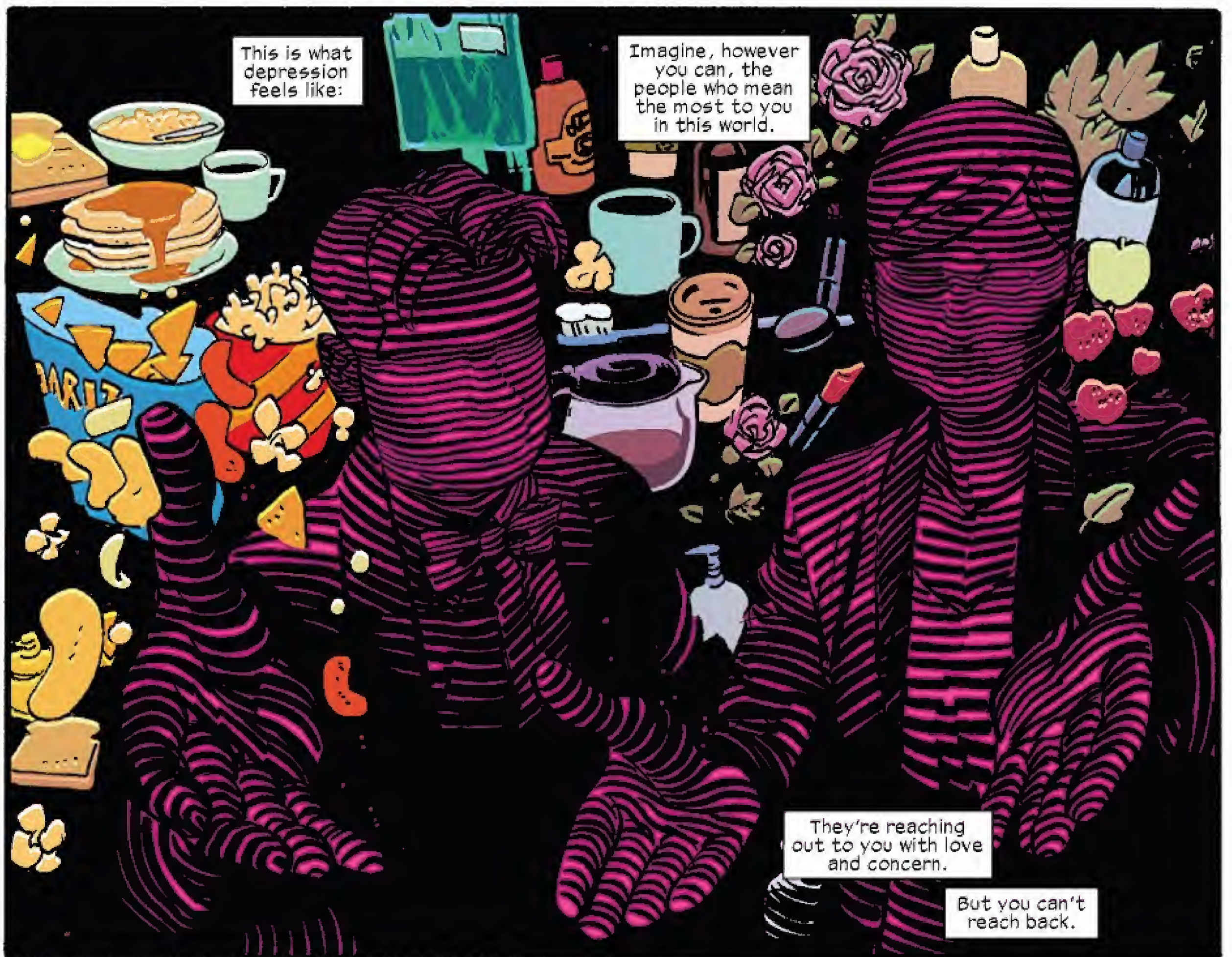
**SAMNEE & WILSON**

COVER

**ALAN FINE**

EXEC. PRODUCER







Depression is a living  
thing. It exists by  
feeding on your  
darkest moods. And it  
is always hungry.

Anything that challenges  
it--*anything*--it wants  
that thing to stop. Anything  
that makes you feel good,  
anyone who brings joy, it will  
drive away so it can grow  
without interference.

Its primary goal is to  
isolate you. At its worst,  
it will literally paralyze you  
rather than allow you to  
feel anything at all.

At its worst,  
you are numb.  
You are drained.





You are  
immobilized.

I haven't felt this way in a  
long time. But a few minutes  
ago, a band of extraordinary  
children used their empathic  
powers to stir up and amplify  
all my half-buried shadows.

The kids are gone, but the  
damage lingers, warm and  
familiar. I could be in the  
middle of Times Square right  
now, and I would still feel no  
one else's reach, no one  
else's touch.



I am  
utterly  
alone.

Except for  
the man who's  
about to  
kill me.







...TELL ME  
WHERE...MY  
DAMNABLE  
CHILDREN  
WENT...



TELL...  
ME!



I hear pieces of  
*bone* inside him, tearing  
*muscle*. I'm being  
bludgeoned by a rag doll--

--named  
*Killgrave*.

He sounds like his  
larynx was crushed.  
I barely recognize  
his *voice*--



NO...  
COMEBACK?  
WHAT'S...WRONG,  
MURDOCK...?



SHOULDN'T  
YOU  
*PROTEST*?



--until he starts  
croaking out his  
hypnotic *commands*,  
and my brain  
involuntarily tries  
to *obey* them.



SHOULDN'T  
YOU *BE ANGRY*?  
SHOULDN'T YOU  
PUT UP A  
*STRUGGLE*?

But that's how  
far down the pit  
I've fallen.

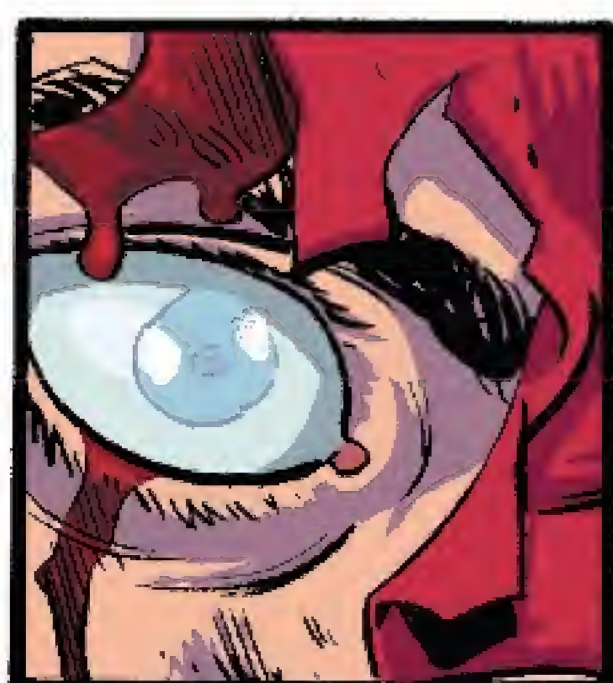
I can't even  
respond to his  
*orders*.

COME ON.  
THIS IS TOO EASY.  
DON'T ROB ME OF A  
VICTORY I'VE WAITED  
YEARS FOR.



All I can do is sink  
into the blackness. I  
can't feel pain. I can't  
move because I have  
nothing to *push*  
against. *Nothing*.

SHOW  
ME SOME  
*FEAR*.









NO, DAD, MATT HASN'T MADE A DECISION YET, AND HOW ARE YOU?

**KIRSTEN MCDUFFIE**  
and  
**FINE, HE'S DAREDEVIL, OKAY?**  
**ARE YOU HAPPY NOW?**  
**ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW**

BUSINESS IS FINE. EVERYTHING'S SWELL.

AS A MATTER OF FACT, YES.

MATT, IN PARTICULAR, HAS A COUPLE OF VERY IMPORTANT COURT CASES ON HIS DOCKET.

THANK YOU FOR YOUR CONCERN, BUT IF MATT ACCEPTS YOUR OFFER, IT WILL BE BECAUSE HE WANTS TO TELL HIS STORY, NOT BECAUSE HE HAS TO--

**FINAL NOTICE**

**FINAL NOTICE**

**FINAL NOTICE**

**FINAL NOTICE**

**KT HUNK**

DAD, I'LL HAVE TO CALL YOU BACK.

**BIP**

JKL 5 MNO 6

WXYZ 9

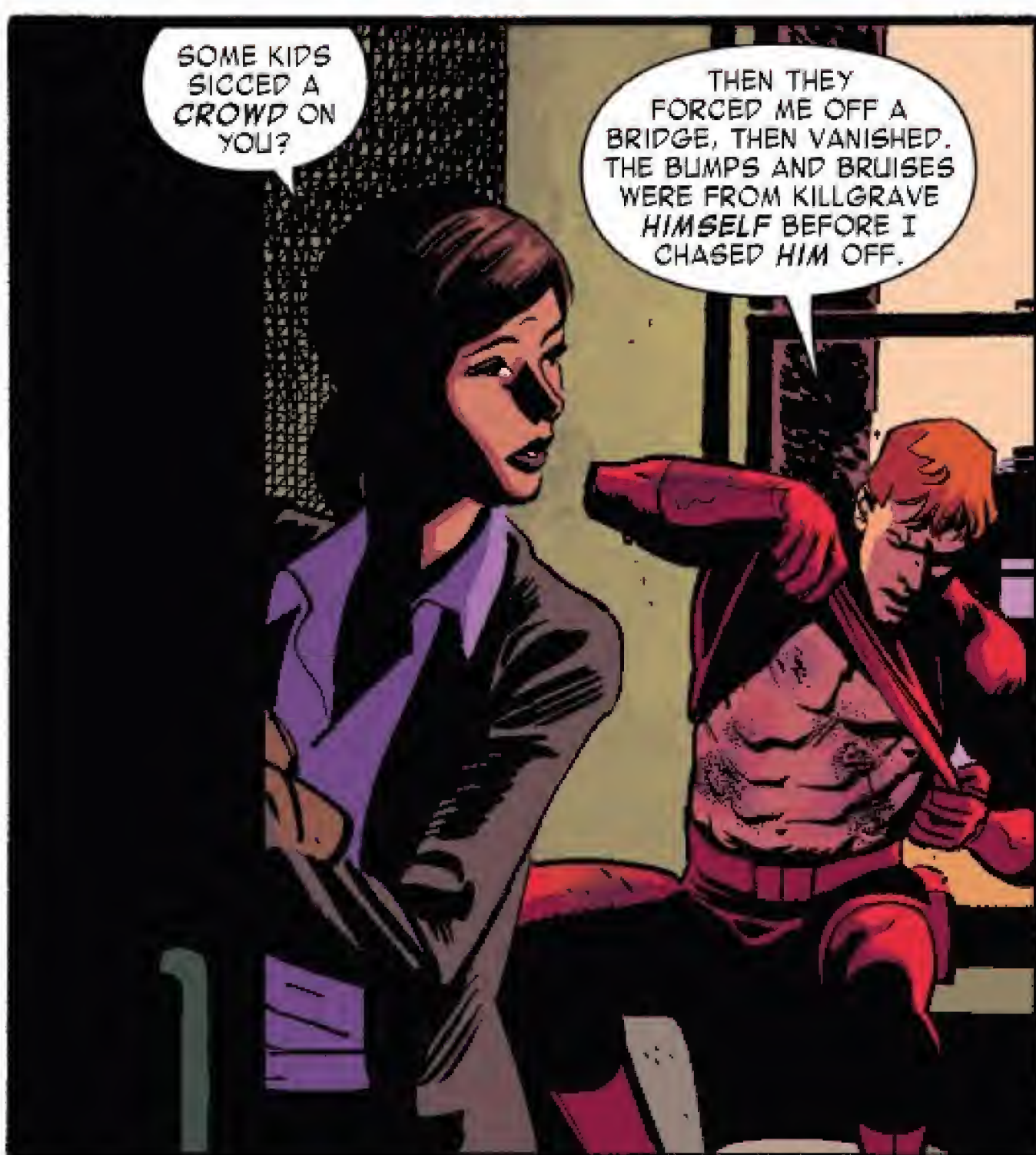
**BIP**

1 A 2

GHI 4 JKL 5

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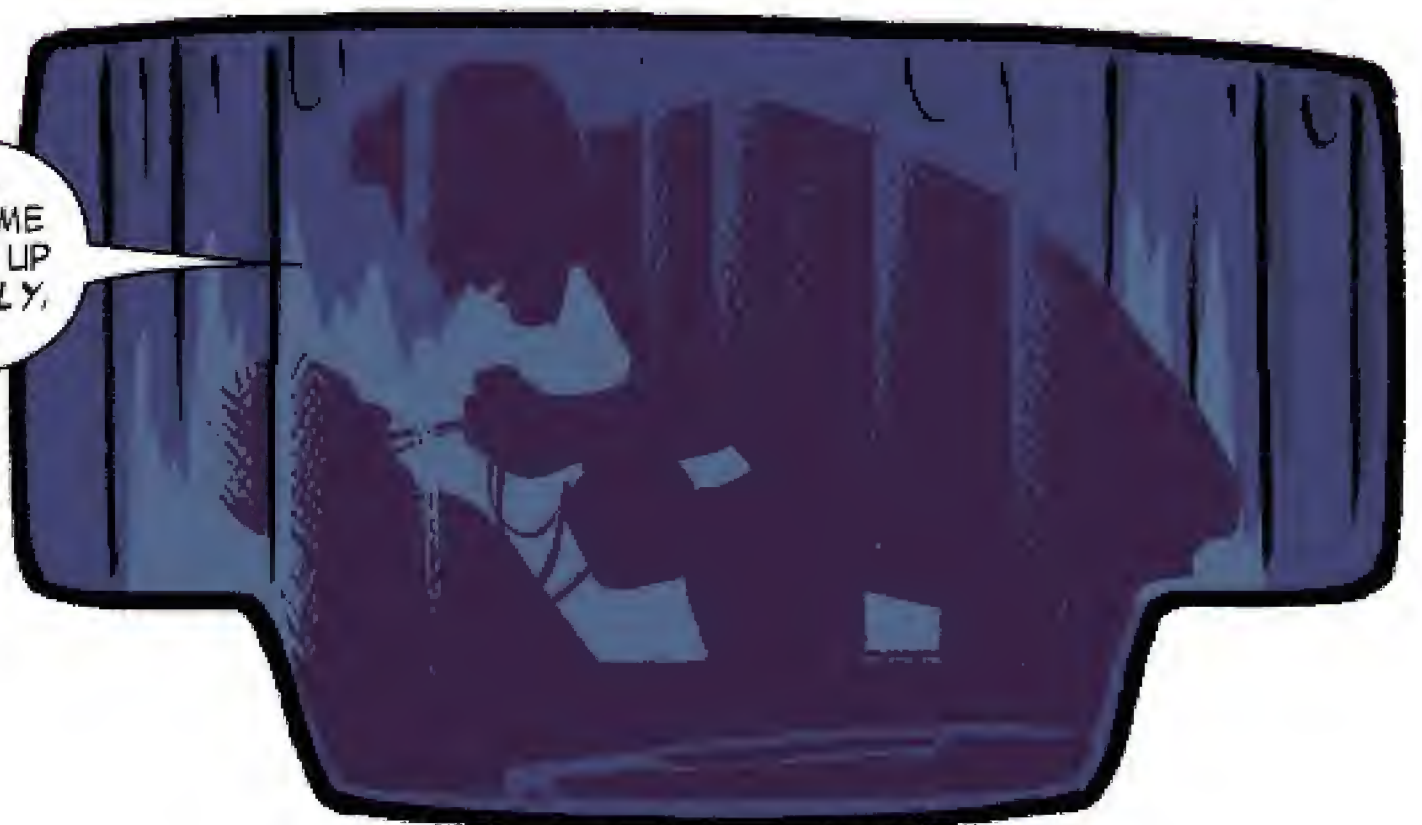




JOEY. JOEY.  
YOU CHILDREN  
LEAVE A *SPOOR* OF  
EMOTION THAT I  
CAN TRACK.

THE FIVE OF  
YOU CAN OUTWILL  
ANYONE IF YOU'RE  
TOGETHER. IS THAT IT?  
POWER IN *NUMBERS*  
AND ALL THAT?

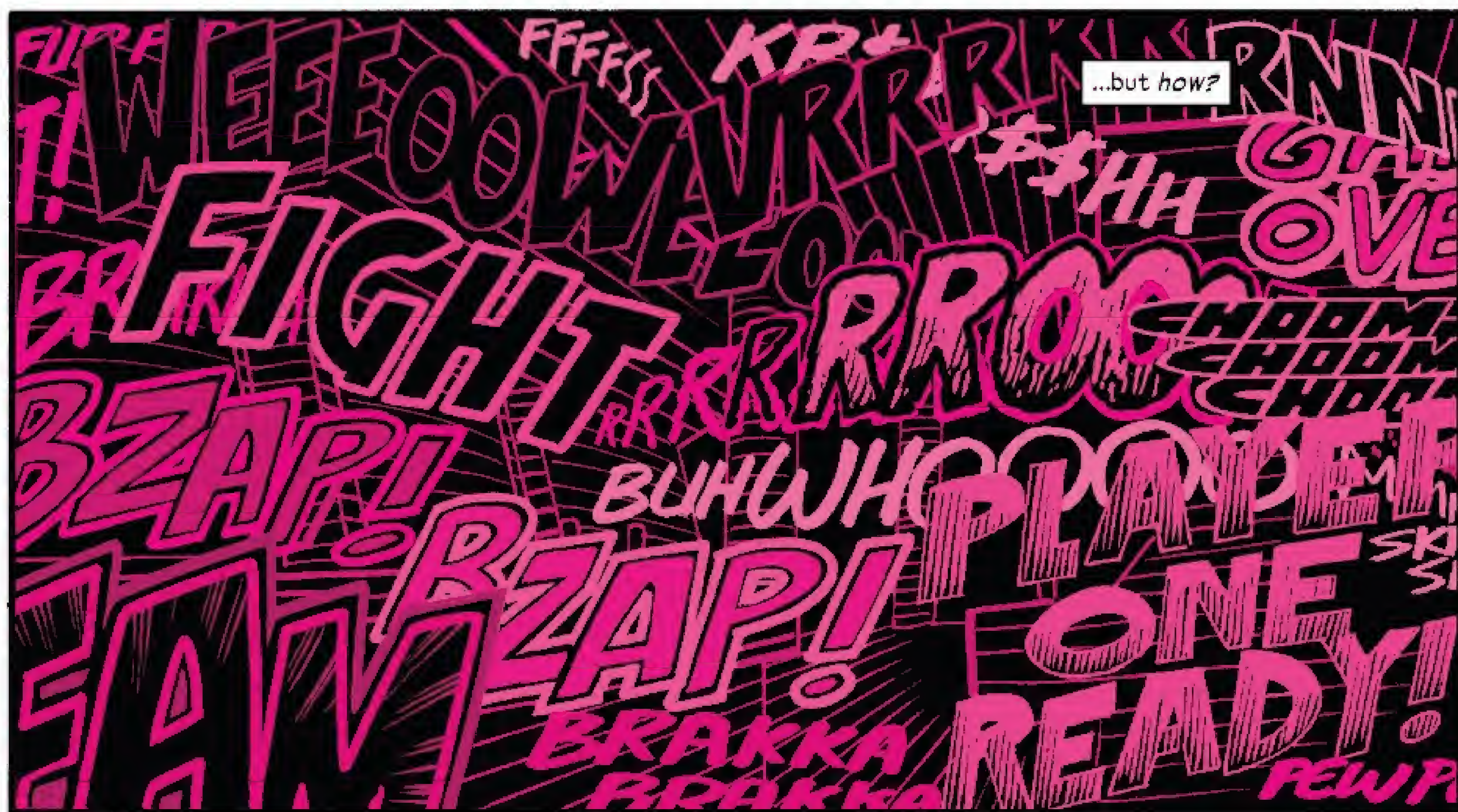
YOU'RE  
FORCING ME  
TO BREAK UP  
THE FAMILY,  
JOEY...















Over the deafening house music, I pick out one heartbeat. It has to be one of the kids...



...because my gut clenches with anxiety the closer I get to him.



SSSSH.



IT'S ALL RIGHT. I'M NOT GOING TO HURT YOU.

I'M A GOOD GUY, SEE?



NO FEAR, KIDDO. NO FEAR.

YOU'VE GOT TO BE BRAVE--

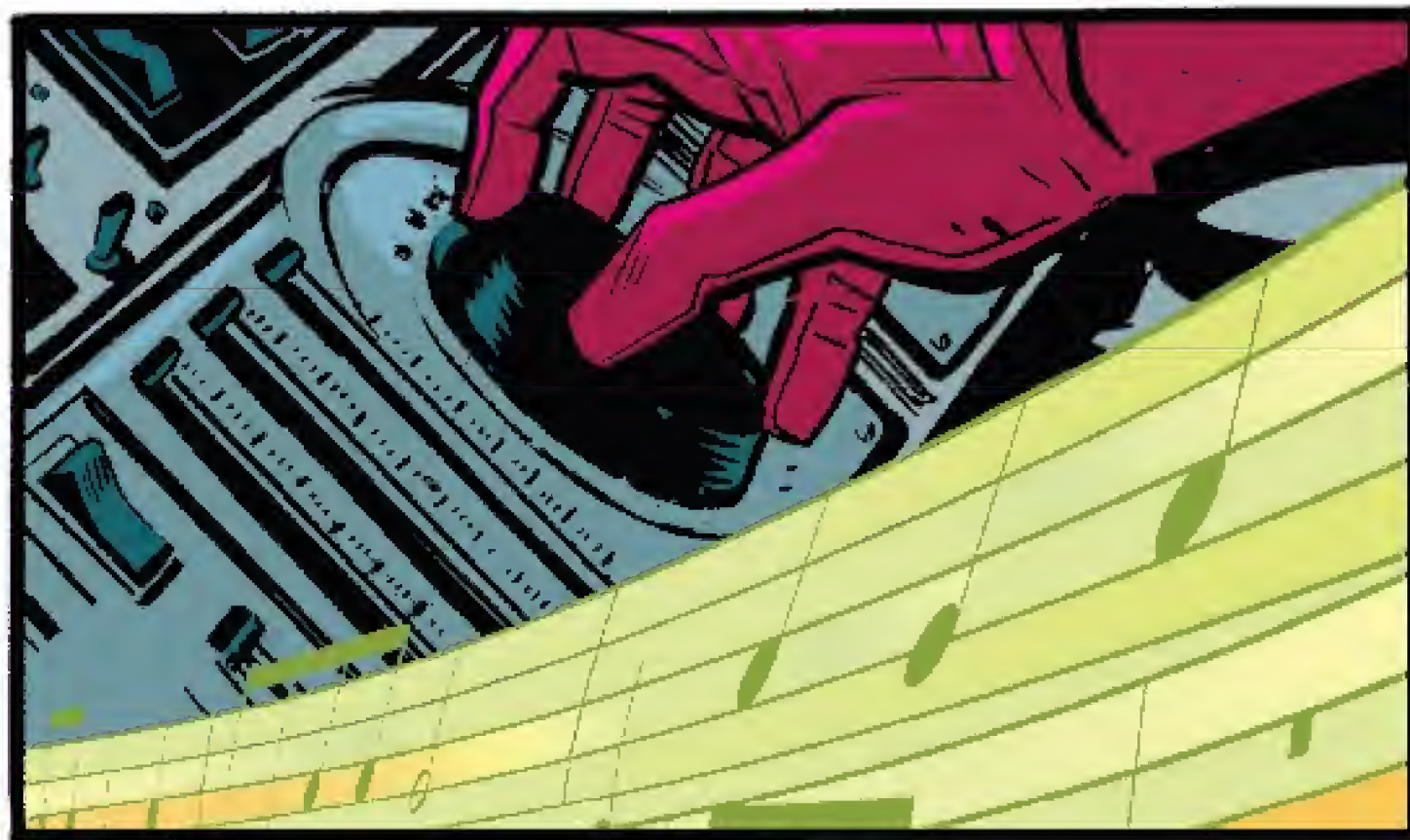


--OR HE'LL FIND US BOTH--!

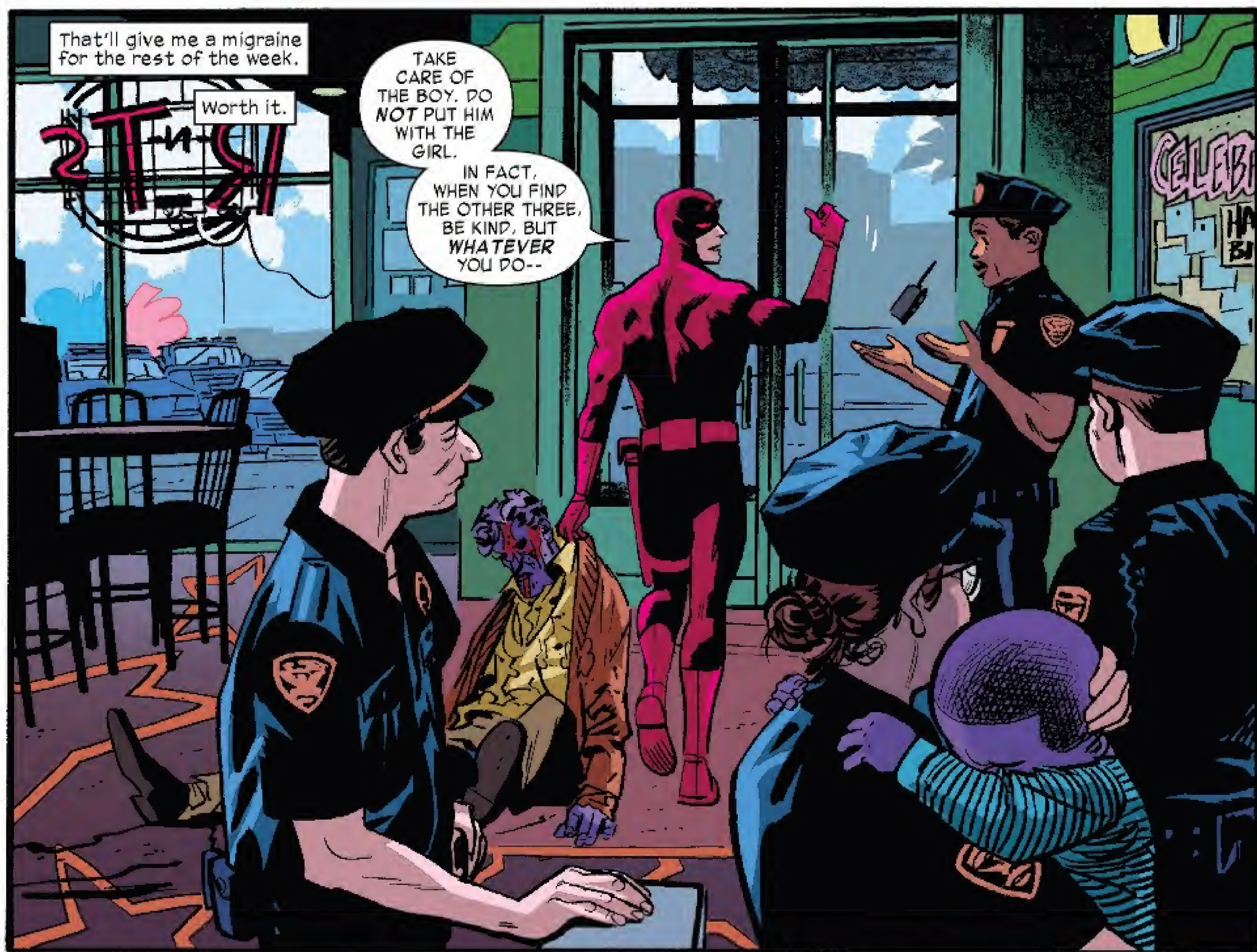




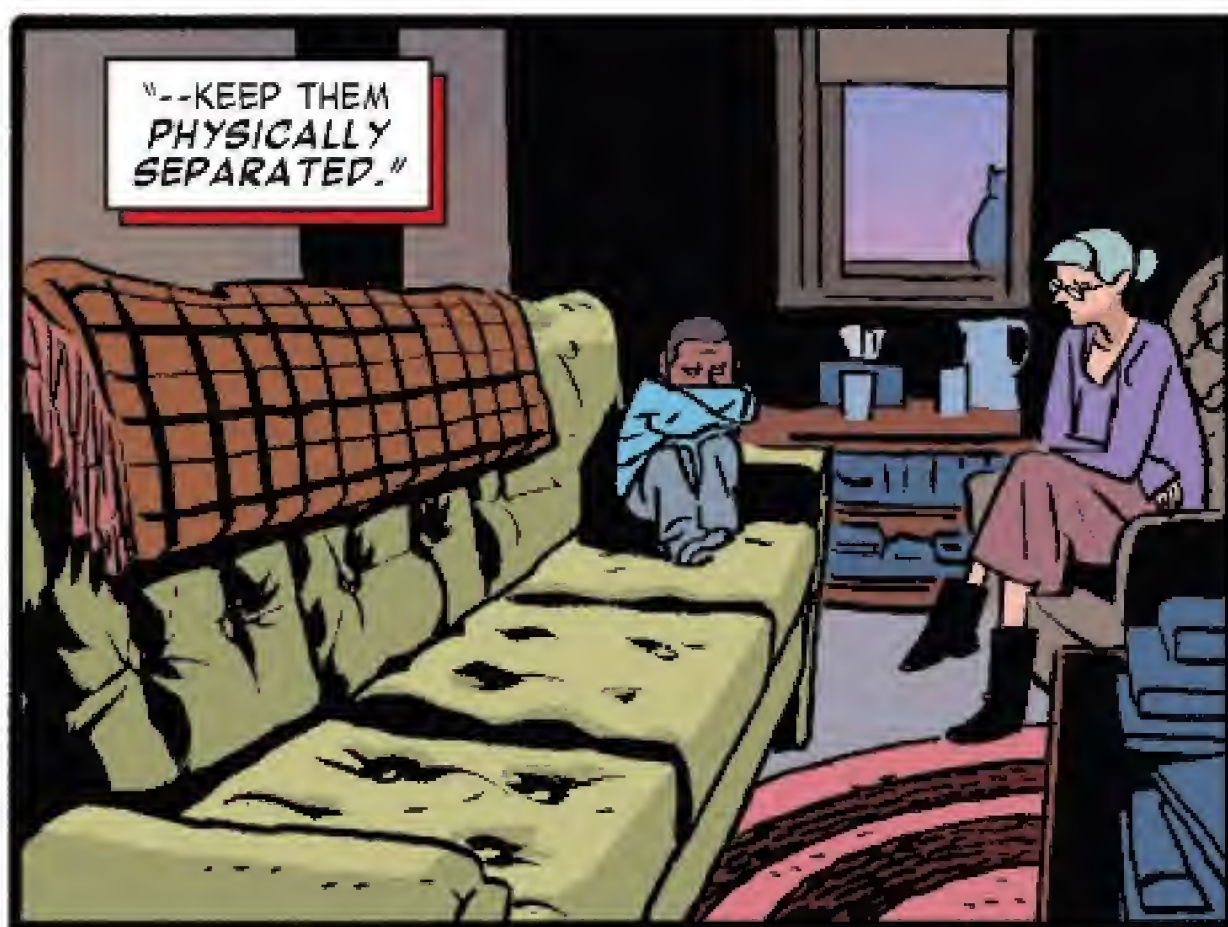










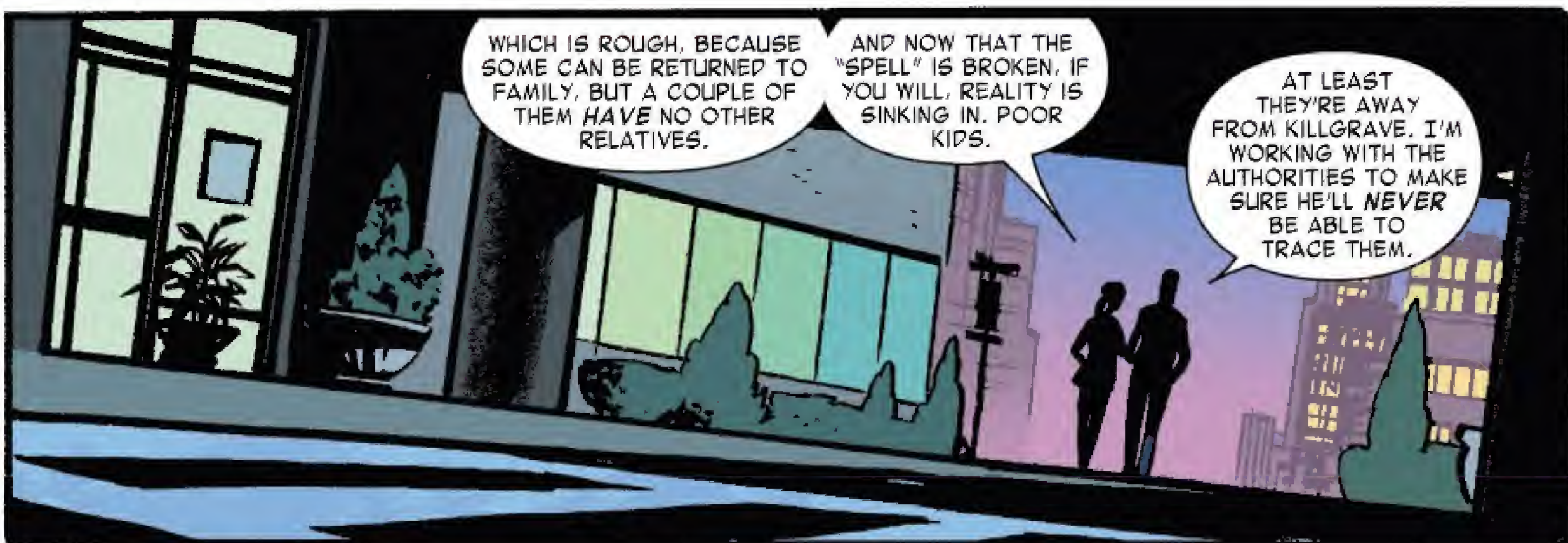


"--KEEP THEM PHYSICALLY SEPARATED."



AND THEIR SKIN IS NORMAL AGAIN...?

AS LONG AS THEY'RE APART, YEAH. OUT OF THEIR OWN LITTLE SPHERE OF INFLUENCE, THEY'VE ALL... "REVERTED," I GUESS.



WHICH IS ROUGH, BECAUSE SOME CAN BE RETURNED TO FAMILY, BUT A COUPLE OF THEM HAVE NO OTHER RELATIVES.

AND NOW THAT THE "SPELL" IS BROKEN, IF YOU WILL, REALITY IS SINKING IN. POOR KIDS.

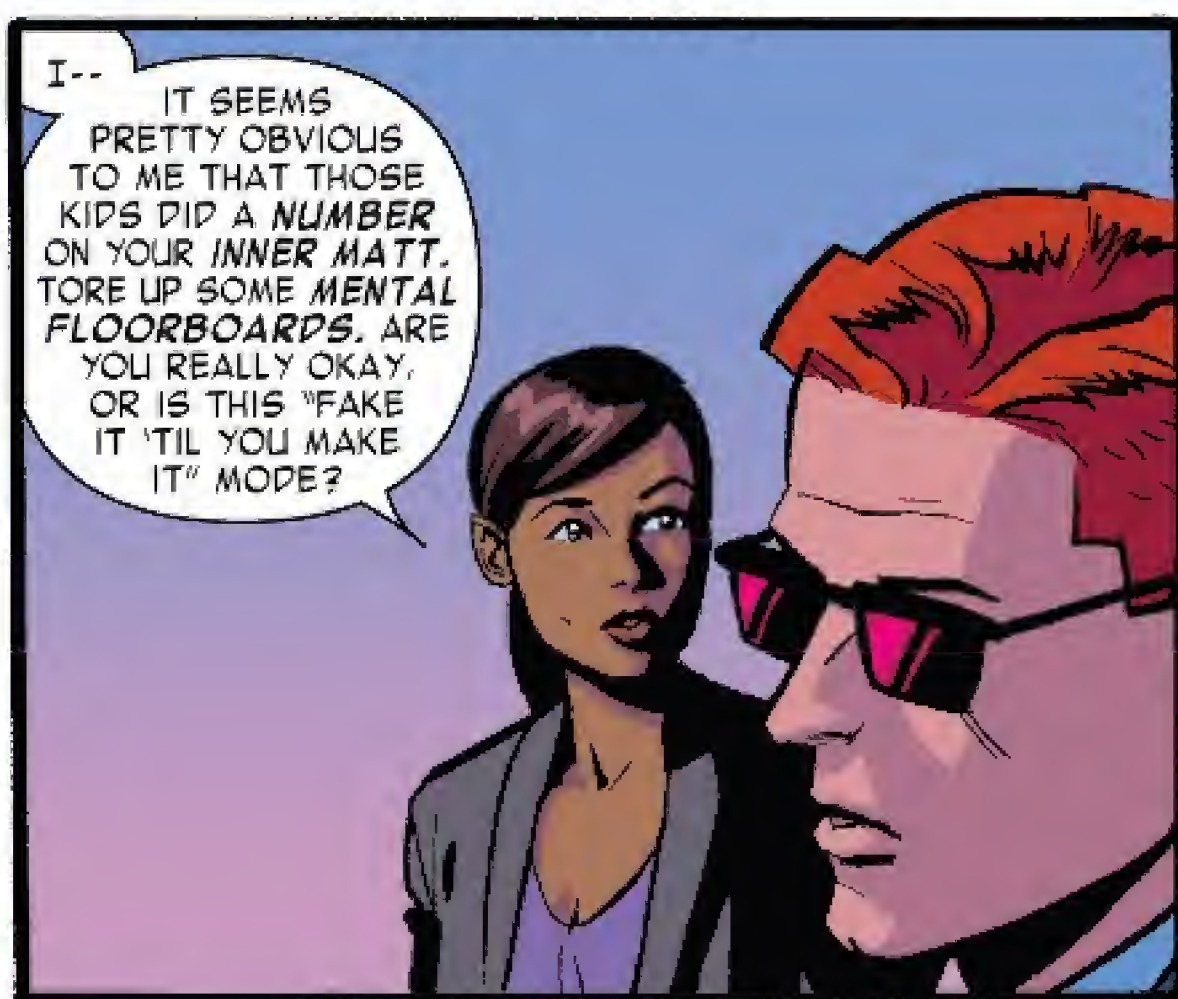
AT LEAST THEY'RE AWAY FROM KILLGRAVE. I'M WORKING WITH THE AUTHORITIES TO MAKE SURE HE'LL NEVER BE ABLE TO TRACE THEM.



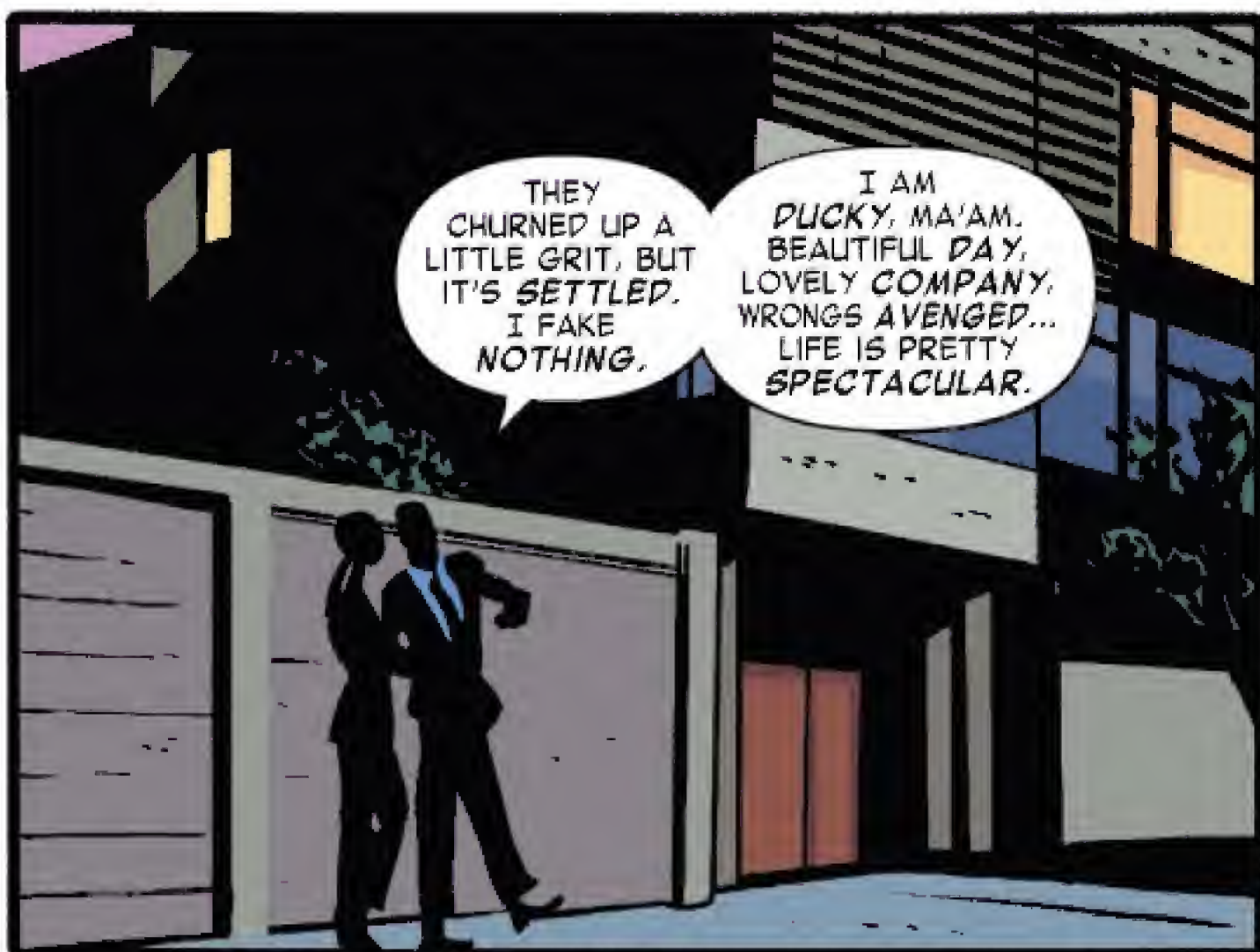
AND I'VE MADE SOME CALLS TO A SCHOOL THAT SPECIALIZES IN...WELL, "GIFTED YOUNGSTERS," AS THEY PUT IT. THEY'LL BE IN THE BEST OF HANDS.

AND YOU? HOW'S YOUR HEAD?

ME? I'M FINE.



I-- IT SEEMS PRETTY OBVIOUS TO ME THAT THOSE KIDS DID A NUMBER ON YOUR INNER MATT. TORE UP SOME MENTAL FLOORBOARDS. ARE YOU REALLY OKAY, OR IS THIS "FAKE IT 'TIL YOU MAKE IT" MODE?



THEY CHURNED UP A LITTLE GRIT, BUT IT'S SETTLED. I FAKE NOTHING.

I AM DUCKY, MA'AM. BEAUTIFUL DAY, LOVELY COMPANY, WRONGS AVENGED... LIFE IS PRETTY SPECTACULAR.



SEE YA TOMORROW, BEAUTIFUL.

SMACK







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The world knows that blind lawyer Matt Murdock is Daredevil. After years of maintaining a secret identity to protect the people he loves, Matt came clean in a court of law. His heightened senses, including his 360-degree radar sense, are now a matter of public record. In order to protect his best friend and former law partner, Foggy Nelson, from Daredevil's enemies, Matt very publicly faked Foggy's death. They then moved to San Francisco, where Matt opened a new law practice with his girlfriend, Kirsten McDuffie. With his identity out in the open, several of Daredevil's old foes have popped up in his new city, looking to get revenge. In addition to his super hero stresses, Matt was recently propositioned by Kirsten's father, a well-to-do publisher, to write an autobiography chronicling his life as The Man Without Fear.



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I'M BEING TRUTHFUL, FOGGY.

IF I'M GOING TO GHOST YOUR MEMOIRS AND MAKE SURE YOUR PUBLISHER GETS WHAT HE'S PAYING FOR, I'M GONNA NEED YOU TO BE ABOUT EIGHT MILLION DOLLARS MORE TRUTHFUL.

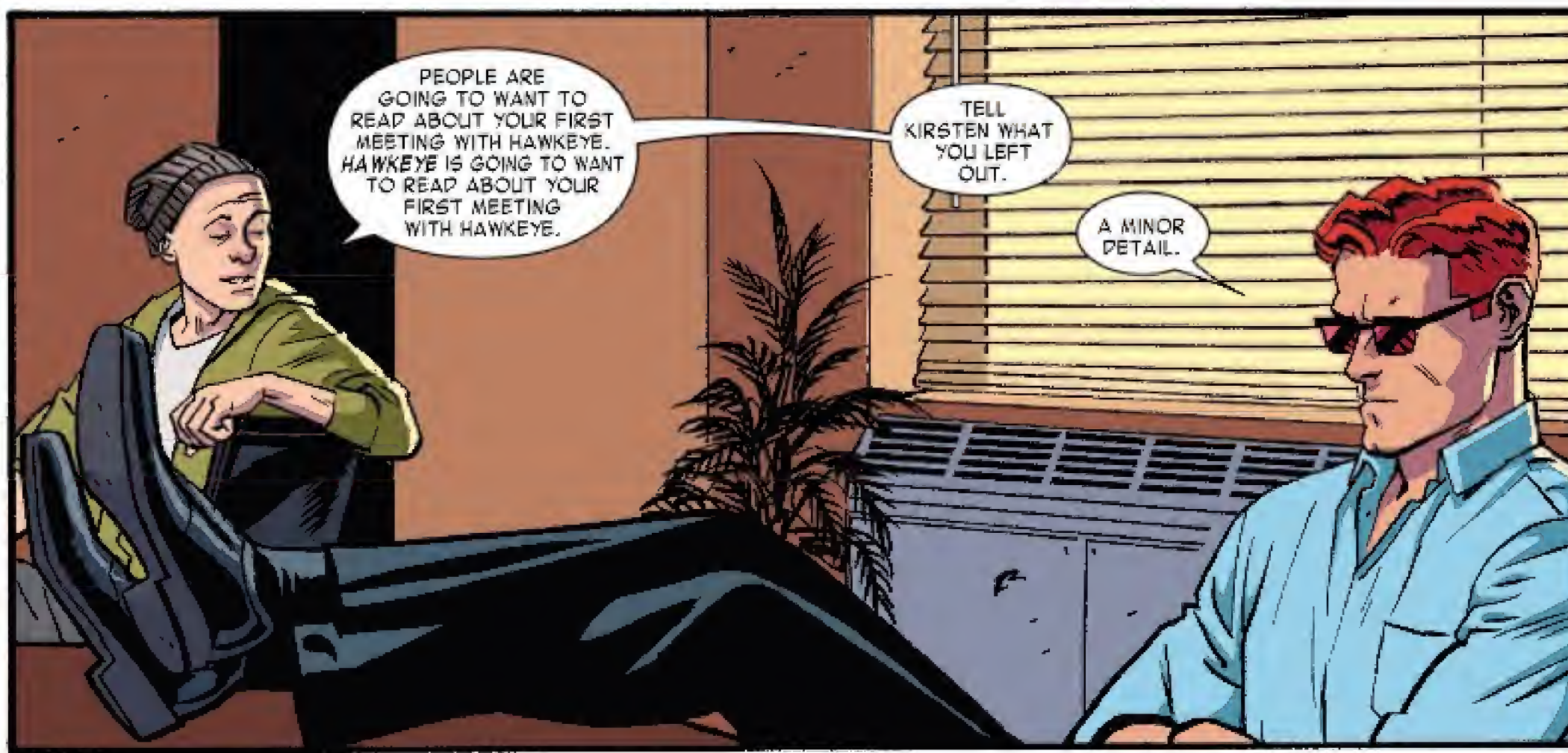


SHOWMANSHIP. YOUR FATHER WILL BE OKAY WITH A LITTLE EMBELLISHMENT HERE AND THERE, RIGHT?



YOU'RE A LAWYER.

HERE'S HOW TO REPORT THINGS. I'M GONNA SPELL THE ADVERB. YOU LET ME KNOW WHEN YOU RECOGNIZE IT. H-O-N-E-S-T-L-  
OKAY.



PEOPLE ARE GOING TO WANT TO READ ABOUT YOUR FIRST MEETING WITH HAWKEYE. HAWKEYE IS GOING TO WANT TO READ ABOUT YOUR FIRST MEETING WITH HAWKEYE.

TELL KIRSTEN WHAT YOU LEFT OUT.

A MINOR DETAIL.



THE BEST PART OF THE STORY.



"SO HAWKEYE--LIKE ALL OF US BACK THEN, NOT KNOWING THAT DAREDEVIL IS BLIND--PUTS A PHOSPHORUS ARROW TO MATTY'S NOSE, AND IT ISN'T UNTIL HAWKEYE ARTICULATES UTTER CONFUSION THAT MATT REMEMBERS HIS CUE."



AAAAH!  
MY EYES! THE PAAAAIN! THE PAAAAIN--!

"FUN DAREDEVIL FACT: EVERY SINGLE TIME MATT HAS TO IMPROV, HE COURSE-CORRECTS BY OVERACTING."



IT'S SO TRUE!

THEN WHAT? WHAT DID HAWKEYE DO?



OH, YOU MEAN WHILE LORD HAMBONE WAS PLAYING TO THE CHEAP SEATS?

HAWKEYE FLATTENED HIM WITH ONE PUNCH.

BWAH  
HA HA HA HA  
"OH, THE PAAAAAIN!"



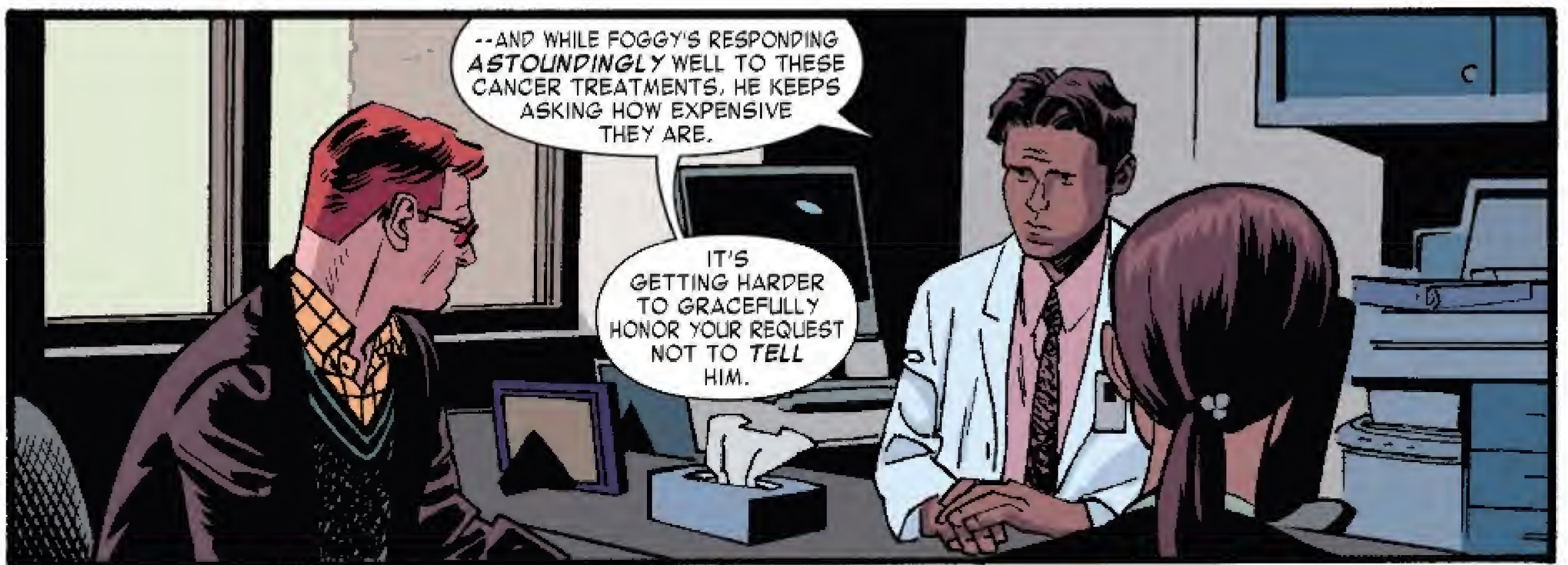
IT WAS A SECRET IDENTITY THING--

IT'S THE PERFECT SUMMATION OF YOUR ENTIRE DAREDEVIL CAREER. "I TOLD A LIE AND GOT BEATEN UP."

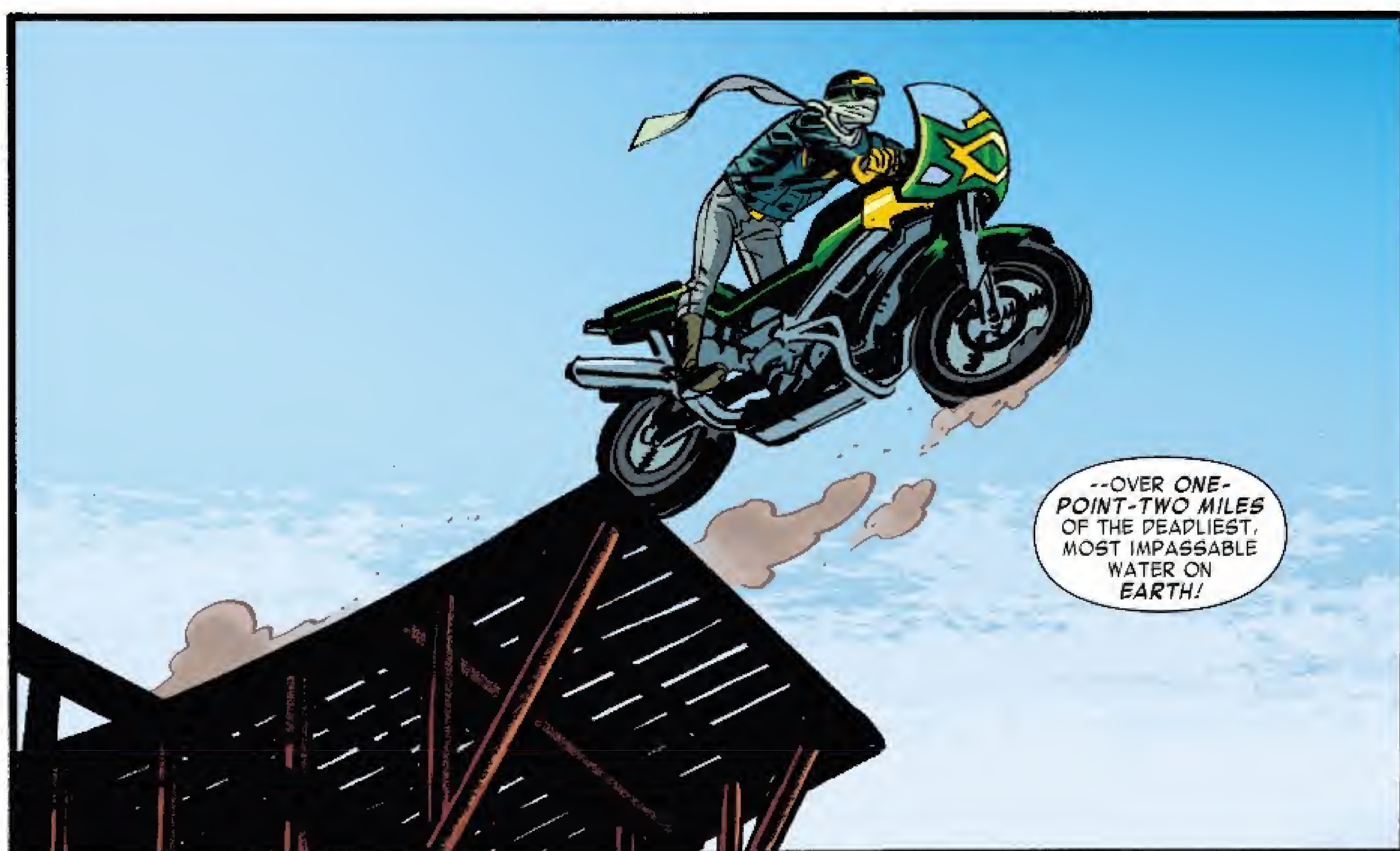
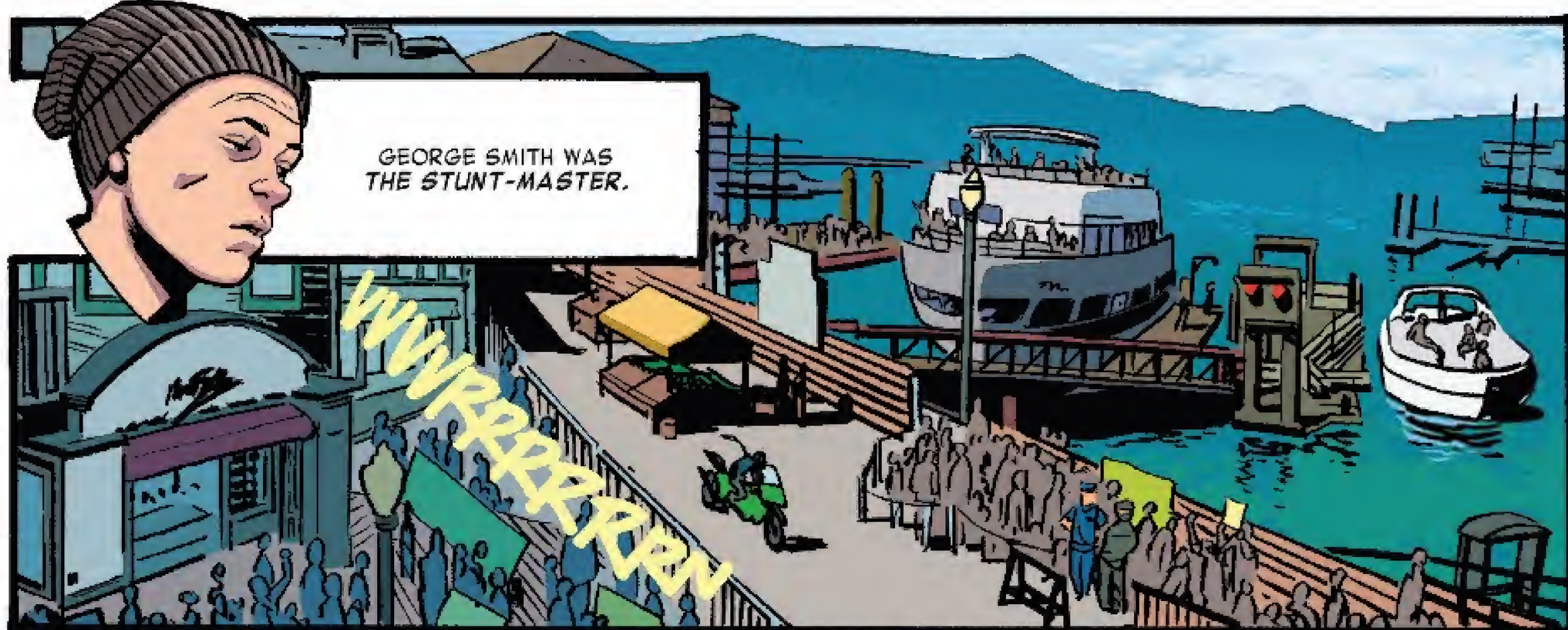
I ALREADY ORDERED IT FOR HIS TOMBSTONE.

MATT, WE HAVE TO TAKE THIS SERIOUSLY. KIRSTEN'S DAD OFFERED YOU A HELL OF AN ADVANCE TO DO THIS. DO YOU WANT TO BACK OUT?





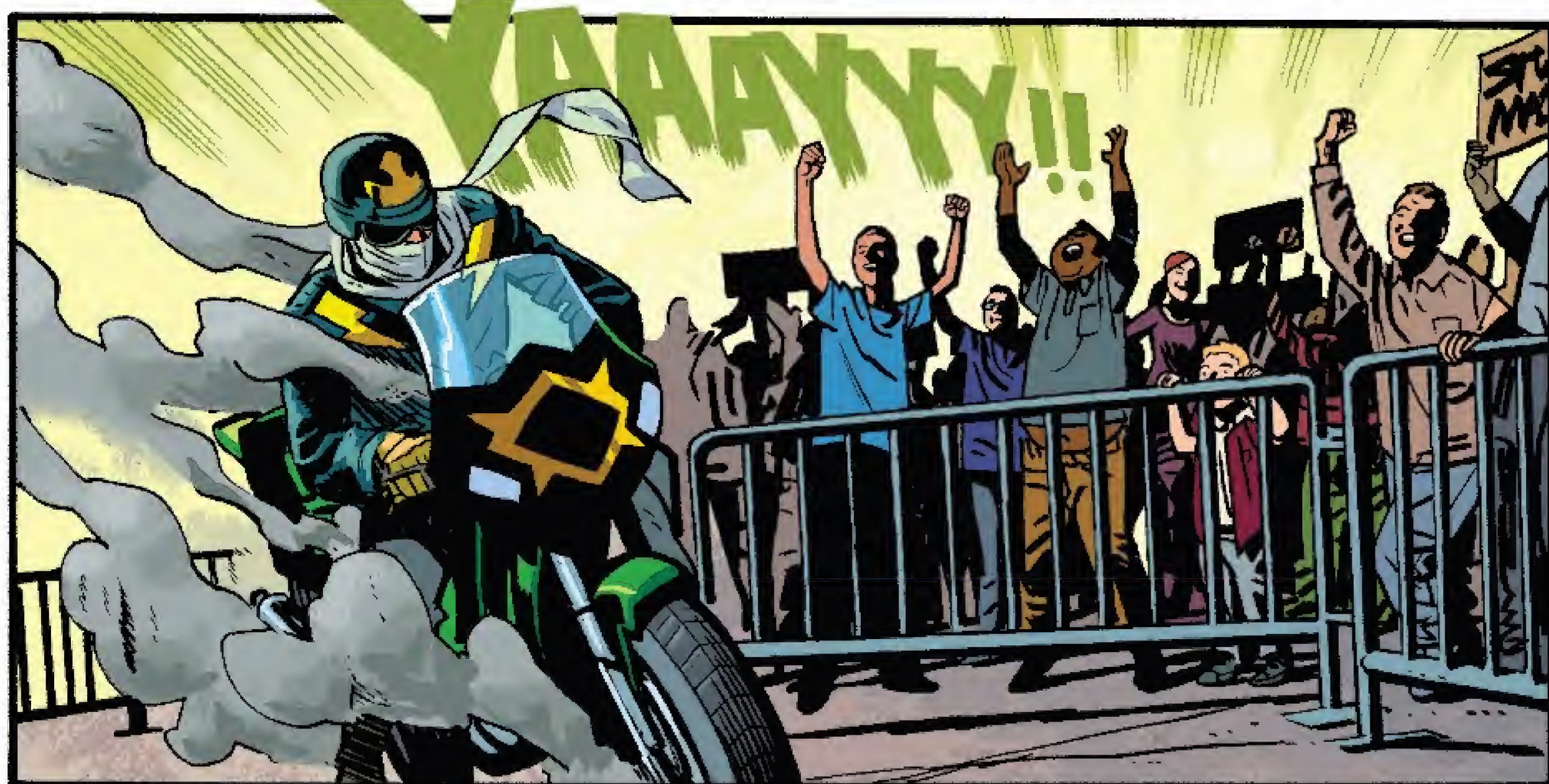




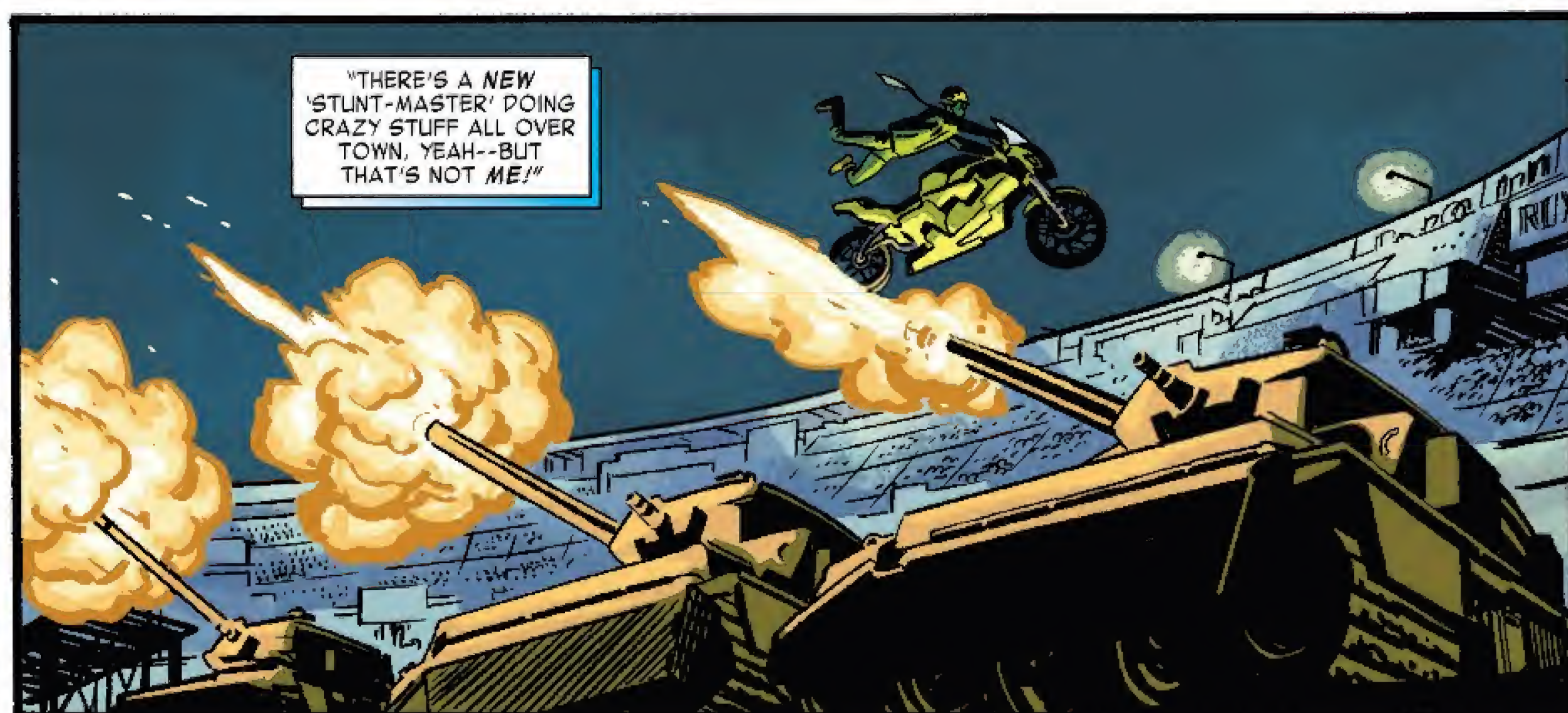














George pauses for impact (ever the showman). My heart breaks for him.

Some time back, he got rich and famous as one of the world's greatest stunt bikers. A TV show, merchandising revenue...the life.



But his jaw still clicks from the fractures. When he crosses the room, I can hear the scrape of the pins holding his bones together.



Injuries came with the job...and they eventually caught up with him, retired him.



Now his world smells of mildew and stale beer. Arturo Pani armchairs have been replaced with thrift-store love seats.

The cost of making one bad deal.



I WAS GOING THROUGH YOUR CONTRACT ON THE WAY OVER, MR. SMITH, AND I WON'T SHINE YOU ON: YOU DON'T REALLY HAVE A CASE. YOU TRY TO RECLAIM THE NAME, YOU'LL LOSE IN COURT.

FOR A FEE, YOU SIGNED ALL YOUR MERCHANDISING AND I.P. OVER TO A PRODUCTION COMPANY--



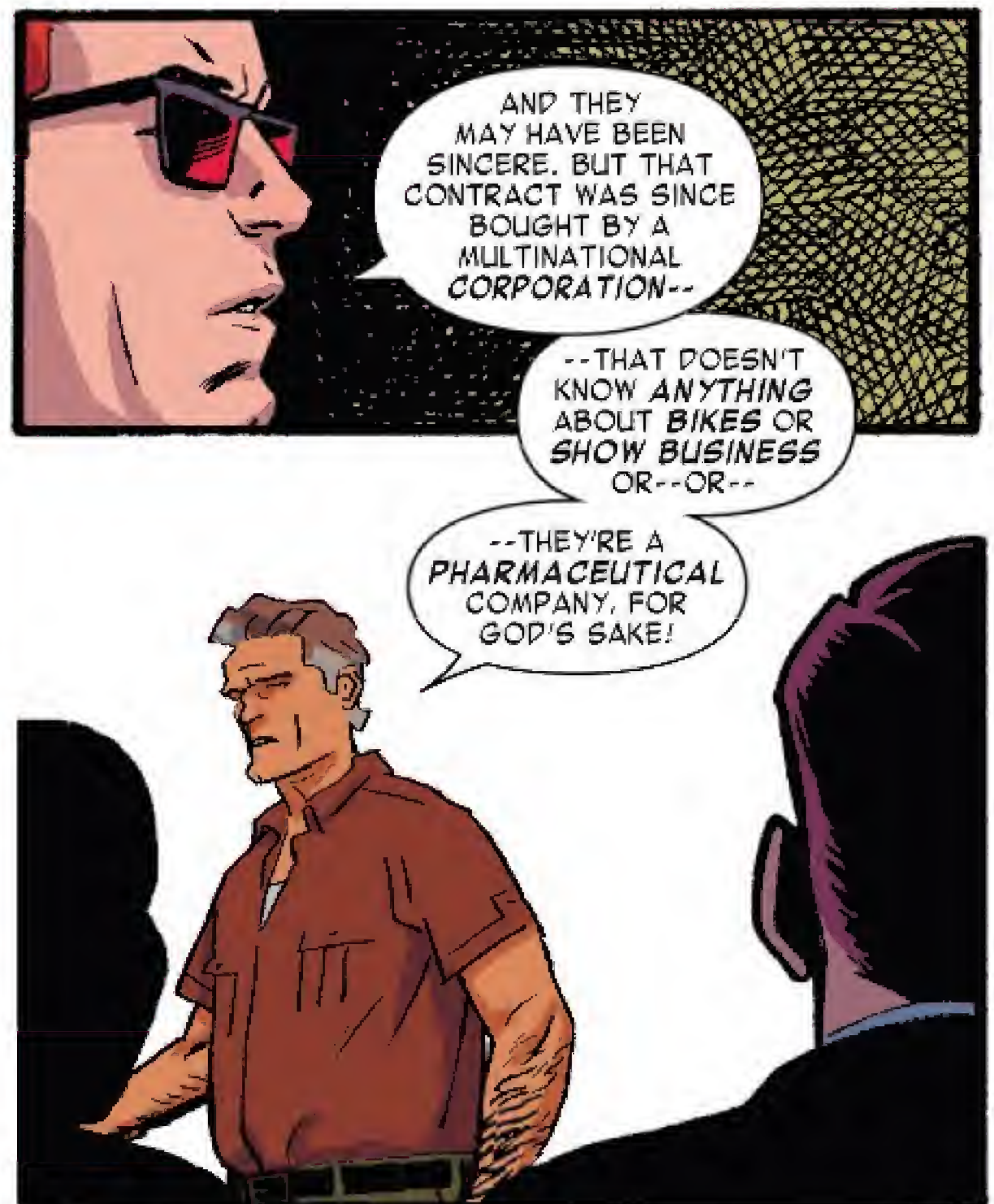
--THAT I TRUSTED! THEY SWORE THEY'D KEEP ME IN THE LOOP--GIVE ME SAY OVER ANY DEVELOPMENT--



AND THEY MAY HAVE BEEN SINCERE. BUT THAT CONTRACT WAS SINCE BOUGHT BY A MULTINATIONAL CORPORATION--

--THAT DOESN'T KNOW ANYTHING ABOUT BIKES OR SHOW BUSINESS OR--OR--

--THEY'RE A PHARMACEUTICAL COMPANY, FOR GOD'S SAKE!







I KNOW.  
AND THEY'RE MAKING  
A KILLING OFF OF  
THE PUBLICITY AND THE  
ENDORSEMENTS THAT  
THIS NEW STUNT-  
MASTER--

DON'T  
CALL HIM  
THAT!

--THAT  
THIS NEW  
CELEBRITY  
COMMANDS.

REALLY?



HE'S HALF DEATH-CHEATER,  
HALF-MAGICIAN THE WAY HE  
"DIES" ON-CAMERA, EVERY TIME--  
THAT'S HIS *THING*--ONLY TO  
REAPPEAR WITH A GRAND  
FLOURISH.

OBTAINING  
MATT DOESN'T  
WATCH MANY VIDEOS  
ON THE INTERNET, BUT  
HIS ARE *INSANELY*  
POPULAR.



HE  
DOESN'T  
HAVE A TV  
SHOW.

HE  
DOESN'T *NEED*  
ONE. TV IS EXPENSIVE  
AND REQUIRES LEAD  
TIME. THE WEB IS CHEAP,  
INTERNATIONAL AND  
INSTANT.

GEORGE,  
THE KID ON THE BIKE  
IS A LOUDMOUTH ASS,  
AND WHAT HE AND THESE  
LICENSORS HAVE DONE IS  
WITHOUT COMPASSION...  
BUT IT'S ALL PERFECTLY  
LEGAL.

HUH.

I HATE  
THAT THEY'RE  
POACHING YOUR  
REP, BUT--

WHAT IS IT,  
KIRSTEN?



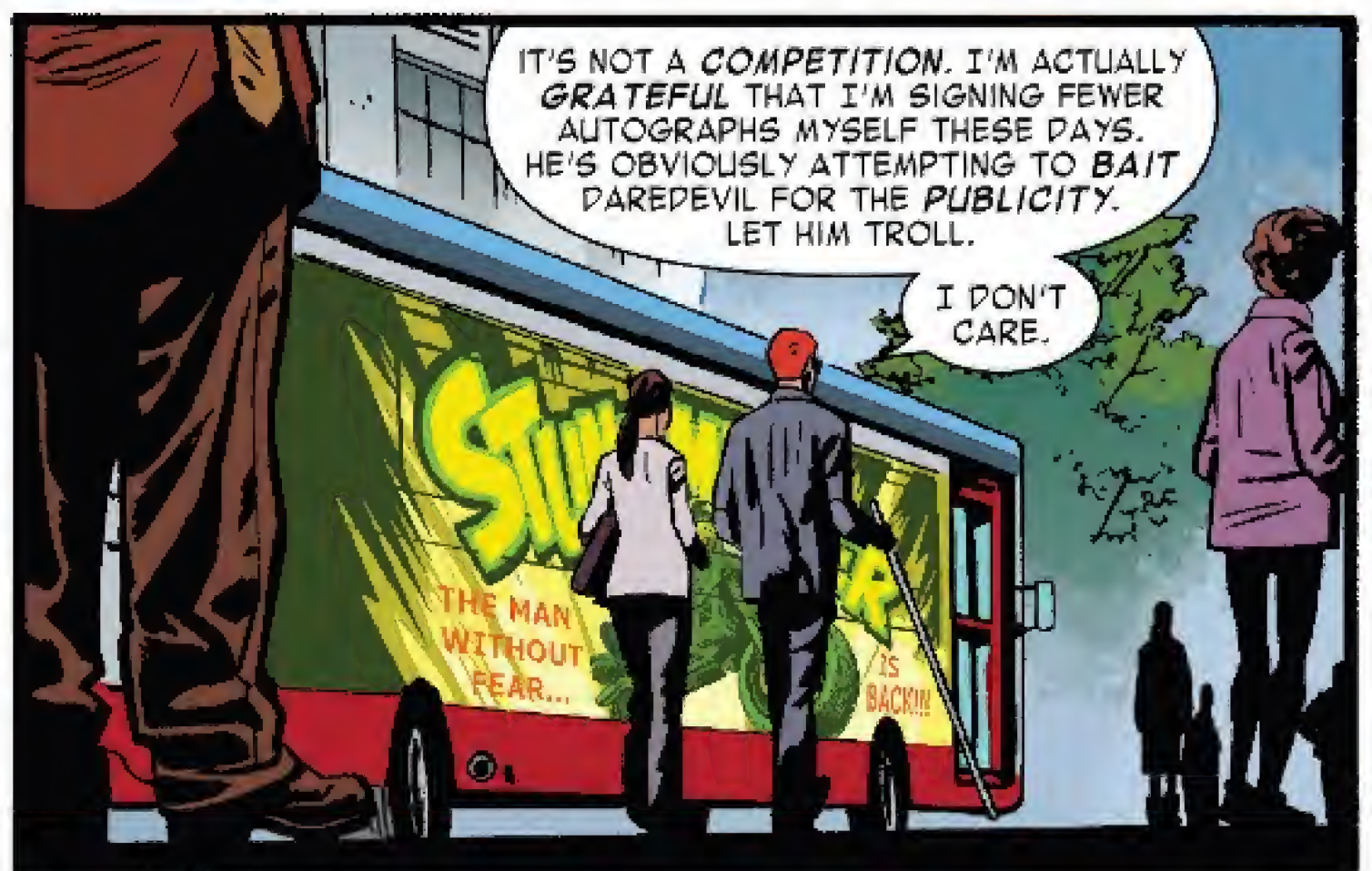
SPEAKING  
OF POACHING...  
YESTERDAY, OUR  
REBOOT THRILL-  
SEEKER BEGAN  
A NEW  
CAMPAIGN.

HE'S  
BILLING HIMSELF  
AS "THE MAN  
WITHOUT  
FEAR."



...  
WHAT?









--SUNDAY, SUNDAY, SUNDAY!  
SEE THE STUNT-MASTER PERFORM  
HIS WILDEST FEAT YET AT THE  
GOLDEN GATE BRIDGE--LIVE  
ON PAY-PER-VIEW!

....I SWEAR  
I'LL CALL IF I  
HAVE ANY NEWS,  
GEORGE.

YES, I  
KNOW IT'S TOUGH.  
I SYMPATHIZE. YOU'VE  
JUST GOT TO HANG IN  
THERE, BUDDY. WE'RE  
TRYING. I WISH YOU  
HADN'T GONE TO  
THE PAPERS--



BECAUSE  
NOW LEVERON AND  
THIS NEW GUY ARE  
THREATENING TO SUE YOU,  
WHICH IS UNBELIEVABLY  
LOW OF THEM,  
BUT--

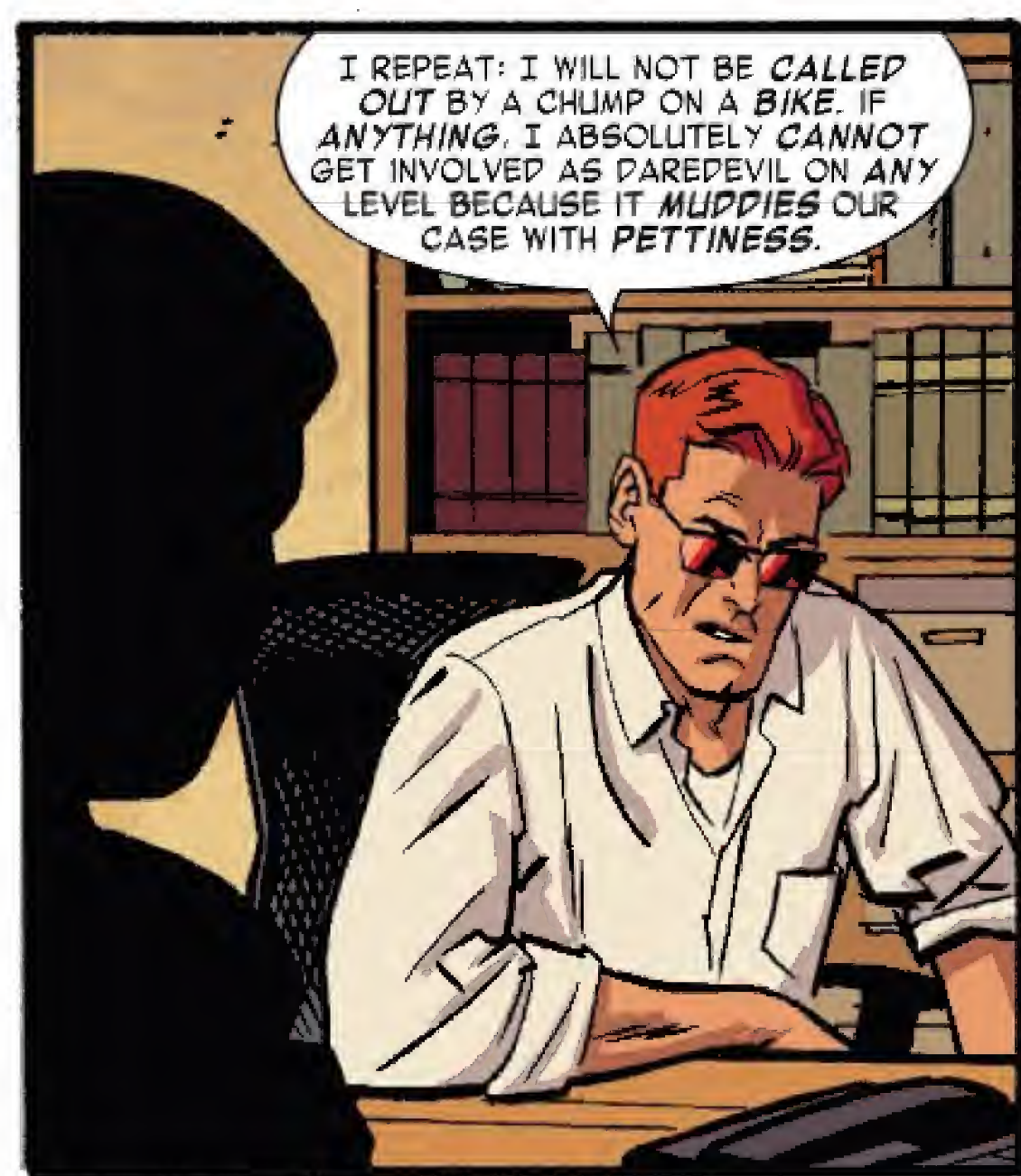
GEORGE,  
NO. STOP. WE'RE  
NOT GOING TO LET  
YOU LOSE EVERYTHING,  
OKAY? FIND SOMEONE  
TO TALK TO. PHONE  
ME BACK IF  
YOU NEED.



DAREDEVIL. THIS  
IS THE STUNT-MASTER!  
IF YOU'RE LISTENING, SWING  
ON BY THIS SUNDAY! LET'S  
FIND OUT ONCE AND FOR ALL  
WHO THE TRUE MAN WITHOUT  
FEAR IS IN THIS TOWN--  
IF YOU DARE!

TURN  
THAT  
OFF.

GETTING  
TO YOU? IT SHOULD.  
I GOT A CALL TODAY FROM  
YOUR PUBLISHER, WHO WISHES  
TO REMIND YOU THAT "MAN  
WITHOUT FEAR" IS TENTATIVELY  
THE NAME OF YOUR BOOK,  
AND THIS IS BAD  
PUBLICITY.



I REPEAT: I WILL NOT BE CALLED  
OUT BY A CHUMP ON A BIKE. IF  
ANYTHING, I ABSOLUTELY CANNOT  
GET INVOLVED AS DAREDEVIL ON ANY  
LEVEL BECAUSE IT MUDDIES OUR  
CASE WITH PETTINESS.



HE WANTS A  
SPECTACLE?

I  
DO NOT  
CARE.



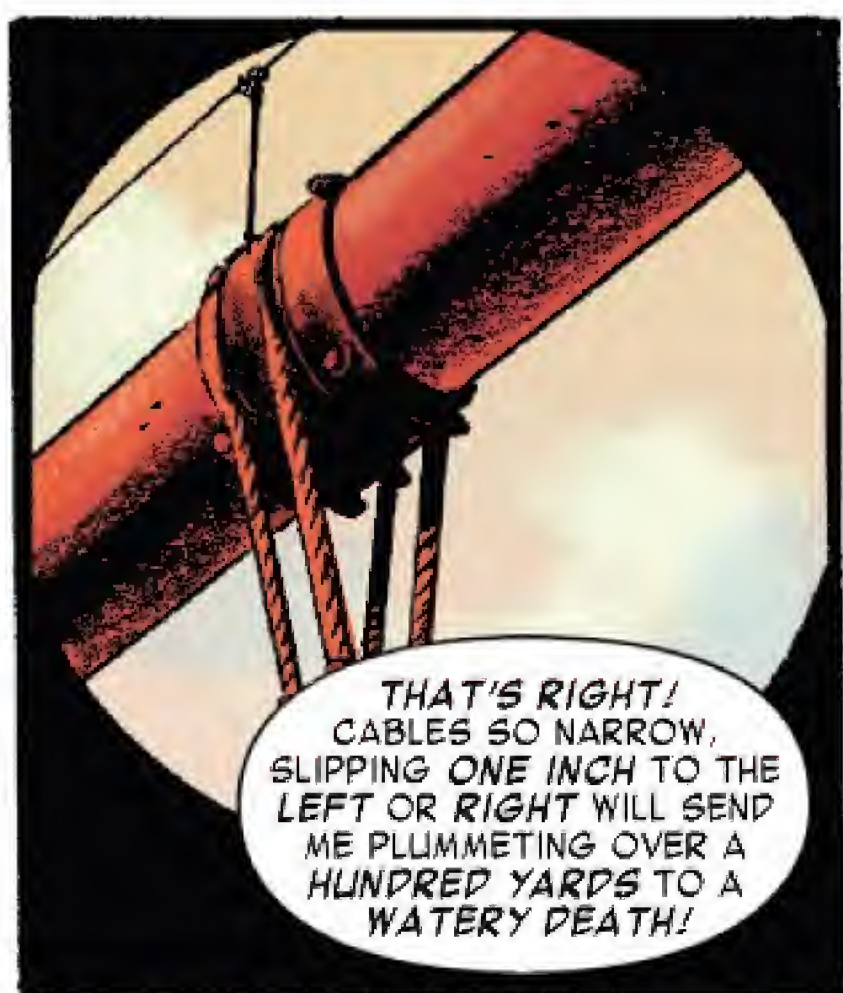
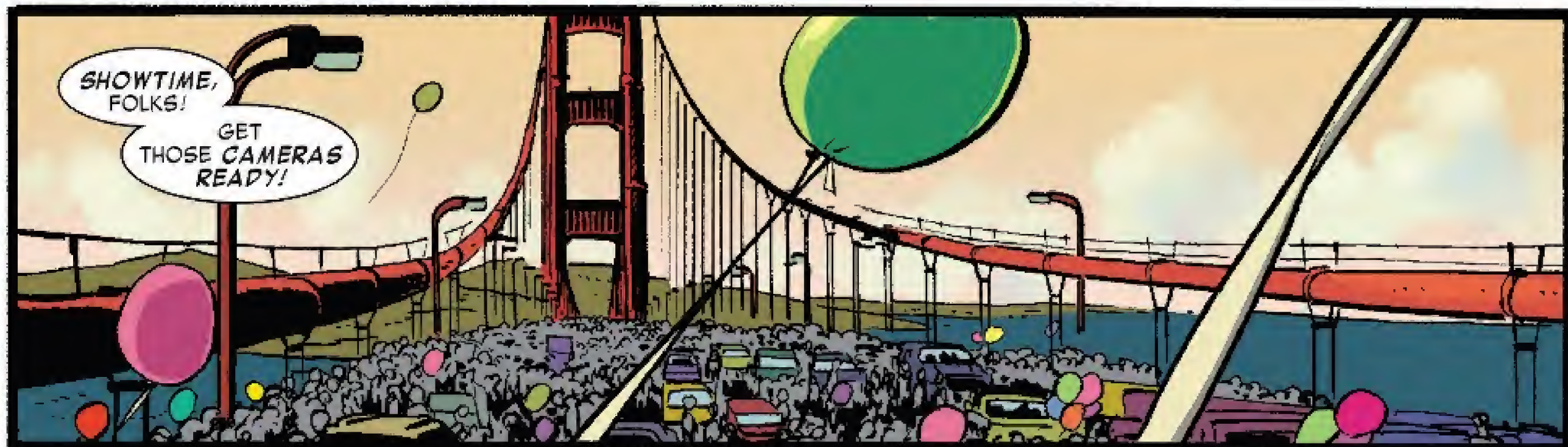


# STUNTMAN SUICIDE

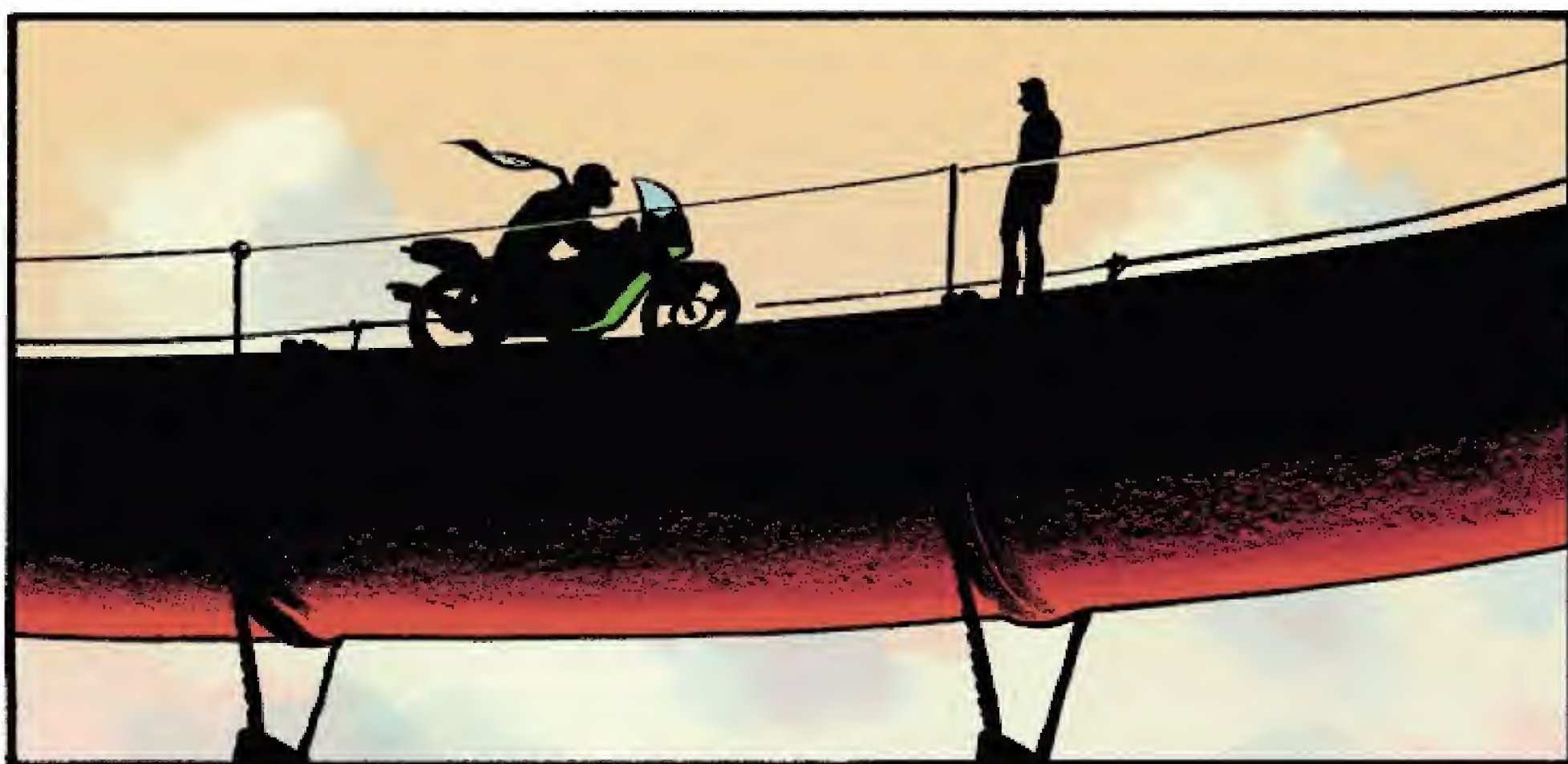
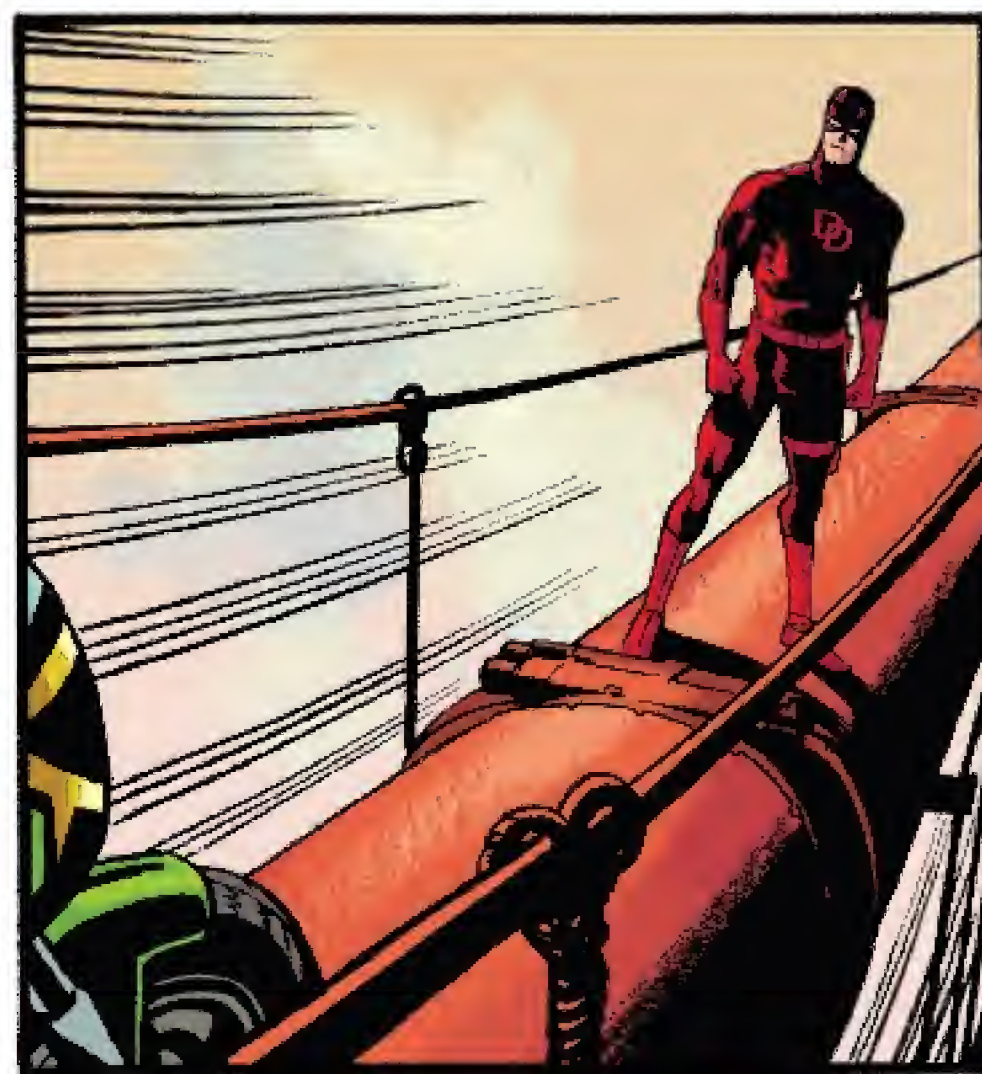
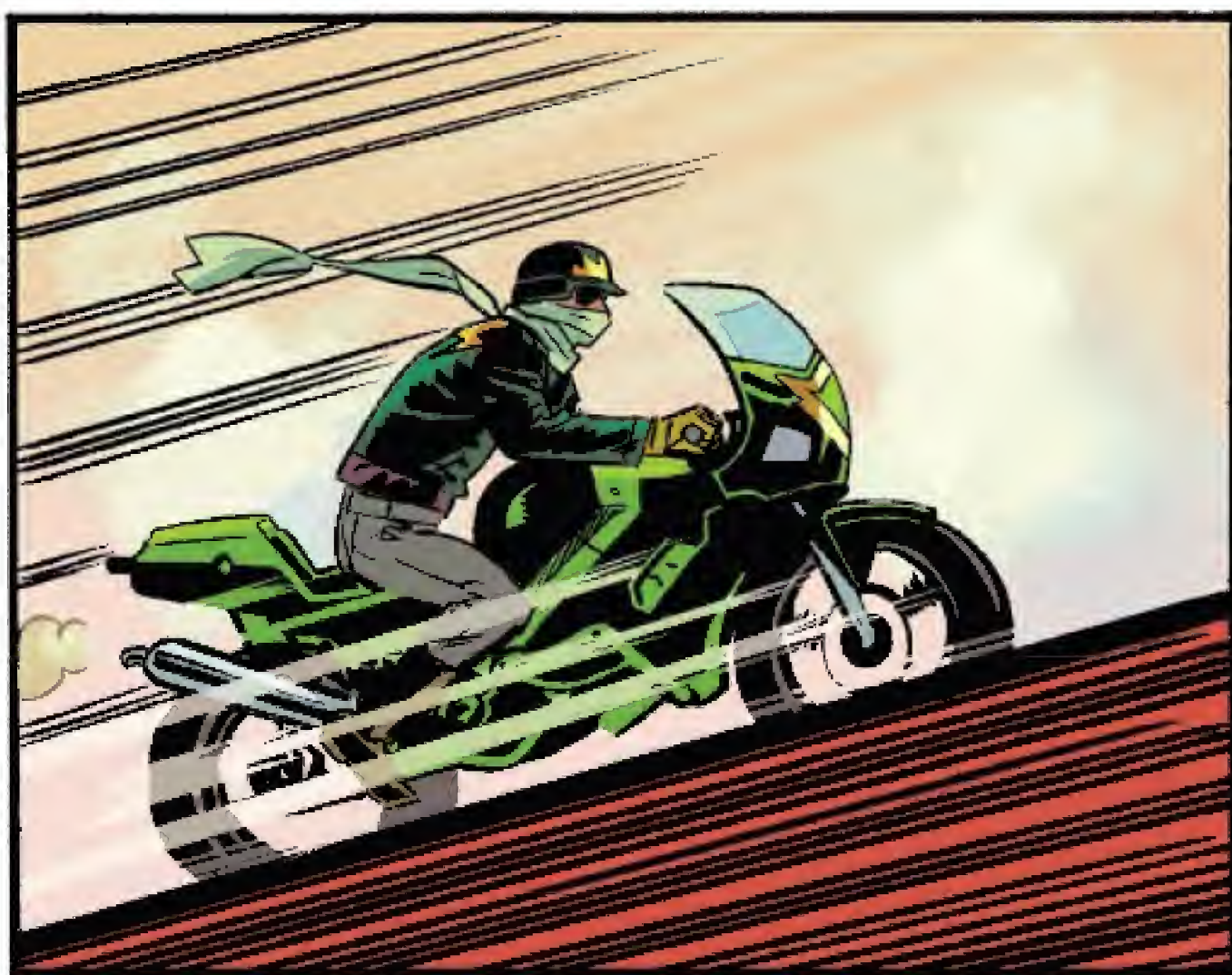
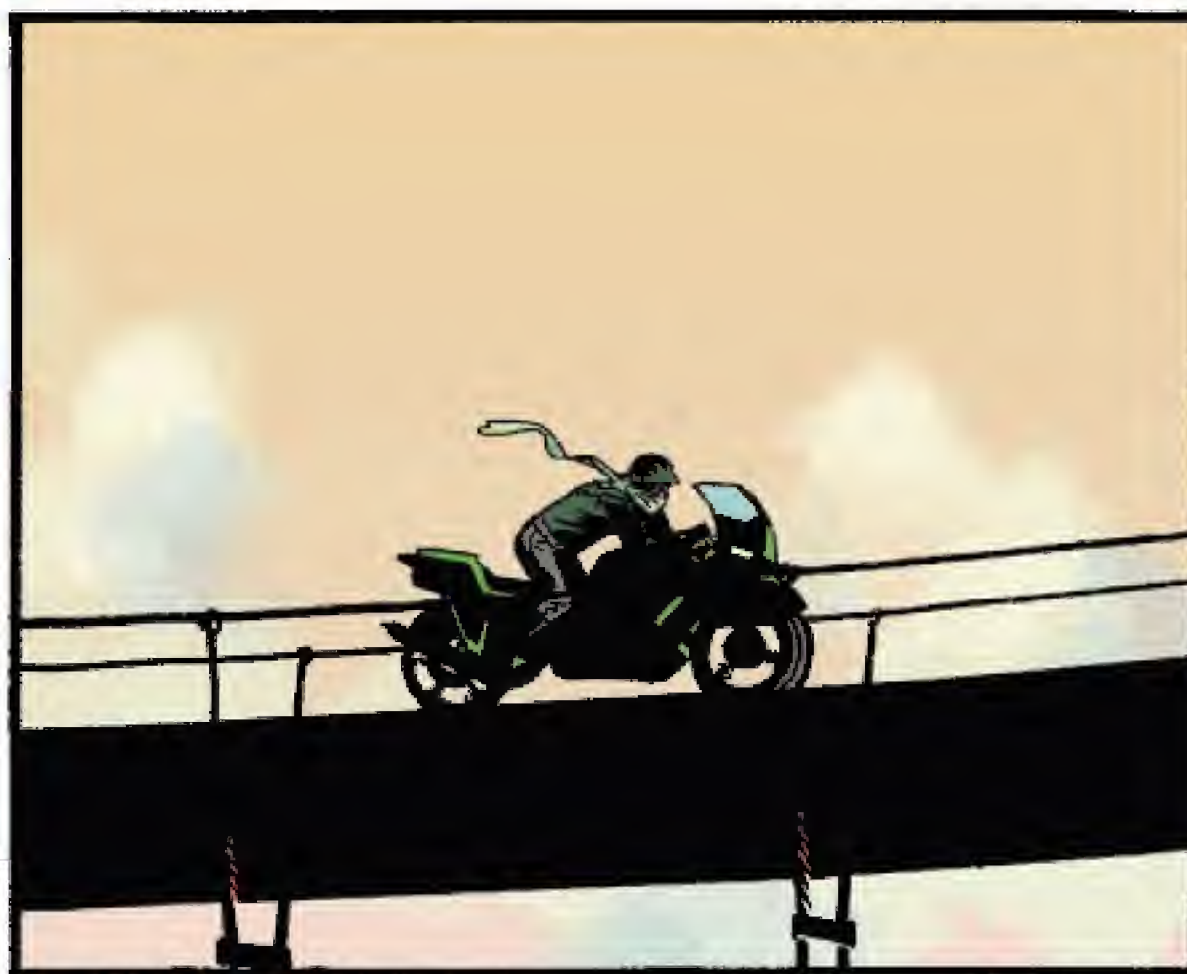
Former Star Falls To Earth;  
Broke and Forgotten, Slays Self





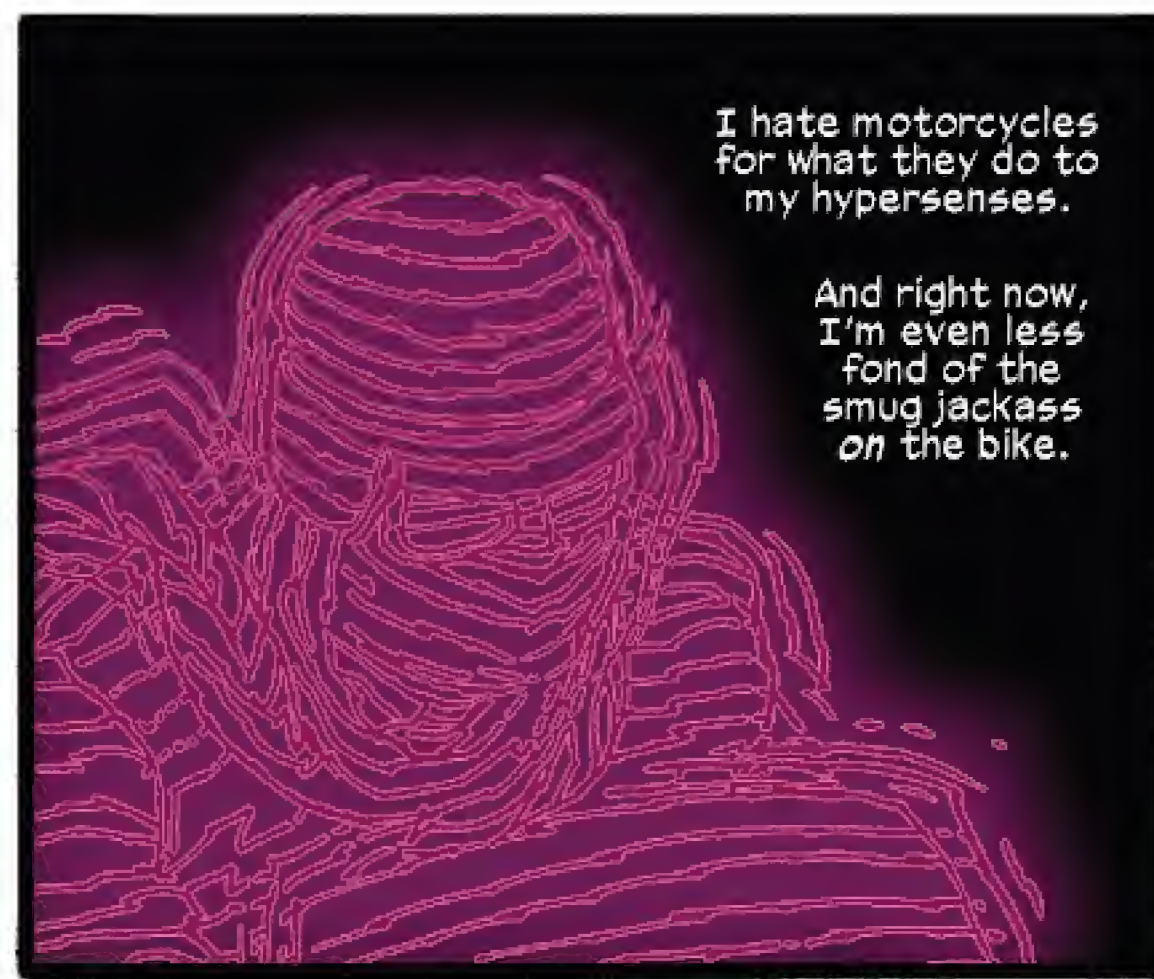






**SCREECH**



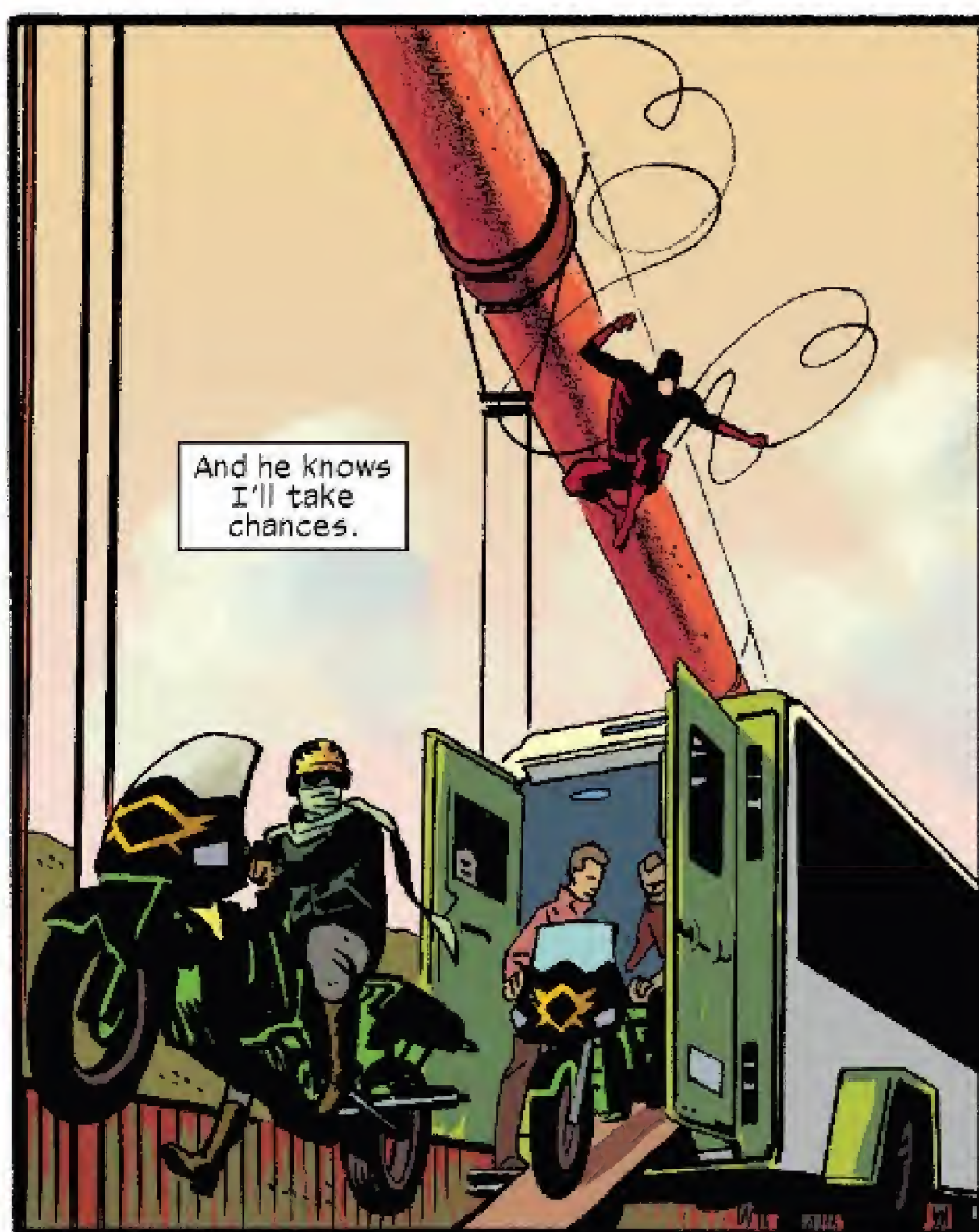






I can't tell if he's lying. I can't hear his heartbeat over the exhaust roar.

There's a chance he's telling the truth.



And he knows I'll take chances.



So I guess we're going to race.

This is a trap. Of course it's a trap. This guy is slick-- everything about his act, from the bombast to the death--

--cheating--



Oh, my God. Oh, my dear, sweet God.

I can hear--just barely over the engines, I can hear a sound I know.

That's it. That's how the Stunt-Master "cheats" death.



He went in the truck--but he didn't come out. That's not him.

It's never him.



He sends sacrificial  
replacements to  
die in his place.



Given the deafening roar  
of his bike, given the  
masking stench of fumes,  
even I never would have  
noticed the *switch* but  
for the *familiar sound*:



The sound of  
the *pins* in  
George Smith's  
bones.



**NEXT: MAN IN HIGH GEAR**



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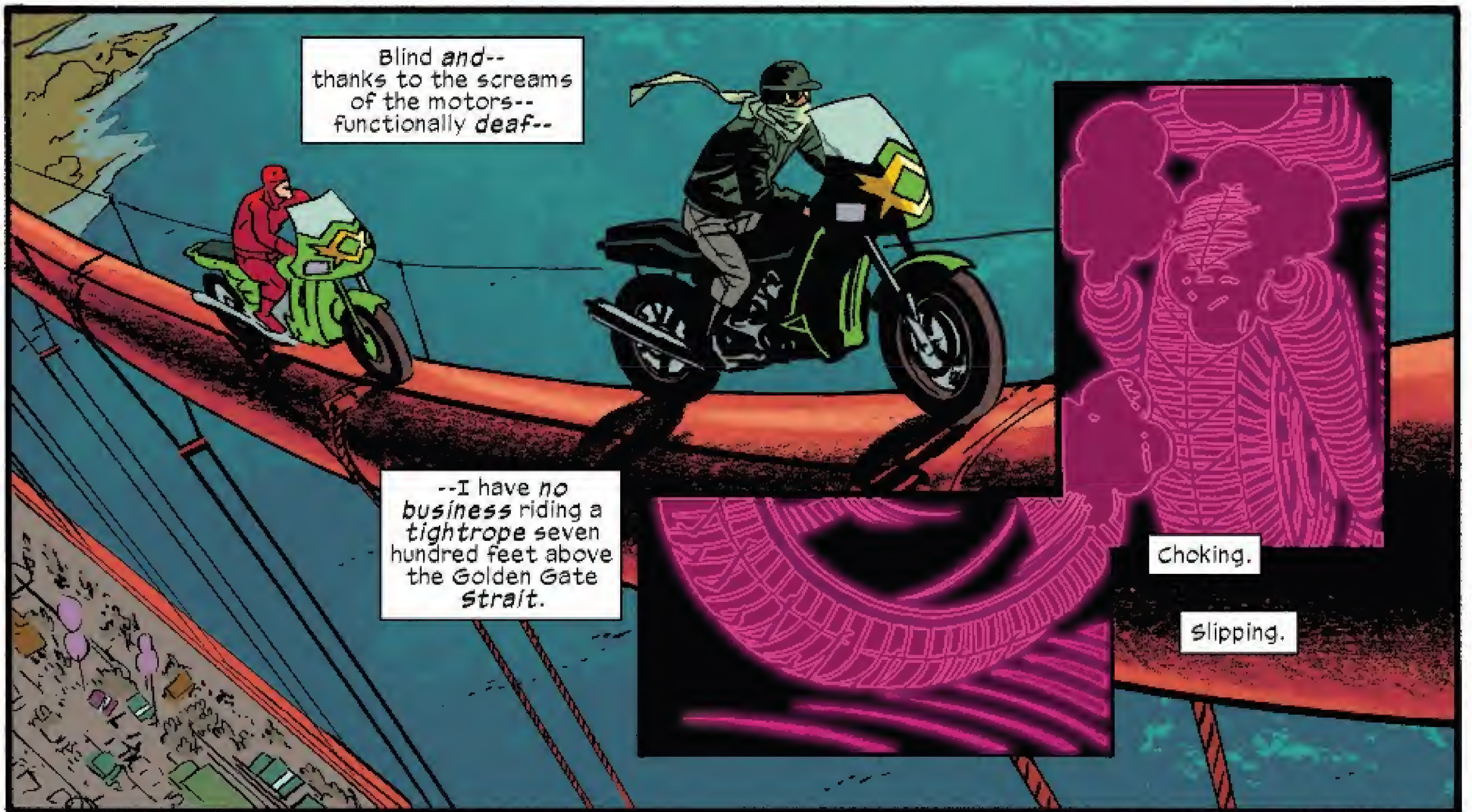
SAMNEE  
MN





On occasion, I have to convince people that I'm not suicidal.

This will reassure no one.



Blind *and*-- thanks to the screams of the motors-- functionally *deaf*--

--I have *no business* riding a *tightrope* seven hundred feet above the Golden Gate Strait.

Choking.

slipping.



Cycle's *vibrations* make my radar sense practically *useless*.



I never dreamed this would be so utterly impossible. But if I don't catch up to the man in *front* of me...

...he's going to *die*.



# PREVIOUSLY:

After years of maintaining a secret identity to protect those he loves, Matt Murdock has come clean to the world: He is Daredevil. His heightened senses, including 360-degree radar sense are now a matter of public record.

In order to protect his best friend, Foggy Nelson from Daredevil's enemies, Matt very publicly faked Foggy's death. They then moved to San Francisco, where Matt opened a new law practice with his new girlfriend, Kirsten McDuffie.

Recently, Matt was hired by ex-foe, George Smith, the retired Stunt-Master, to build a case against a younger stuntman who had stolen the mantel. Instead, the new Stunt-Master challenged Daredevil, causing Smith to take his own life. Daredevil confronted the charlatan, only to discover that Smith's death had been faked and he'd been kidnapped!



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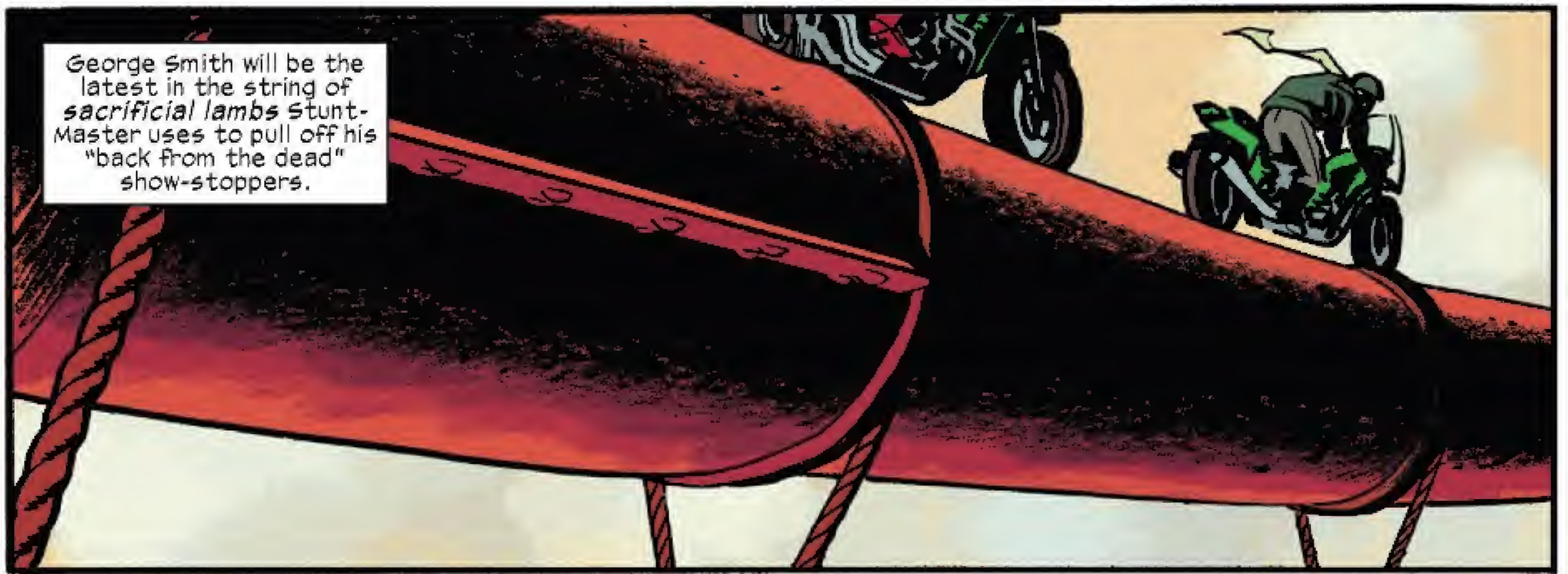
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George Smith will be the latest in the string of *sacrificial lambs* Stunt-Master uses to pull off his "back from the dead" show-stoppers.



George is helpless, his bike remote-navigated and almost certainly booby-trapped.

So why would the Stunt-Master give me a chance to *save* him, unless--



HE'S CATCHING UP?  
WITHOUT EYES?  
HOW--

NEVER MIND.  
IF DAREDEVIL'S NOT GOING TO DO US THE COURTESY OF FALLING,  
THEN HAND ME THE CONTROLS!



--unless I never had a chance!



tak

SELF  
DESTRUCT









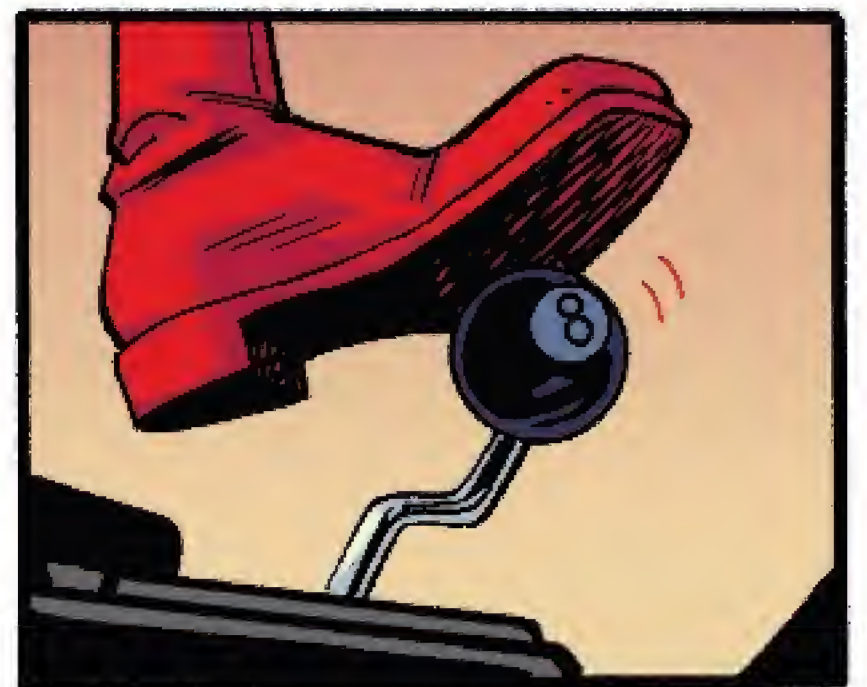
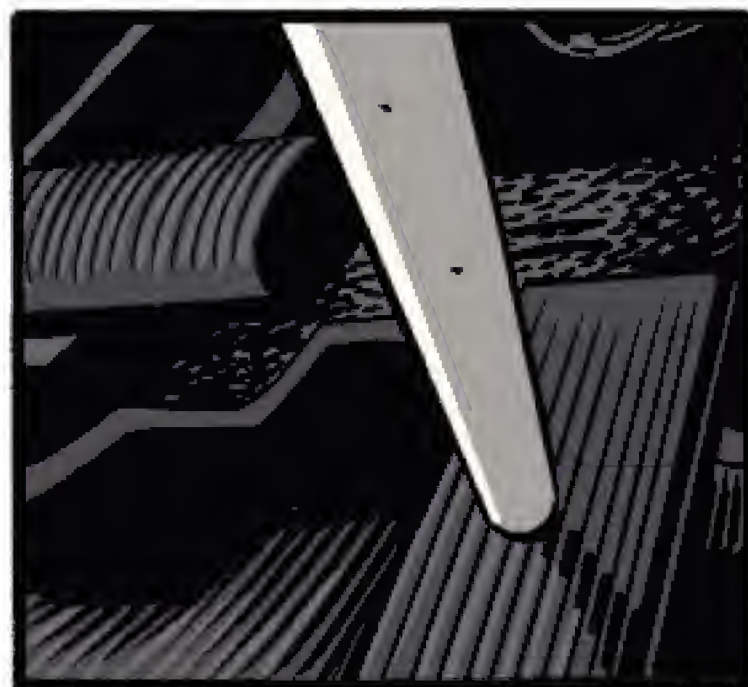
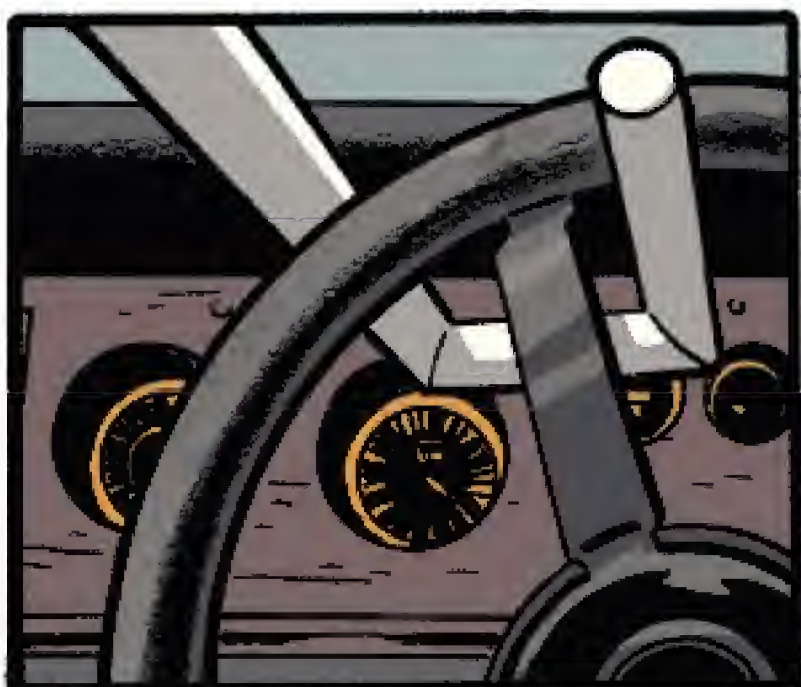








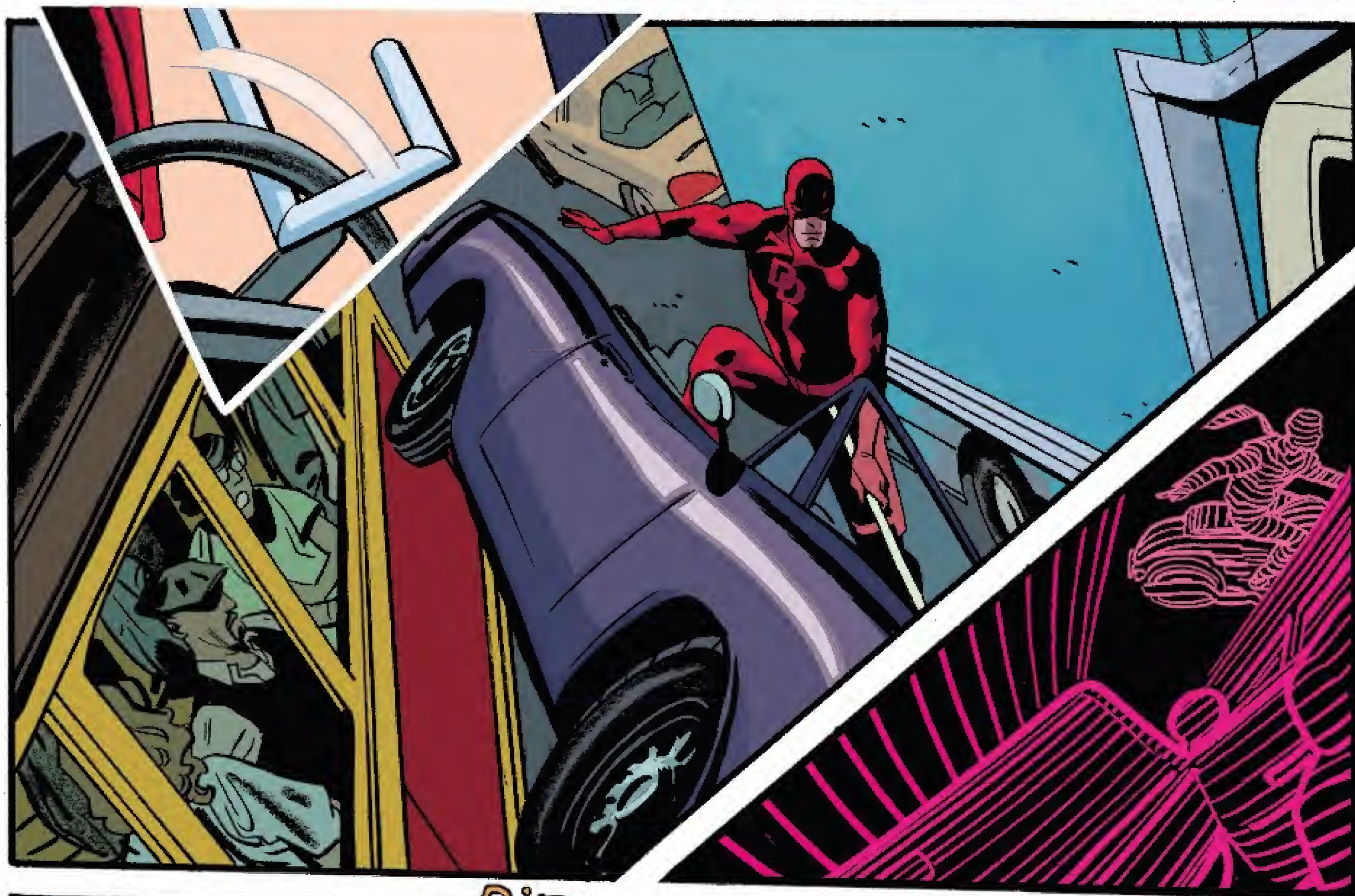
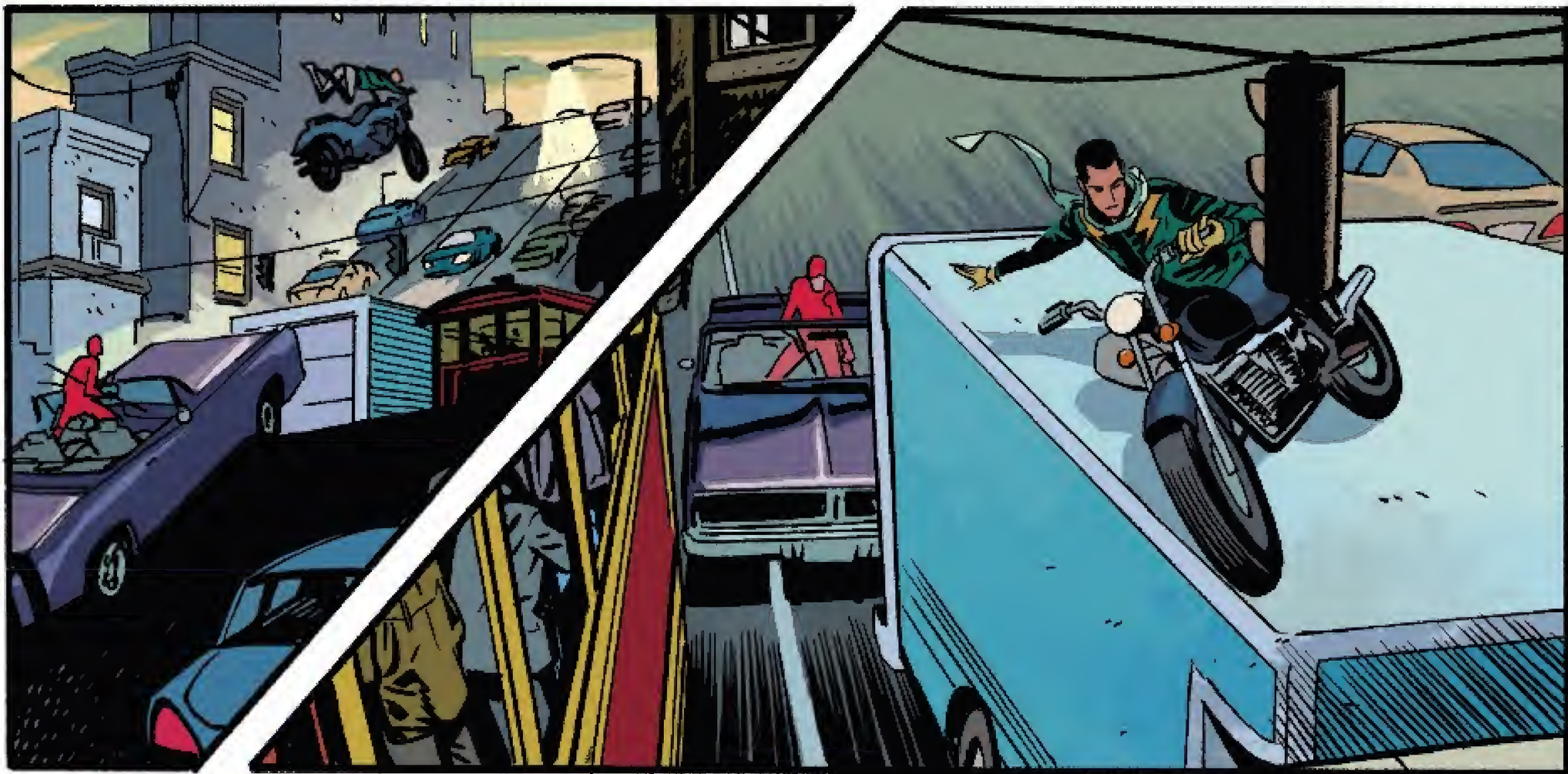




















Interesting.

Apparently, "Kid Stunt-Master" is tired of running.

He doesn't expect me to hold my ground.



Sucker.



















ASK THE **DOCTORS** WHAT KINDS OF POISON I HAD TO TAKE TO FOOL MATT MURDOCK, THE HUMAN **LIE DETECTOR**.

PILLS THAT MADE ME PUKE MY **GUTS** OUT SIX TIMES A DAY. PILLS THAT LEAVE ME **MAYBE** A YEAR OR TWO TO LIVE.



BUT IT WAS **WORTH** IT. I KNEW IT WAS WORKING WHEN YOU **BIT**, BACK IN MY **TRAILER**.

YOU FELL FOR THE **LONG CON**, MATT.



SO YOUR "**POVERTY**"...THE **LAWSUITS** AND **COUNTER-SUITS**...THE "**SUICIDE**"... THAT'S A HELL OF A **SETUP**.



TO WHAT **END**, GEORGE? IF YOU HAD THE KIND OF **MONEY** IT TOOK TO DO THAT--



IT'S NOT ABOUT **MONEY**! IT'S ABOUT **SHOWMANSHIP**!









**NEXT: EYES EVERYWHERE**



**MARVEL**

013

WAID • SAMNEE • WILSON

# DAREDEVIL



SAMNEE-14  
M/W

**DD**  
50 YEARS  
WITHOUT  
FEAR!









Be happy.



Stay in the moment.

Don't wake her.



She'll know something's wrong.

Why did you do it, Matt?



Why did you tell her that you love her?





# PREVIOUSLY:

After years of maintaining a secret identity to protect those he loves, Matt Murdock has come clean to the world: He is Daredevil. His heightened senses, including 360-degree radar sense, are now a matter of public record.

In order to protect his best friend Foggy Nelson from Daredevil's enemies, Matt very publicly faked Foggy's death. They then moved to San Francisco, where Matt opened a new law practice with his new girlfriend, Kirsten McDuffie.

Matt recently enlisted Foggy to ghostwrite an autobiography chronicling his life as The Man Without Fear for Kirsten's father, a wealthy publisher. But with his identity out in the open and old foes looking to get even, Daredevil's second-guessing whether or not he and his friends will ever be safe.



<b>MARK WAID &amp; CHRIS SAMNEE</b> STORYTELLERS	<b>MATTHEW WILSON</b> COLORIST	<b>VC'S JOE CARAMAGNA</b> LETTERER	<b>SAMNEE &amp; WILSON</b> COVER
<b>CHARLES BEACHAM</b> ASSISTANT EDITOR	<b>ELLIE PYLE &amp; SANA AMANAT</b> EDITORS	<b>NICK LOWE</b> SENIOR EDITOR	<b>AXEL ALONSO</b> EDITOR IN CHIEF
		<b>JOE QUESADA</b> CHIEF CREATIVE OFFICER	<b>DAN BUCKLEY</b> PUBLISHER
			<b>ALAN FINE</b> EXEC. PRODUCER









FIRST: YOU'RE DOING WHAT SHE HATES MORE THAN ANYTHING. YOU'RE THINKING OF HER STRICTLY AS "DAREDEVIL'S GIRLFRIEND."

THE WOMAN WHO ONCE BROKE UP WITH YOU BECAUSE SHE WANTED, JUSTIFIABLY, TO BE THE STAR OF HER OWN LIFE, NOT "A SUPPORTING PLAYER IN 'THE ADVENTURES OF DAREDEVIL.'"



SECOND, YOU'RE SELF-SABOTAGING. YOU'RE NOT USED TO BEING THIS HAPPY FOR THIS LONG, SO YOU'RE INSTINCTIVELY FIGHTING THE UNFAMILIAR.

I WOULD INVITE YOU TO CONSIDER THAT THIS IS YOUR *DEPRESSION* LASHING OUT. BEING HAPPY DOESN'T FIT THE *PATTERNS* IT KNOWS.



LIKE THE PATTERN OF GETTING PEOPLE AROUND ME KILLED?



MATTY, YOU HAVE TWO SPEEDS: *UNDERTHINK* AND *OVERTHINK*.

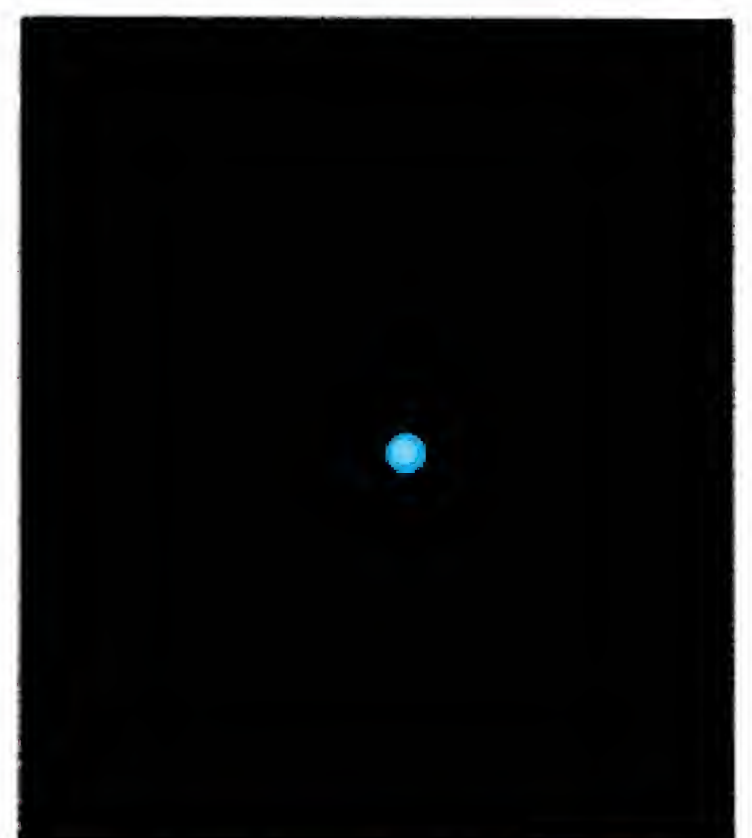
RIGHT NOW, YOU'RE *OVERTHINKING*.



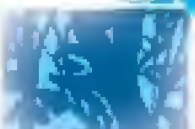
"KIRSTEN IS A SMART, BRAVE WOMAN. SHE WAS AN ASSISTANT D.A. IN NEW YORK. SHE HELPED DAREDEVIL FIGHT THE SONS OF THE SERPENT AND THE OWL."

"SHE'S NOT MADE OF GLASS. SHE'S A FIGHTER."





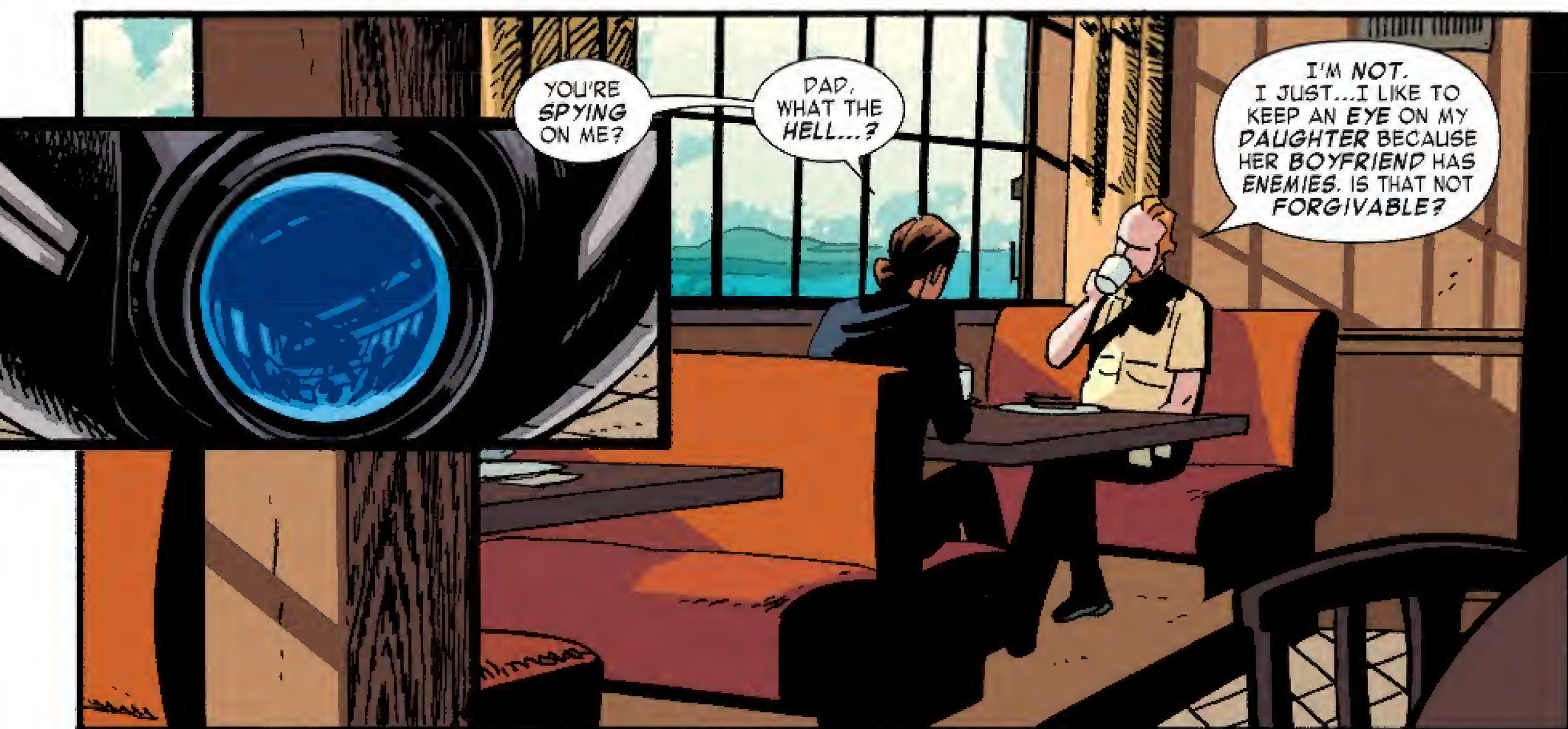




...I HAVE  
NO IDEA WHO  
MIGHT BE  
WATCHING US,  
OR FROM  
WHERE.







YOU'RE  
SPYING  
ON ME?

DAD,  
WHAT THE  
HELL...?

I'M NOT.  
I JUST...I LIKE TO  
KEEP AN EYE ON MY  
DAUGHTER BECAUSE  
HER BOYFRIEND HAS  
ENEMIES. IS THAT NOT  
FORGIVABLE?



"BECAUSE MY  
BOYFR--"

--OH, GOOD LORD,  
WOMEN REALLY DO  
MARRY THEIR  
FATHERS...

PARDON?



YOU PUT  
BODYGUARDS  
ON ME WITHOUT  
TELLING ME.  
SECRET  
BODYGUARDS.  
WELL, DON'T I  
FEEL LIKE A  
PRETTY, PRETTY  
PRINCESS!



I DON'T  
UNDERSTAND  
WHY YOU'RE  
TAKING A  
TONE.



BECAUSE THE **BEST**  
I CAN THINK OF THIS  
IS THAT YOU'D RATHER  
THROW MONEY AT A  
PROBLEM THAN  
TALK TO ME.

AND THE **WORST** I CAN THINK  
IS THAT YOU DID THIS BECAUSE  
IF ANYTHING HAPPENED TO ME,  
YOUR PUBLISHING COMPANY  
IS SCREWED BECAUSE IT MIGHT  
MAKE MATT'S MANUSCRIPT  
LATE--

HEY!



THAT WAS  
KOFFE THAT  
WAS UNCALLED  
FOR!

BUT THAT MAN HAS  
MADE SOME POWERFUL  
ENEMIES, AND LIKE  
IT OR NOT,  
YOU'RE--

I'M  
WHAT? A  
LIABILITY?

KOFFE



...DO YOU SMELL  
SOMETHING...?

KOFFE









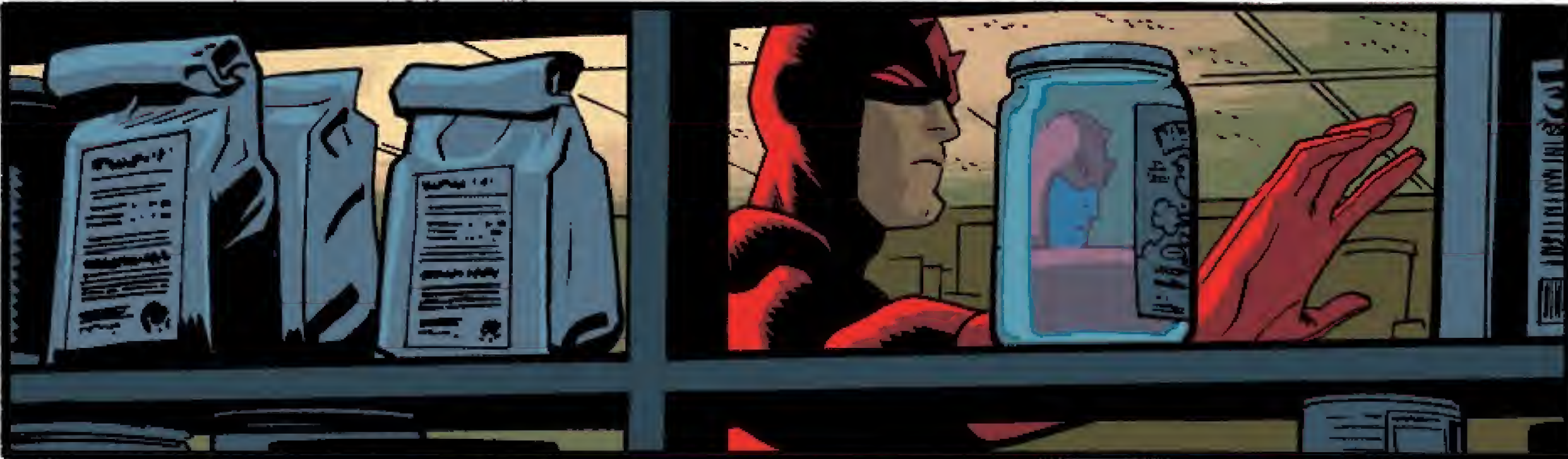
"HELLO?  
MATT?"

"MATT, IT'S  
WENDELL  
MCPUFFIE..."













I'VE BEEN  
PLANNING THIS  
CAREFULLY.

YOU  
TEND TO  
STICK TO THE  
ONE COFFEE  
SHOP.



THAT  
MADE IT  
EASY.



NOW IT  
BEGINS.





There.  
Up ahead.

Don't  
recognize  
him.

But I might  
not get to her  
*fast* enough,  
unless--





**I'M HERE!  
YOU HAVE  
ME!!  
THIS IS  
BETWEEN  
US!!  
LET  
HER  
GO!!!**

A man with grey hair, wearing a trench coat, is shown in a close-up, holding a woman's head by the back of her hair. He is holding a knife in his right hand, which is positioned near the woman's face. The woman has dark hair and is looking down with a distressed expression. The background is black.





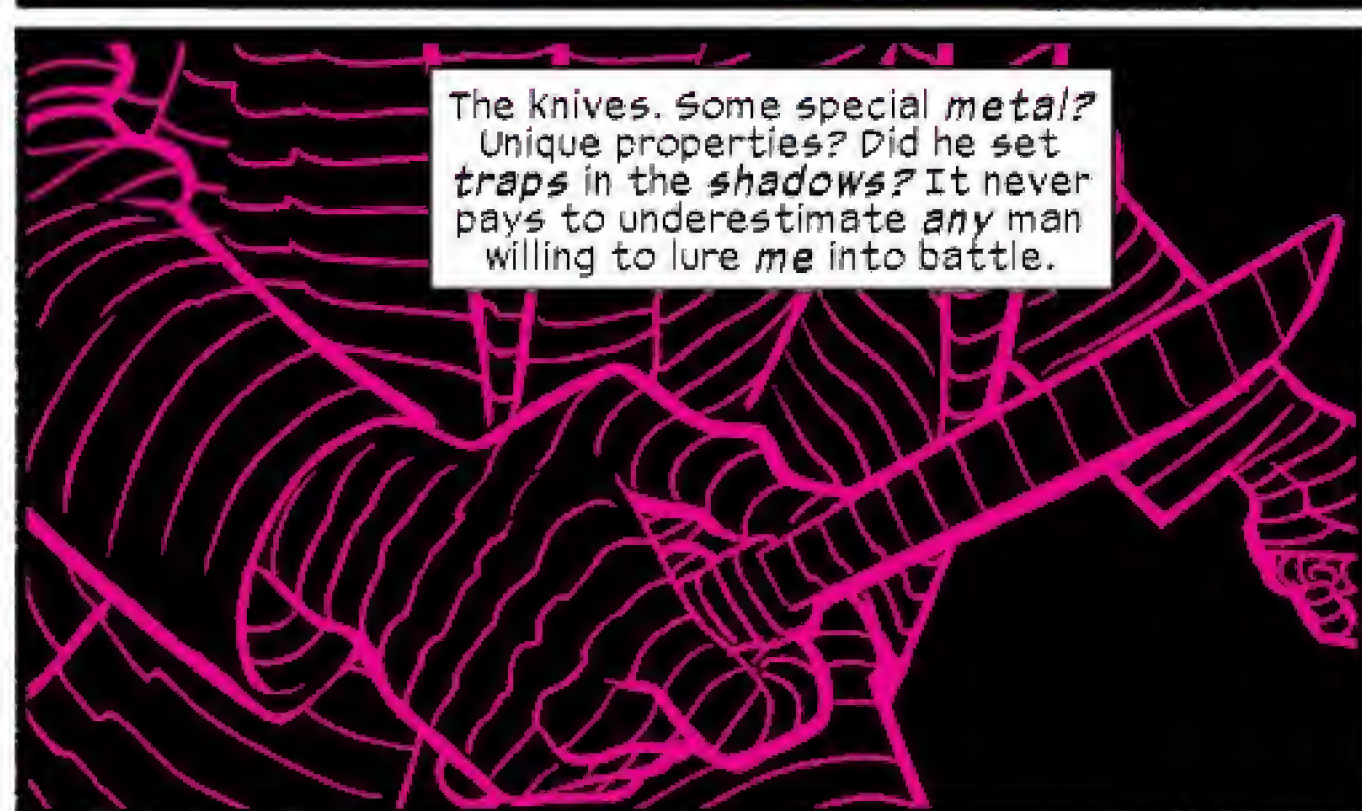
WHO DO YOU THINK?

CRACK

KIRSTEN, YOUR DAD IS SAFE. YOU WILL BE, TOO. I SWEAR IT.

DAREDEVIL...!

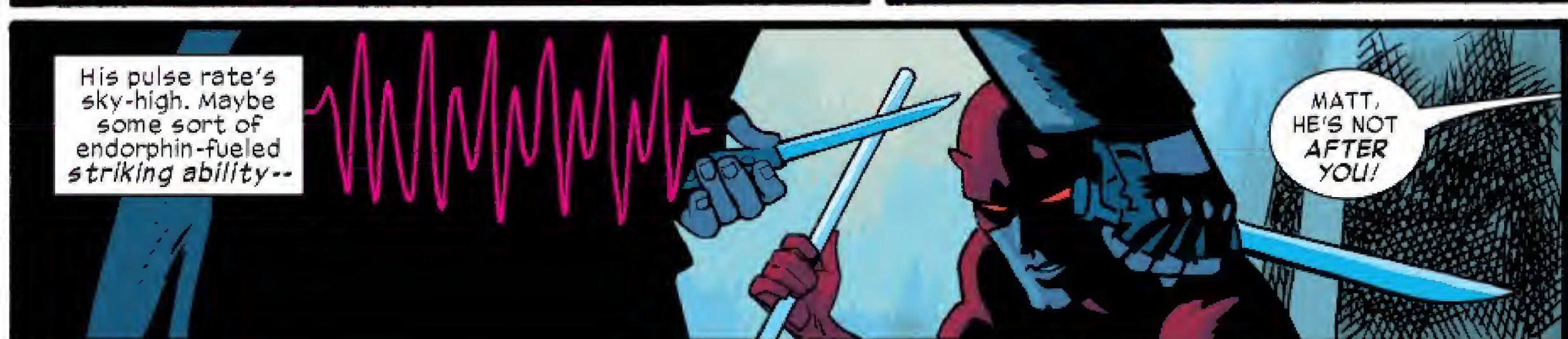
MATT!



The knives. Some special *metal*? Unique properties? Did he set *traps* in the *shadows*? It never pays to underestimate *any* man willing to lure *me* into battle.



MATT, IT'S NOT WHAT YOU--



His pulse rate's sky-high. Maybe some sort of endorphin-fueled striking ability--

MATT, HE'S NOT AFTER YOU!



HE'S AFTER ME!



WHAT?



KTANG ANG













I HEARD A SCREAM. IS HE...?

BACK THERE, TIED UP WITH THE GRAPPLE LINE. I'LL HAUL HIM OUT IN A MINUTE.



THIS FIRST.

WOW. THAT WAS... THAT WAS...  
...THAT WAS AWESOME.



HOW? HOW WAS THAT--

WHEN MY ENEMIES STRIKE AT ME THROUGH YOU, THAT IS NOT--

--YOUR ENEMY! THAT GUY? THAT GUY WAS THE LILAC MURDERER, MATT!



I DON'T KNOW A "LILAC KILLER"...

"LILAC MURDERER"! READ MY LIPS!

MY! GRUDGE MATE!

SERIAL KILLER! LEFT A LILAC WITH EVERY VICTIM! I WAS THE LAWYER WHO PUT HIM AWAY FOR LIFE... MINUS, I GUESS, TIME SPENT ESCAPING PRISON AND SEEKING REVENGE!



ARE YOU SURE?

OH, MY GOD! THE STAGING! THERE ARE, LIKE, A HUNDRED LILACS ON THE FLOOR! DO YOU THINK HE DID THAT FOR YOU? DO YOU KNOW WHAT THIS MEANS?



I HAVE MY OWN ARCH-FOE! MY! OWN!

THAT'S YOUR TAKEAWAY FROM THIS?

I MAY HAVE PEE'D A LITTLE. ALSO, I HAVE NO IDEA WHERE MY PURSE AND PHONE ARE NOW, SO THAT'LL BE AN ADVENTURE.



HEY, YOU'RE NOT HURT, ARE YOU?

OF COURSE NOT.



YOU'RE SURE? I GET SO FREAKED OUT WHEN MY ENEMIES STRIKE AT ME THROUGH MY LOVED ONES...

YOU ARE A RIOT. THIS IS YOUR ADRENALINE TALKING, YOU REALIZE?

THEN DO YOU WANT TO WASTE IT DARE-SPLAINING, OR DO YOU WANT TO HIT THE SHEETS?



GRAPPLE LINE'S STRONG. IT'LL HOLD ALL NIGHT.









**NEXT: PRIDE BEFORE THE FALL**



WAID • SAMNEE • WILSON

# DAREDEVIL

SAMNEE '14  
MW

A NETFLIX ORIGINAL SERIES

**MARVEL**  
**DAREDEVIL**

NETFLIX

TV MA ALL AGES STRONGLY CAUTIONED April 10



PREVIOUSLY:

After years of maintaining a secret identity to protect those he loves, Matt Murdock has come clean to the world: He is Daredevil. His heightened senses, including 360-degree radar sense, are now a matter of public record.

In order to protect his best friend Foggy Nelson from Daredevil's enemies, Matt very publicly faked Foggy's death. They then moved to San Francisco, where Matt opened a new law practice with his new girlfriend, Kirsten McDuffie.

With his identity out in the open, The Man Without Fear is constantly in the public eye. He's even landed an \$8-million book deal! Still though, Matt has been wary of his fame, worried that one of his enemies might attack those close to him. But when Kirsten finds an arch-foe of her own, Matt begins to realize having enemies may not be solely a Daredevil problem...



MARK WAID & CHRIS SAMNEE

STORYTELLERS

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LETTERER

JOE QUESADA

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SAMNEE & WILSON

COVER

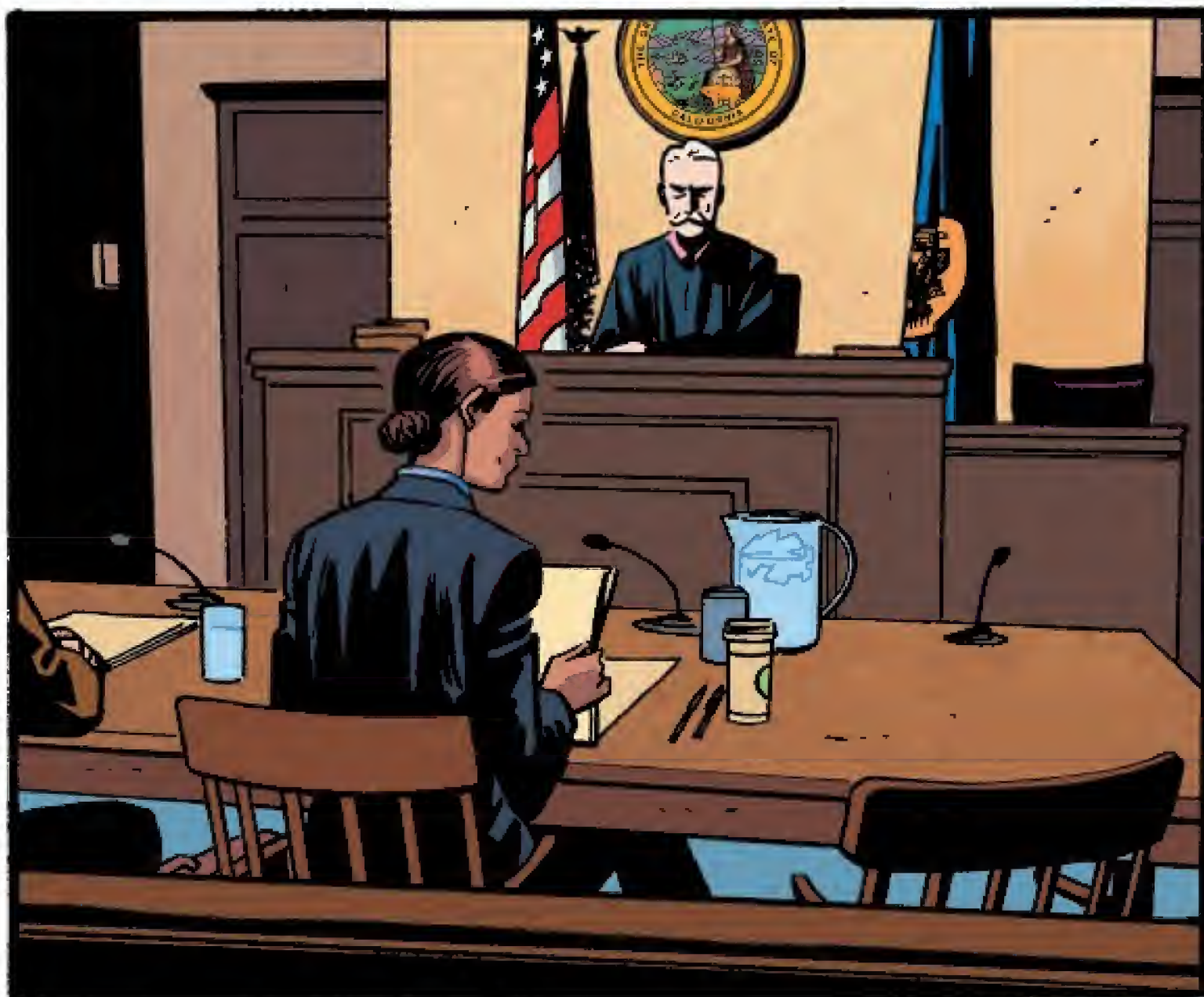
DAN BUCKLEY

PUBLISHER

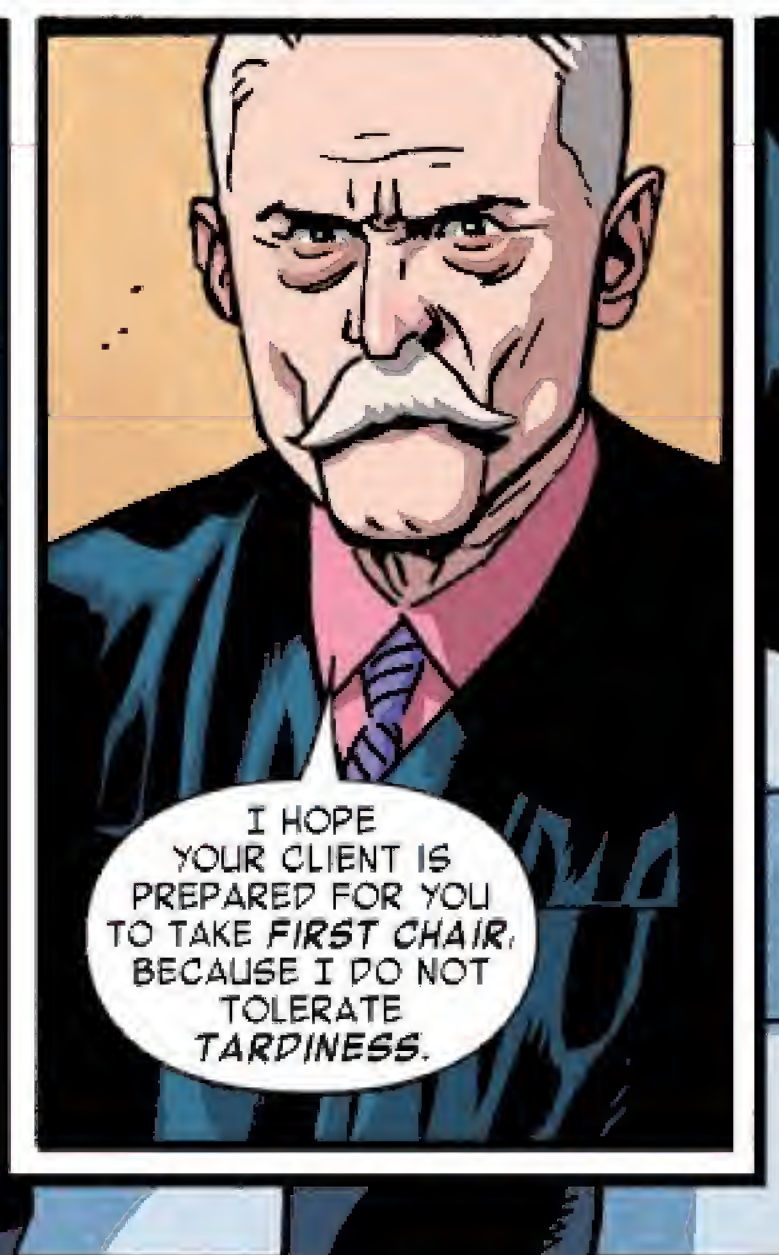
ALAN FINE

EXEC. PRODUCER











A full-page comic book illustration of Daredevil in his iconic red suit, walking through a courtroom. He is holding his cane over his shoulder with his right hand. In the background, several people are seated in the audience, and a large window is visible. The scene is set in a formal courtroom with wood-paneled walls and a high ceiling.

DAREDEVIL  
FOR THE  
DEFENSE!

OH,  
GOOD  
LORD...

I can  
hear you,  
Kirsten.

You knew this  
was coming.  
It was my  
decision...











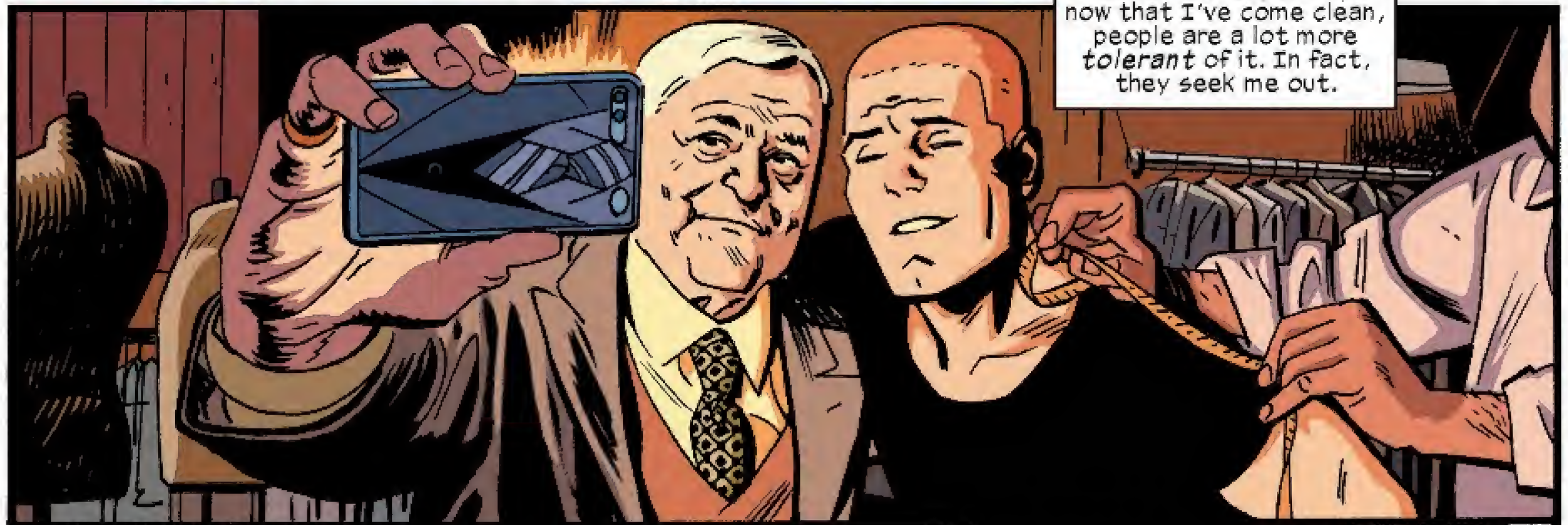






Back in New York, I had to forgo trial cases because the open suspicion that I was a masked vigilante by night was a liability in court.

In celeb-obsessed California, especially now that I've come clean, people are a lot more tolerant of it. In fact, they seek me out.



Hell, there are litigants here who would risk losing their cases just to say they were represented by Daredevil.

The old Matt Murdock turned those clients away.

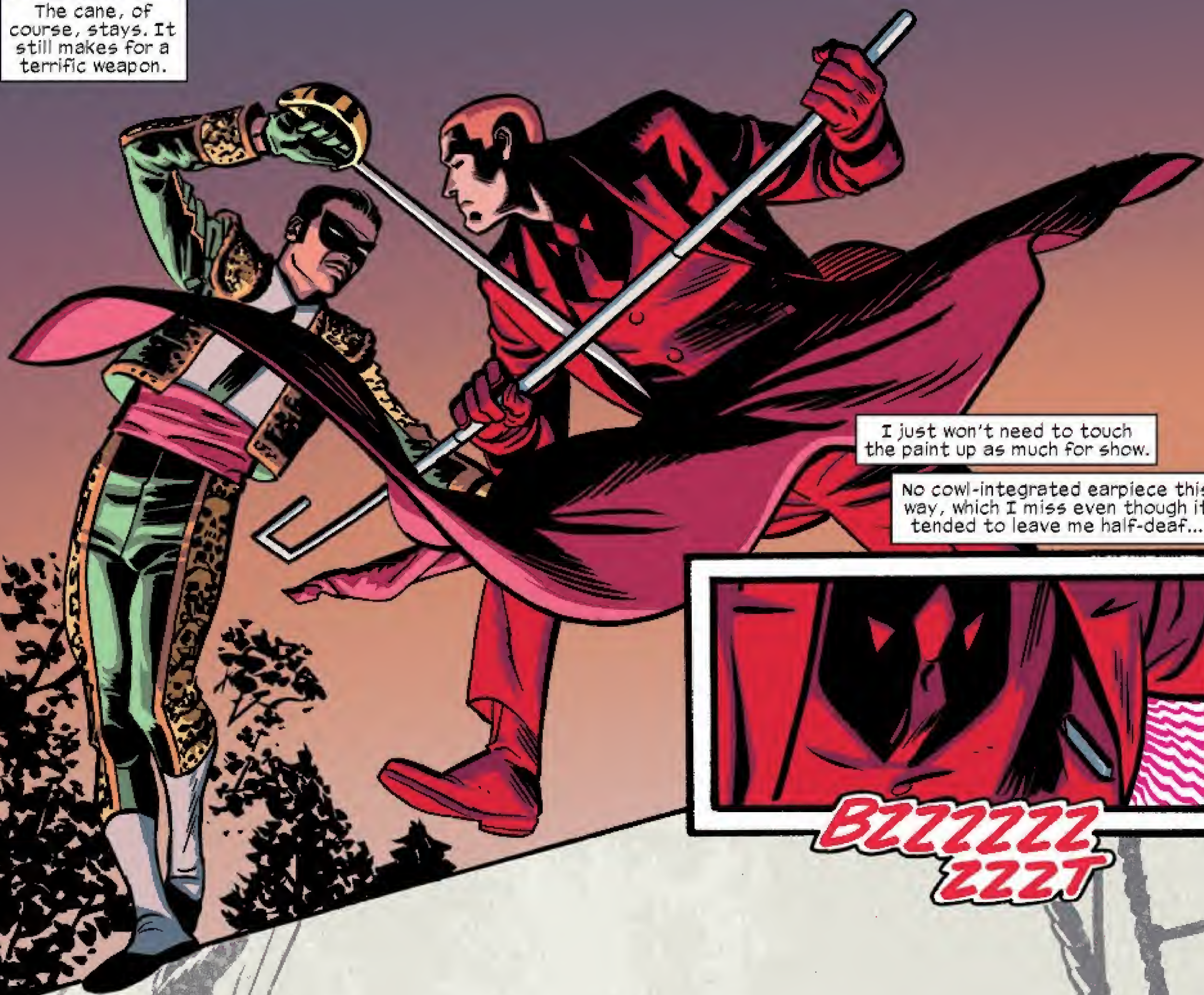


THE DEFENSE RESTS.

The new Matt remembers how much he loves being in the courtroom, defending the innocent.



The cane, of course, stays. It still makes for a terrific weapon.



I just won't need to touch the paint up as much for show.

No cowl-integrated earpiece this way, which I miss even though it tended to leave me half-deaf...



**BZZZZZZZ  
ZZZT**

...but it's great to have pockets.



HEY, HONEY. WHAT'S UP?

CHARLIE CALLED.

Deputy mayor.

SAID THERE'S SOME WEIRD, HUMAN-BIRD PREDATOR OVER IN FILMORE.



NOT THE OWL, I HOPE. I'M TOLD HE GOT SPRUNG MONTHS AGO.

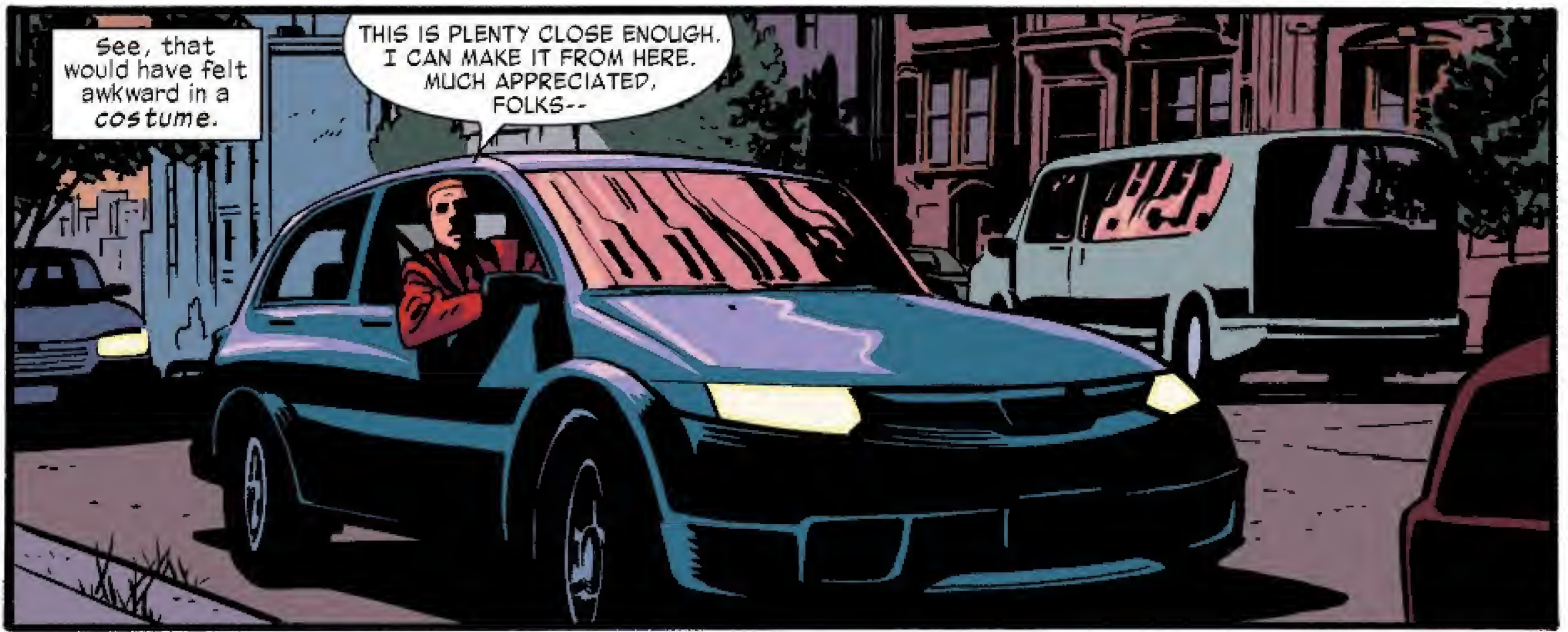
NEWS SAYS YOU'RE WAY OUT IN CONCORD. NEED A RIDE?

NAH. YOU STAY IN.



HEY! WHO WANTS TO GIVE ME A LIFT TO AN ACTIVE CRIME SCENE?

















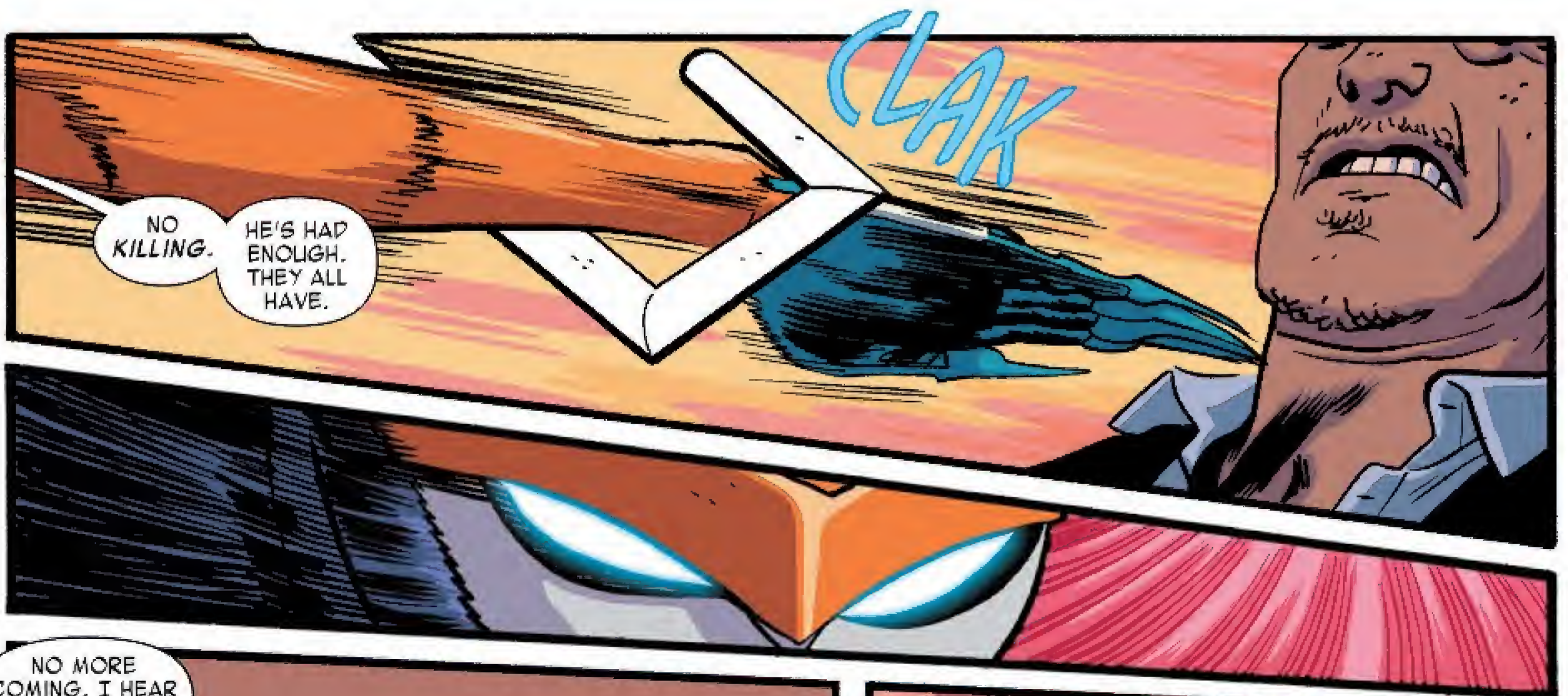
For someone who weighs less than Foggy's lost, she's an incredible fighter.

She moves like a spinning clutch of razor blades.

If I could fly, that's how I'd want to fight.







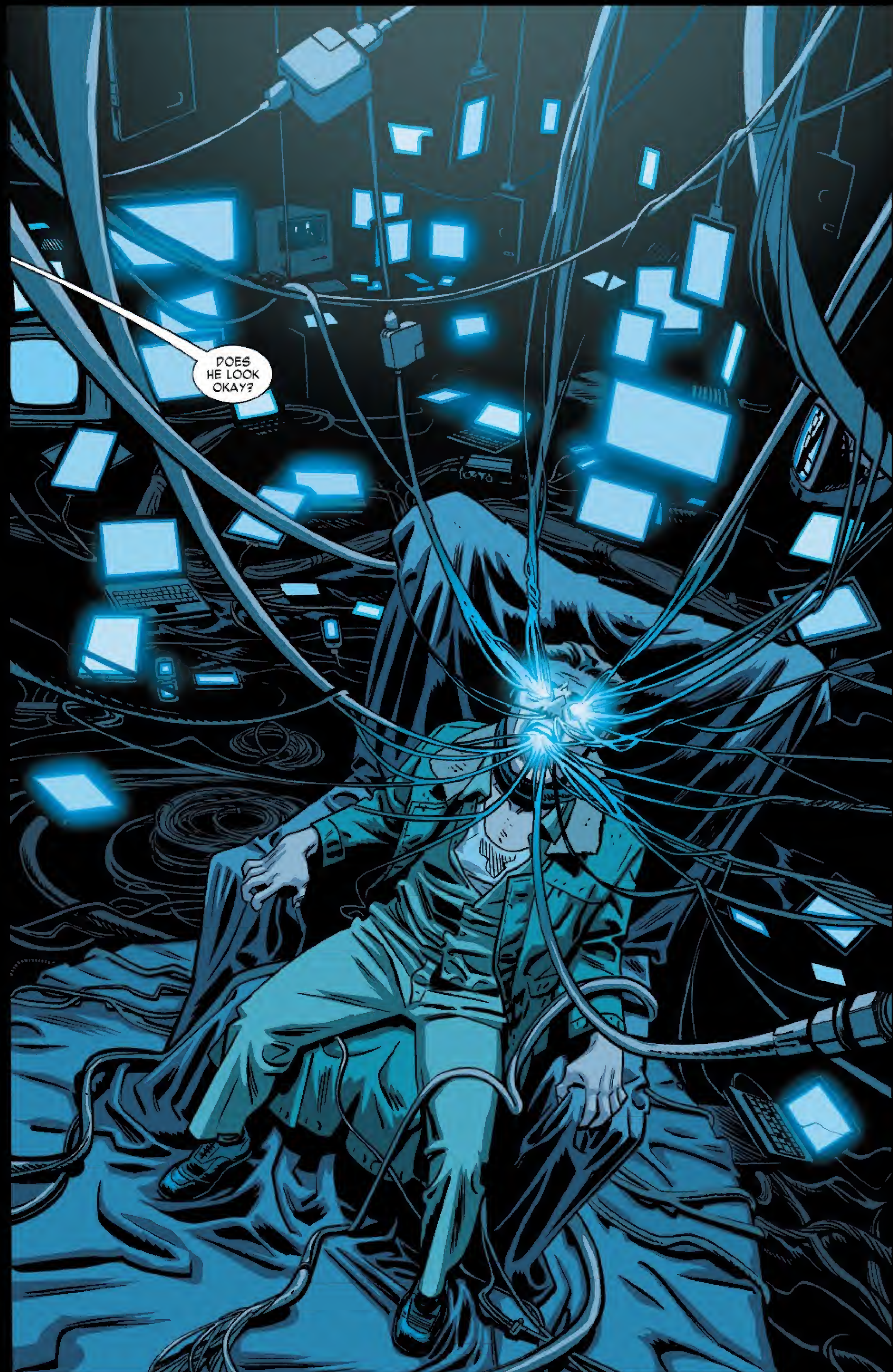












DOES  
HE LOOK  
OKAY?





DADDY!

Cold tendrils everywhere. Wires. What on Earth--?



MHHR-  
DDGGKK-  
K?  
Zz  
MHHR-  
DDGGKK?

Oh, God.



I think he's saying my *name*.



DON'T TOUCH HIM.

Who--?

The voice. The gait. One of the few people with the power to sneak up on me.

AAAH!

An ally. Max Coleridge, a.k.a. the *Shroud*.

IF YOU MOVE THE OWL FROM THAT CHAIR, HE COULD DIE. I'VE ALREADY LEARNED THIS.

YOU'LL NEED A DIFFERENT APPROACH.





HIS PULSE RATE IS CRITICAL. HIS HEART COULD FAIL AT ANY MOMENT, THAT'S HOW MUCH HE'S SUFFERING.

HE'S LOOKING.

WHAT'S HE DOING HERE, ANYWAY?

AT WHAT?



AT EVERYTHING. AT ABSOLUTELY EVERYTHING THERE IS IN THIS CITY TO SEE. THE MAN WHO DID THIS TO HIM HAS HIM SEARCHING FOR SOMEONE.

SUCH AS--?

NEVER MIND. WE'RE ALONE HERE. LET'S JUST GET HIM FREE, FIND HIS CAPTOR LATER, WHOEVER THAT IS.



WHOEVER...



**MATT!**



WHAT?

**NEXT: DARKNESS FALLS**



**MARVEL**

015

WAID • SAMNEE • WILSON

# DAREDEVIL





# PREVIOUSLY:

After years of maintaining a secret identity to protect those he loves, Matt Murdock has come clean to the world: He is Daredevil. His heightened senses, including 360-degree radar sense, are now a matter of public record.

In order to protect his best friend Foggy Nelson from Daredevil's enemies, Matt very publicly faked Foggy's death. They then moved to San Francisco, where Matt opened a new law practice with his new girlfriend, Kirsten McDuffie.

With his identity out in the open, Matt Murdock recently cast off his cowl and fully embraced his role as The Man Without Fear. While chasing a rumor of The Owl's escape, Matt not only discovered that his old foe has a daughter, Jubula Pride, with abilities like her father, but that Owlsley was kidnapped by another villain! Matt agreed to help Jubula find her father, if only to keep her from killing during her own investigations. Following a lead to Alcatraz Island, the two found the Owl and his captor THE SHROUD!



**MARK WAID & CHRIS SAMNEE**   **MATTHEW WILSON**   **VC'S JOE CARAMAGNA**   **SAMNEE & WILSON**   **MARGUERITE SAUVAGE**

STORYTELLERS

COLORIST

LETTERER

COVER

VARIANT COVER

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**DAN BUCKLEY**  
PUBLISHER

**ALAN FINE**  
EXEC. PRODUCER



The girl's voice  
vanishes in  
mid-scream.

As does  
everything  
else.

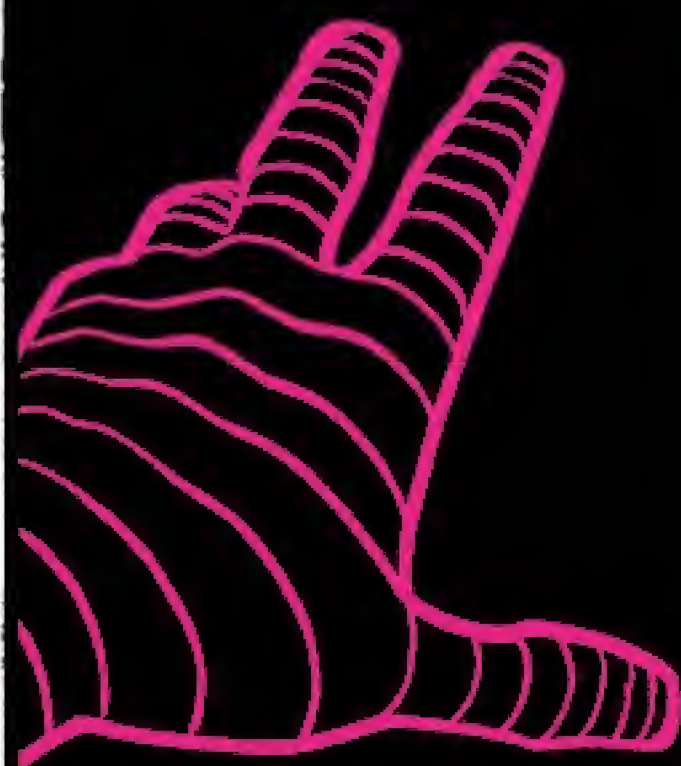




Weightless.

Literally  
senseless.

And  
familiar.



Captured by the  
*living shadows*  
of the *Shroud*,  
someone I thought  
was on *my* side.

I walked right  
into his trap.

Luckily  
for me--



GET MY  
FATHER  
G--

--I didn't  
come in  
*alone*.

If Shroud was lying in  
wait for *Matt Murdock*,  
using the captive *Leland*  
*Owlsley* as bait--



--he hadn't  
counted on my  
bringing *Owlsley's*  
*daughter*  
with me.

--HAVE  
YOU DONE  
TO HIM?



For all his mystic  
abilities, Shroud's  
not much of a  
*multitasker*.

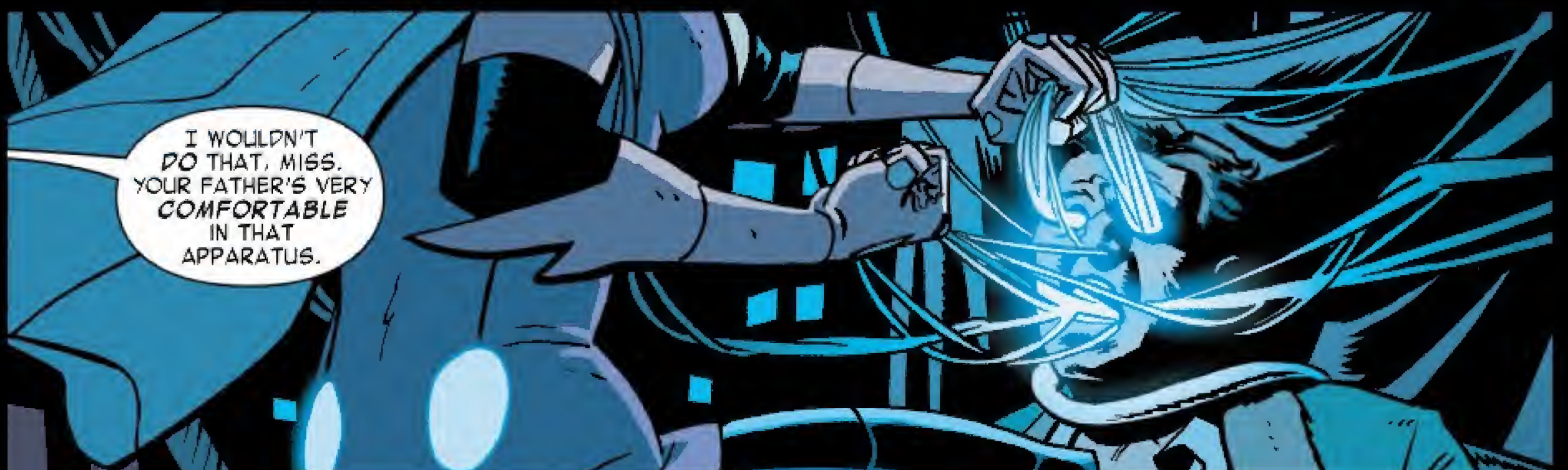


As Jubula Pride  
rips *into* Shroud,  
she shatters his  
*focus*--





--and I can  
free myself.











WE  
CAN'T JUST  
LEAVE--!

I FORGIVE YOU  
FOR NOT REALIZING  
JUST HOW IN THE  
WEEDS YOU ARE AT  
THIS MOMENT. YOU'VE  
NEVER FOUGHT THE  
SHROUD.

I HAVE.

AND I'M  
NOT DOING IT  
AGAIN WITHOUT  
A PLAN.



HE'S MY  
**FATHER!** YOU  
HATE HIM! YOU'VE  
ALWAYS HATED  
HIM! YOU'LL LEAVE  
HIM THERE TO  
**DIE!**

YOU'RE  
NOT GOING TO GET  
VERY FAR WITH ME  
BY ACCUSING ME OF  
NOT RESPECTING  
**FATHERS.**

I'LL MAKE  
THIS **RIGHT.**  
THAT'S WHAT I DO.  
BUT I THINK BETTER  
WHEN I'M NOT BEING  
AMBUSHED.

IF I UNTIE  
YOU, CAN  
I TRUST YOU  
TO DO AS  
I SAY?



YES.

~SIGH~

I'LL ASK  
AGAIN ONCE  
YOU'VE CALMED  
DOWN. WHAT'S  
YOUR  
STORY?



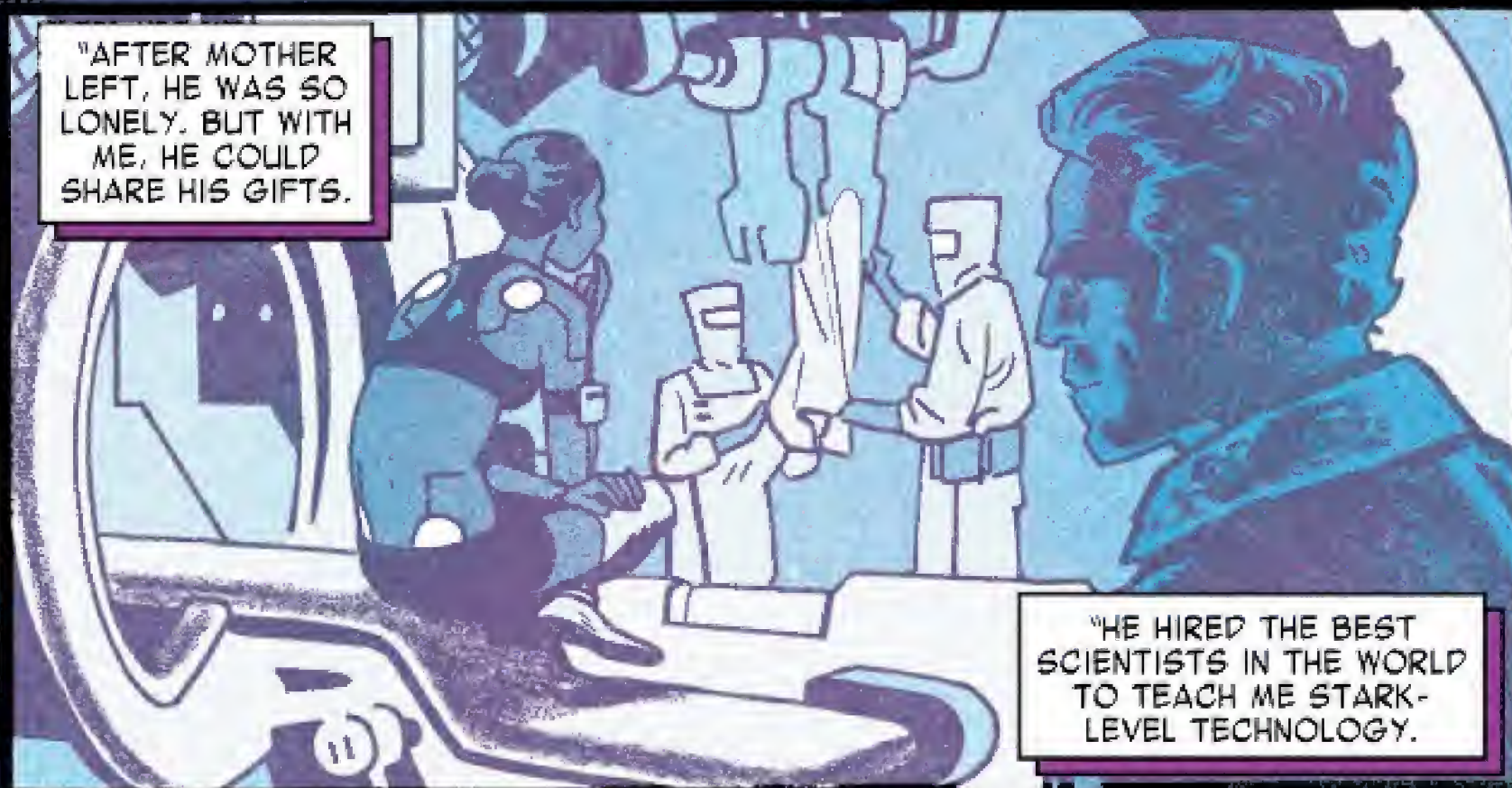
MY "STORY"  
IS THAT I'M  
WORRIED ABOUT  
MY DAD.

"THE **BEST** DAD. I WAS HIS LITTLE GIRL, AND  
HE LOVED ME WITH ALL HIS HEART, IN A WAY HE  
NEVER LOVED ANYONE OR ANYTHING ELSE.



"I KNOW THAT BECAUSE  
I FELT THE SAME EXACT  
WAY ABOUT HIM.

"AFTER MOTHER  
LEFT, HE WAS SO  
LONELY. BUT WITH  
ME, HE COULD  
SHARE HIS GIFTS.



"HE HIRED THE BEST  
SCIENTISTS IN THE WORLD  
TO TEACH ME STARK-  
LEVEL TECHNOLOGY.

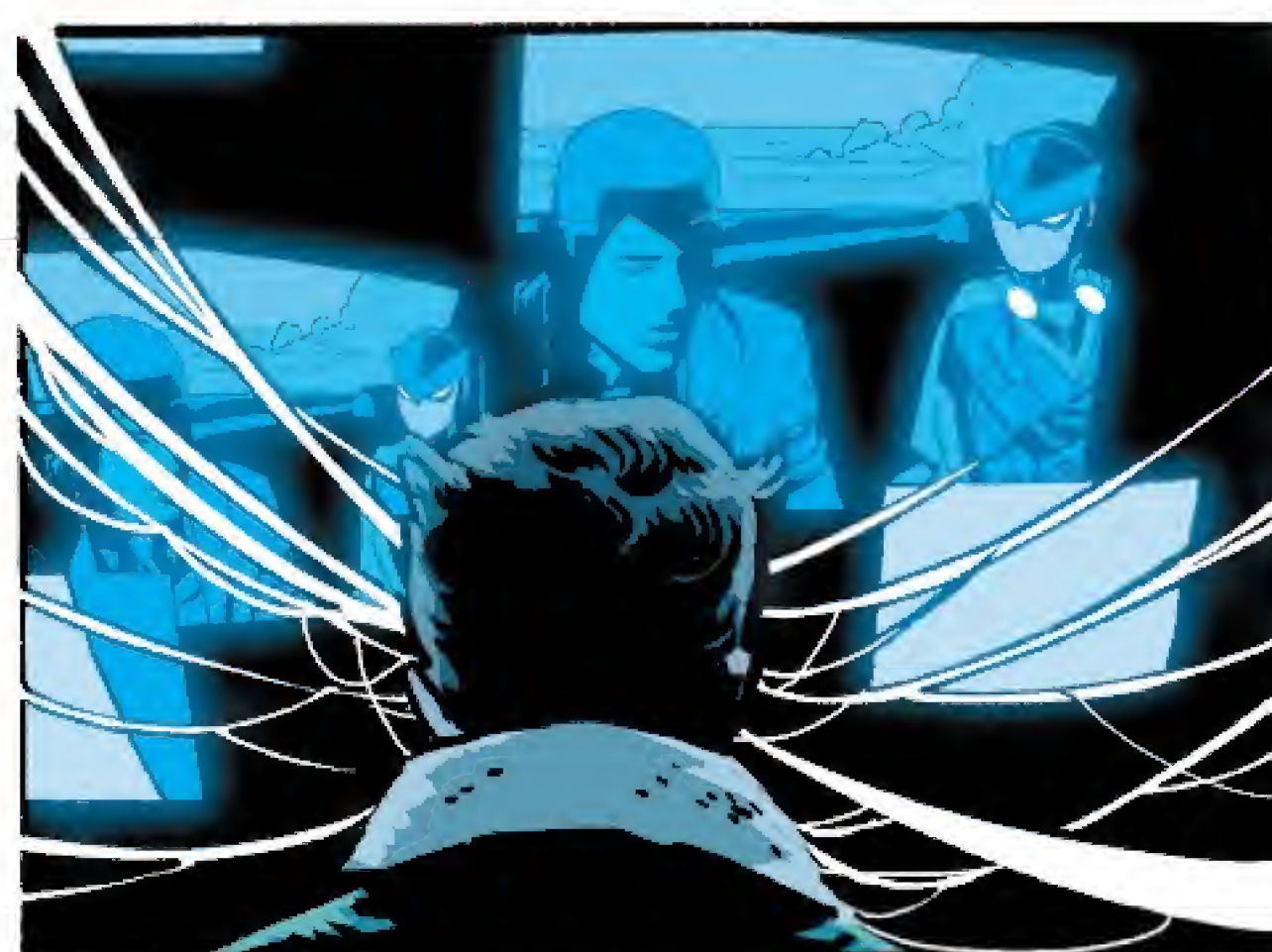
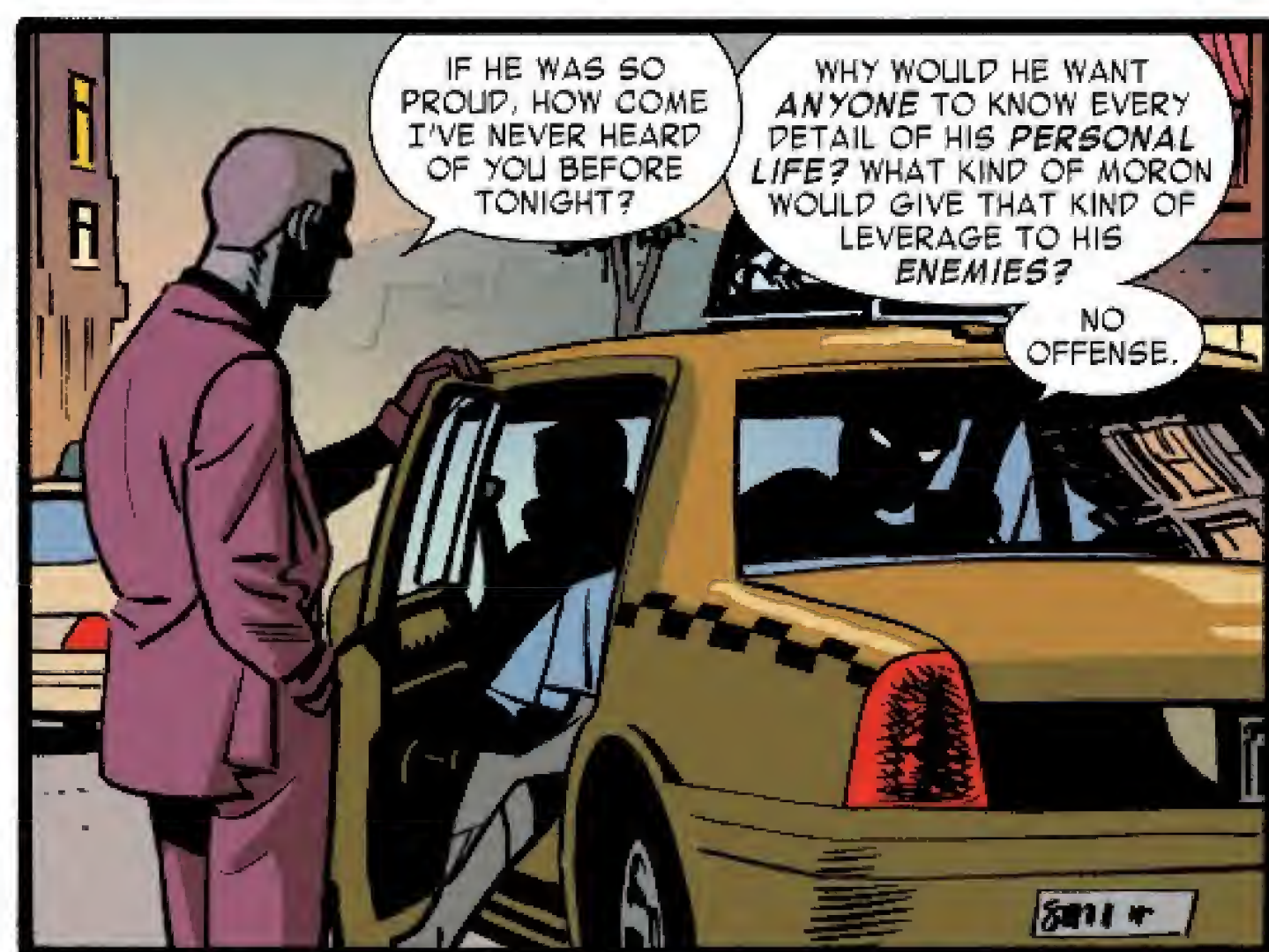
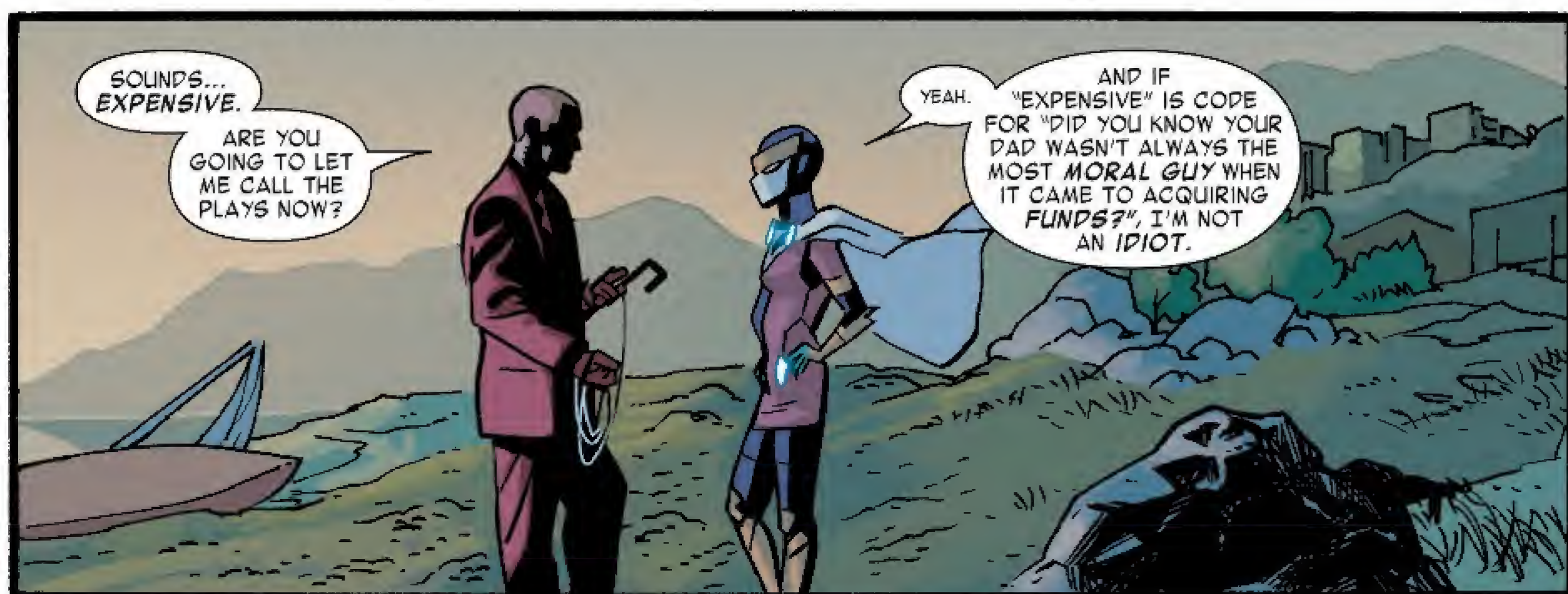


"THE BEST GENETICISTS TO  
HELP MAKE MY FLESH AND BONES  
SPECIAL, JUST LIKE HIS, SO  
WE'D ALWAYS HAVE THAT BOND.

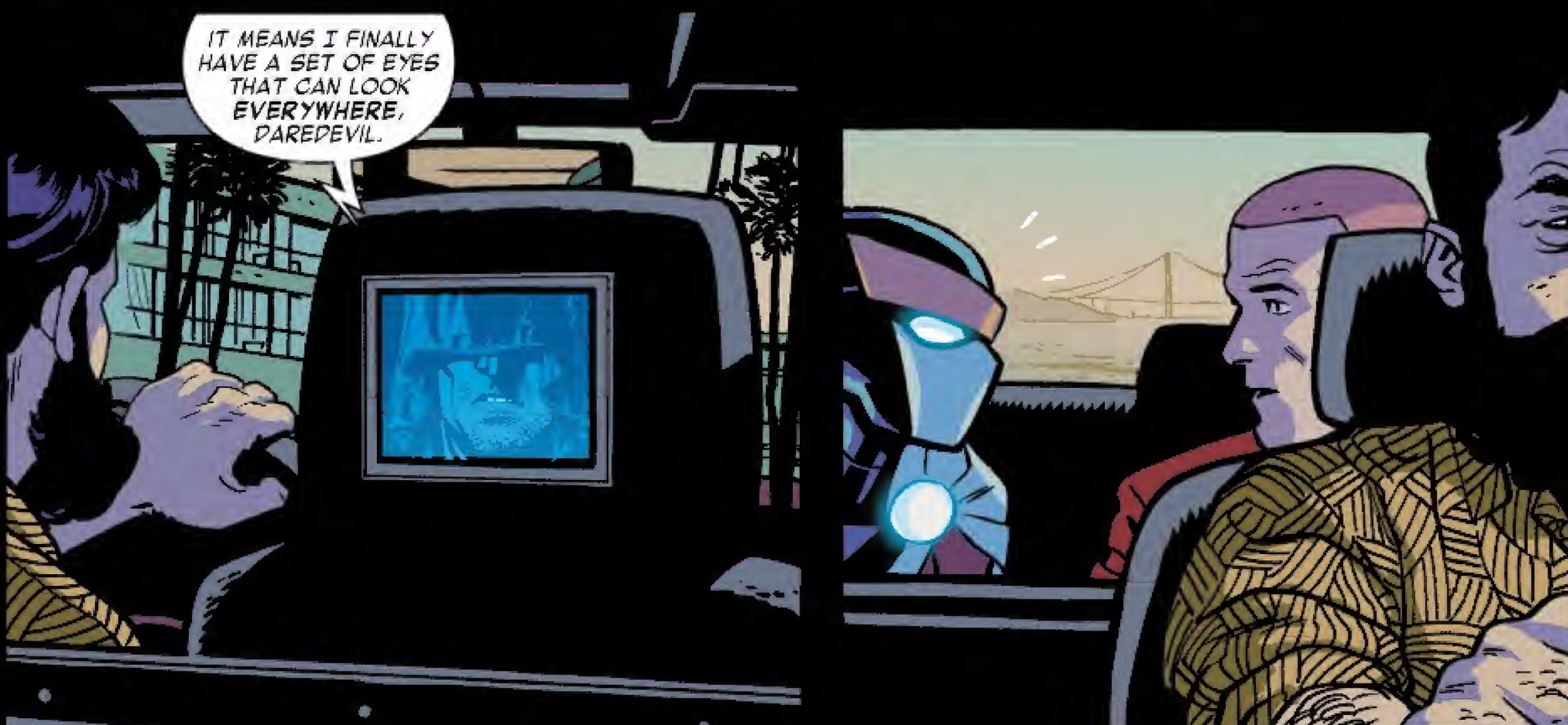
"SO WE  
COULD FLY  
TOGETHER."















WITH MY HELP,  
OWLSLEY'S TAPPED  
INTO EVERY ELECTRONIC  
SIGNAL IN NORTHERN  
CALIFORNIA.



HE CAN  
SEE AND HEAR  
THROUGH EVERY  
CELLPHONE--



--EVERY  
LAPTOP--



--EVERY CAMERA  
LENS AND WI-FI  
CONNECTION ON  
THE GRID.

I'M IMPRESSED. YOU'VE  
REINVENTED SURVEILLANCE.  
IS THIS HOW YOU PLAN  
TO FIND JULIA? WITH  
OVERKILL?

WHO?



HIS EX.  
MISSING, OR I'M  
BEGINNING TO SUSPECT  
HIDING FROM HIM.  
WE'VE SCoured THE  
BAY AREA FOR  
HER, MAX!







1922 PIERCE STREET.

--REPORTERS  
ARE GONNA LOSE  
THEIR MINDS.

MR. NELSON!  
CHRISTY BLANCH,  
CHANNEL 8  
NEWS! ARE YOU  
THERE?

SAHREN KUNI,  
CHANNEL 4! SIR,  
PROPERTY RECORDS  
SHOW SOMEONE MATCHING  
THE LIKENESS JUST  
BROADCAST TO US  
RESIDES HERE--

BILL PRESLEY,  
91-FM, REPORTING ON  
WHAT APPEARS TO BE SOME  
SORT OF BIZARRE HOAX  
PERPETRATED BY THE LOCAL  
VIGILANTE WE KNOW AS  
DAREDEVIL--

OH, GOD.  
HOW DID  
THIS--?

MATT? MATT,  
I CAN'T GET A  
SIGNAL OUT TO CALL  
YOU, BUT IF YOU'RE  
ANYWHERE NEARBY,  
I KNOW YOU CAN  
HEAR ME!

MATT, THIS  
IS REALLY  
BAD! I'M UNDER  
SIEGE HERE,  
BUDDY!

THEY'RE  
NOT GOING TO WANT  
TO HEAR HOW YOU DID  
THIS FOR ALL THE RIGHT  
REASONS! WHAT HAVE  
OUR JOBS TAUGHT  
US, MATTY?

NEVER LET  
THE PROSECUTION  
DEFINE THE  
NARRATIVE!

BZZT BZZT

THIS ISN'T  
KIRSTEN'S  
RING.

OH, I'M  
SORRY. WAS IT  
HER VOICE YOU  
WANTED TO  
HEAR?

VERY  
WELL.

WAIT--!







"ATTORNEY-  
CLIENT  
PRIVILEGE."

--I HAVE  
CHEATED ON  
HER, BUT SHE  
MUST NEVER  
KNOW--

--WILLING  
TO TURN STATE'S  
EVIDENCE IF YOU CAN  
KEEP MY NAME  
OUT OF IT--

--GOTTA  
KEEP MY DRUG  
HABIT FROM MY  
EMPLOYER--

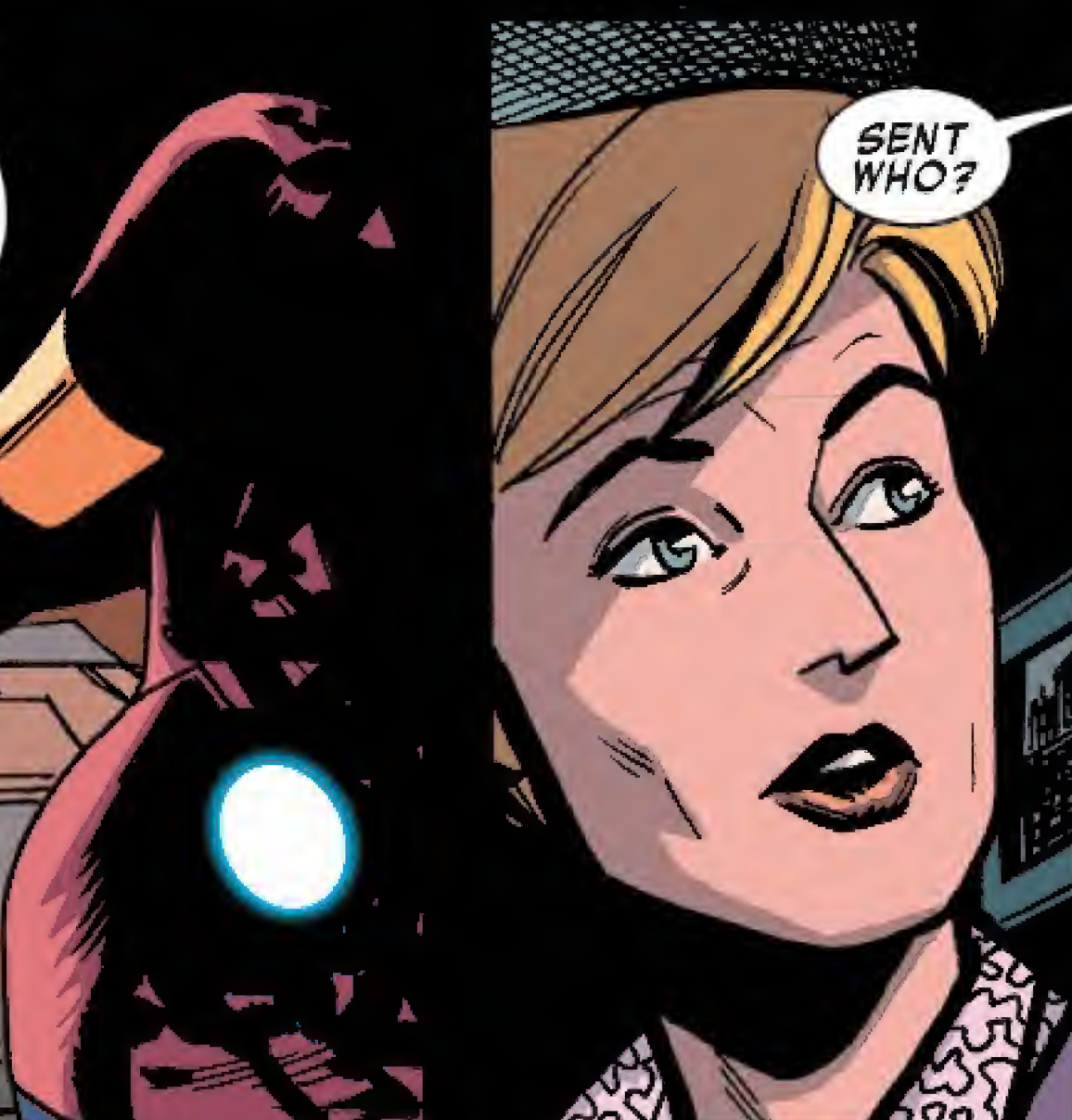
--DON'T PUT  
ME ON THE STAND,  
MR. MURDOCK--MY  
SON CAN'T KNOW  
THE TRUTH--

--EVER  
FINDS OUT I TOLD  
ANYONE HE HITS  
ME, HE'LL KILL ME,  
SO PROMISE  
ME--

--PROMISE  
ME--

--PROMISE  
ME THIS STAYS  
BETWEEN  
US.

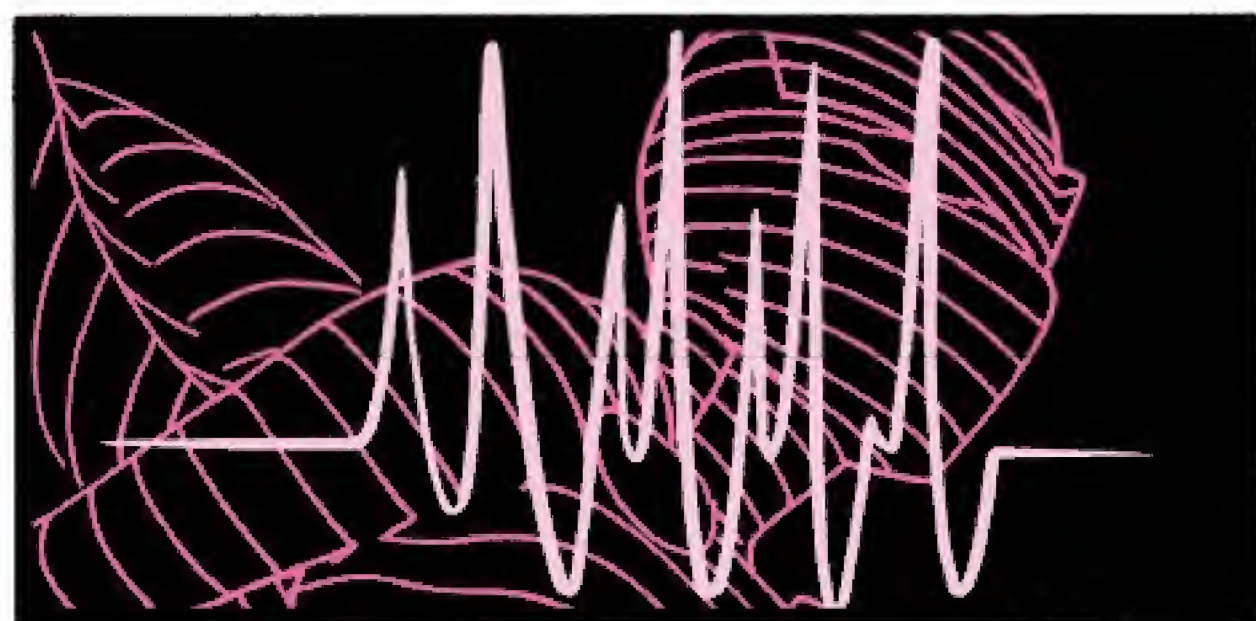
















I MIGHT ALSO BE ABLE TO RETRO-ENGINEER ALL THIS SPY-TECH.

AND TAKE BACK WHAT'S BEEN BROADCAST?

I'M NOT GOD. THOSE MONKEYS ARE OUT OF THE BARREL FOR GOOD, PALLY. SHROUD JUST RUINED YOUR LEGAL PRACTICE--



--AND TRASHED ANY REP YOU WERE TRYING TO REBUILD FOR HONESTY.

"IMAGINE THOSE CONSEQUENCES."



BOTH OF YOU! HANDS WHERE WE CAN SEE THEM!

Police. Only half the force.

The other half is probably storming Kirsten's office and Foggy's hideout even now.



**BANG  
BANG  
BANG**

**BANG  
BANG**

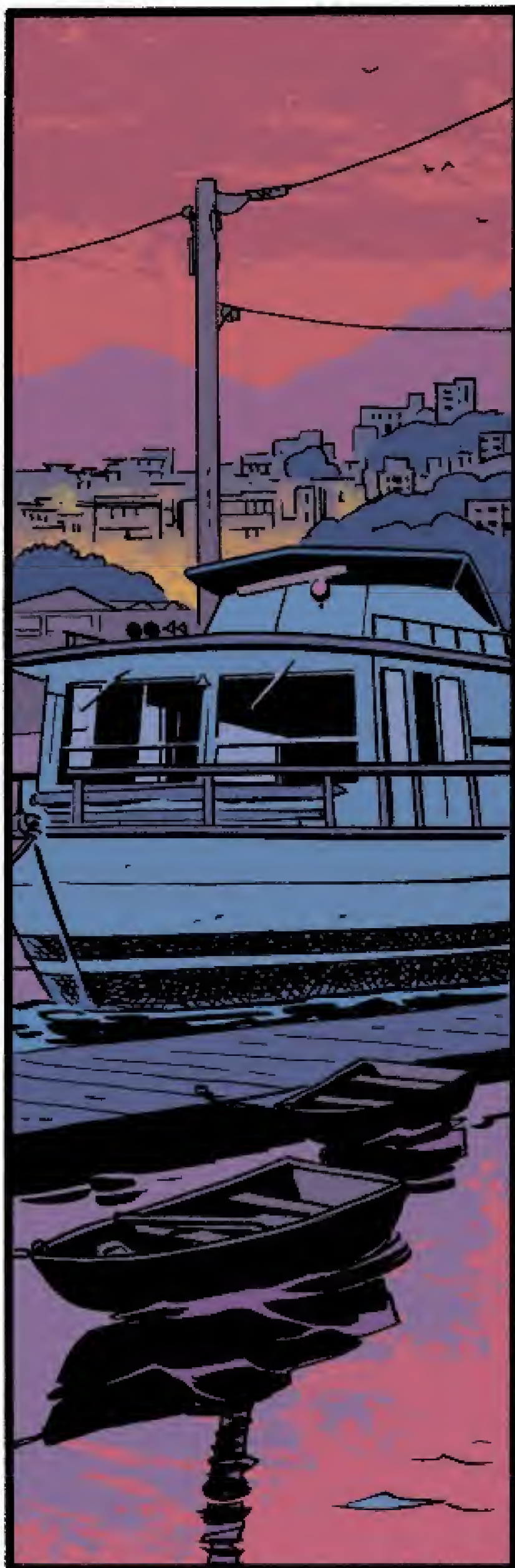
SWEETHEART, WHETHER YOU'RE INCLINED TO ACCEPT MY HELP RIGHT NOW OR NOT, I KNOW A GUY WHO CAN FLOAT US BOTH.

And then she says a name.



The last name on Earth I'd ever expected to hear again.





The last name  
I'd *want*  
to hear.







"I can simply turn and walk."



Hopefully, my last-ever lie.



Because the man I'm meeting made his *reputation* offering deals that cannot be *refused*.



Jubula's *right*. He's the only one imaginable with enough power and influence to put this genie back in its *bottle* to save my *friends*.

I hate him with the fury of a thousand angry gods.



I go to sleep some nights imagining my hands closing around his throat.



The only thing that's saved him from me *acting* on that is that I was sure he was *dead*.

MR. MURDOCK... I'VE MISSED THE PLEASURE OF YOUR COMPANY. HAVE A *SEAT*.



MAKE YOURSELF  
COMFORTABLE.



**NEXT: DEAL WITH THE DEVIL**



# DAREDEVIL<sup>®</sup>



GUGGENHEIM  
WAID  
SAMNEE  
KRAUSE  
WILSON

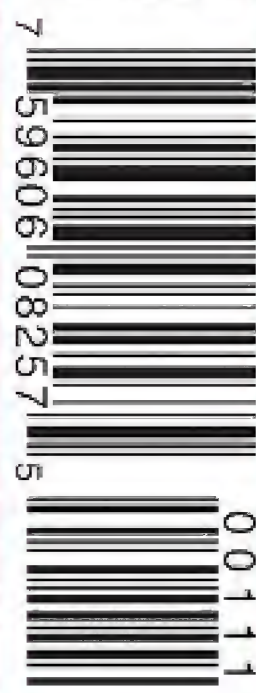
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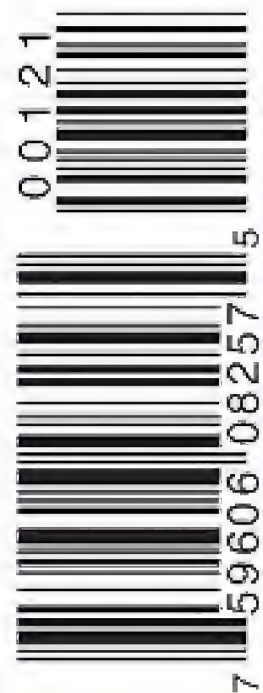




# DAREDEVIL



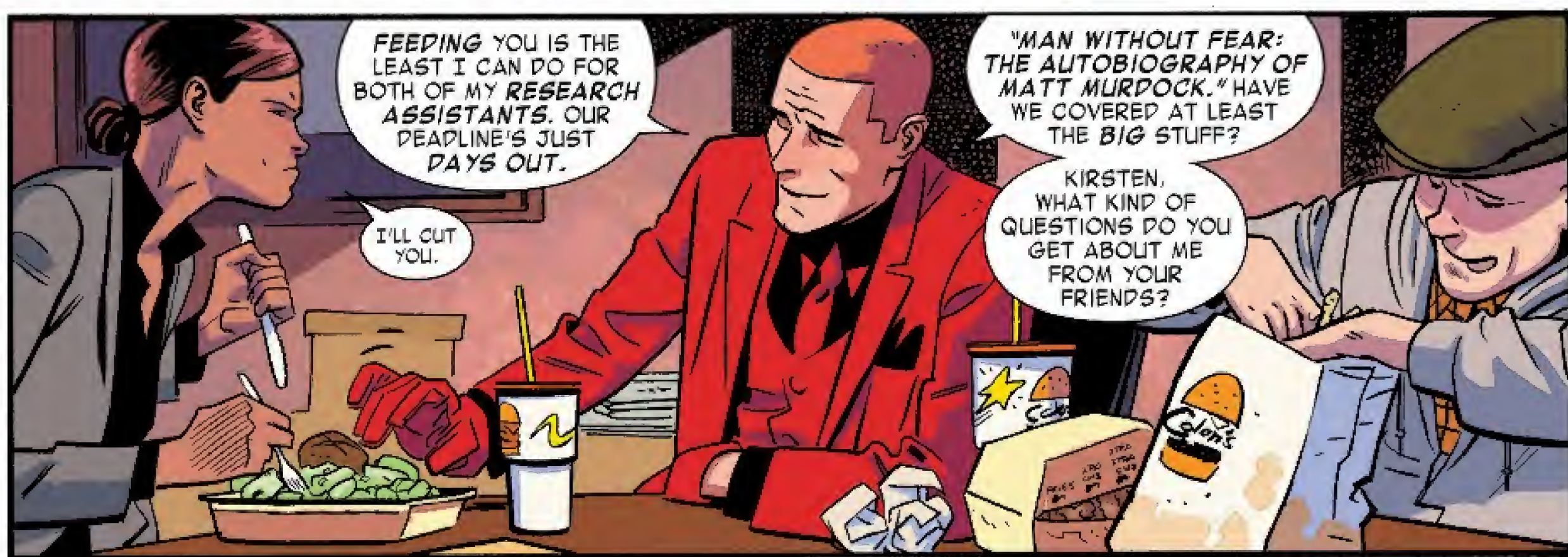
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**15.1** VARIANT  
EDITION







# PREVIOUSLY:

Since outing himself as Daredevil in a court of law, blind lawyer Matt Murdock has faked the death of his best friend, Foggy Nelson, moved out west to start a new practice with his girlfriend, Kirsten McDuffie, and had more than a few run-ins with old foes looking to get even.

Recently, Matt cast off his cowl and completely embraced his role as The Man Without Fear—he's even writing a biography about his vigilante adventures. As his Daredevil duties have a tendency to take his attention away from authoring, Matt enlisted Foggy to help as his ghost writer.

With a deadline looming, Team Daredevil has hunkered down for a late night of storytelling...

\*The following takes place before Daredevil #15.



## “RETROSPECTION”

MARK WAID & CHRIS SAMNEE

STORYTELLERS

MATTHEW WILSON

COLORIST

## “WORLDS COLLIDE”

MARC GUGGENHEIM

WRITER

PETER KRAUSE

ARTIST

MATTHEW WILSON

COLORIST

## “CHASING THE DEVIL”

CHRIS SAMNEE

WRITER/ARTIST

MATTHEW WILSON

COLORIST

VC'S JOE  
CARAMAGNA  
LETTERER

SAMNEE &  
WILSON  
COVER

RYAN STEGMAN &  
MARTE GRACIA  
COVER

CHARLES BEACHAM  
ASSISTANT EDITOR

SANA AMANAT  
EDITOR

NICK LOWE  
SENIOR EDITOR

AXEL ALONSO  
EDITOR IN CHIEF

JOE QUESADA  
CHIEF CREATIVE OFFICER

DAN BUCKLEY  
PUBLISHER

ALAN FINE  
EXEC. PRODUCER



CENTRAL PARK.  
YEARS AGO.

Billable hours.  
90-hour  
work weeks.

Depositions.  
Document  
productions.  
Interrogatories.

Most lawyers  
blow off steam  
after work by  
finding the  
closest *bar*.

I'm  
not most  
lawyers.



I blame  
*Elektra*.

She hooked  
me on the  
*night*.

The most  
powerful  
drug I know.



The pain  
threshold for  
sound is 130  
decibels.

For a *normal*  
person.

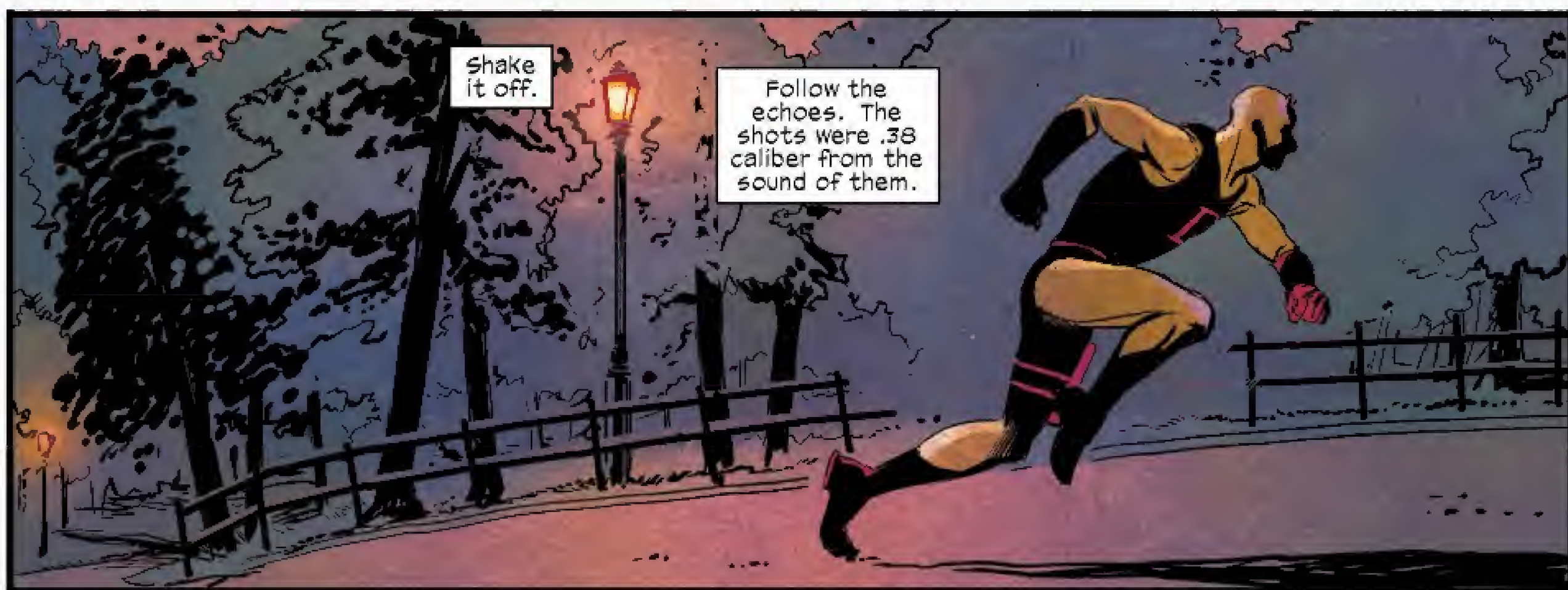




Those were  
170-decibel  
gunshots.



Feels like repeatedly  
slamming my  
head against the  
express train.



Shake  
it off.

Follow the  
echoes. The  
shots were .38  
caliber from the  
sound of them.



And they  
seem to have  
done their  
work.



Three  
heartbeats.  
All *elevated*.









The two other heartbeats are long gone.

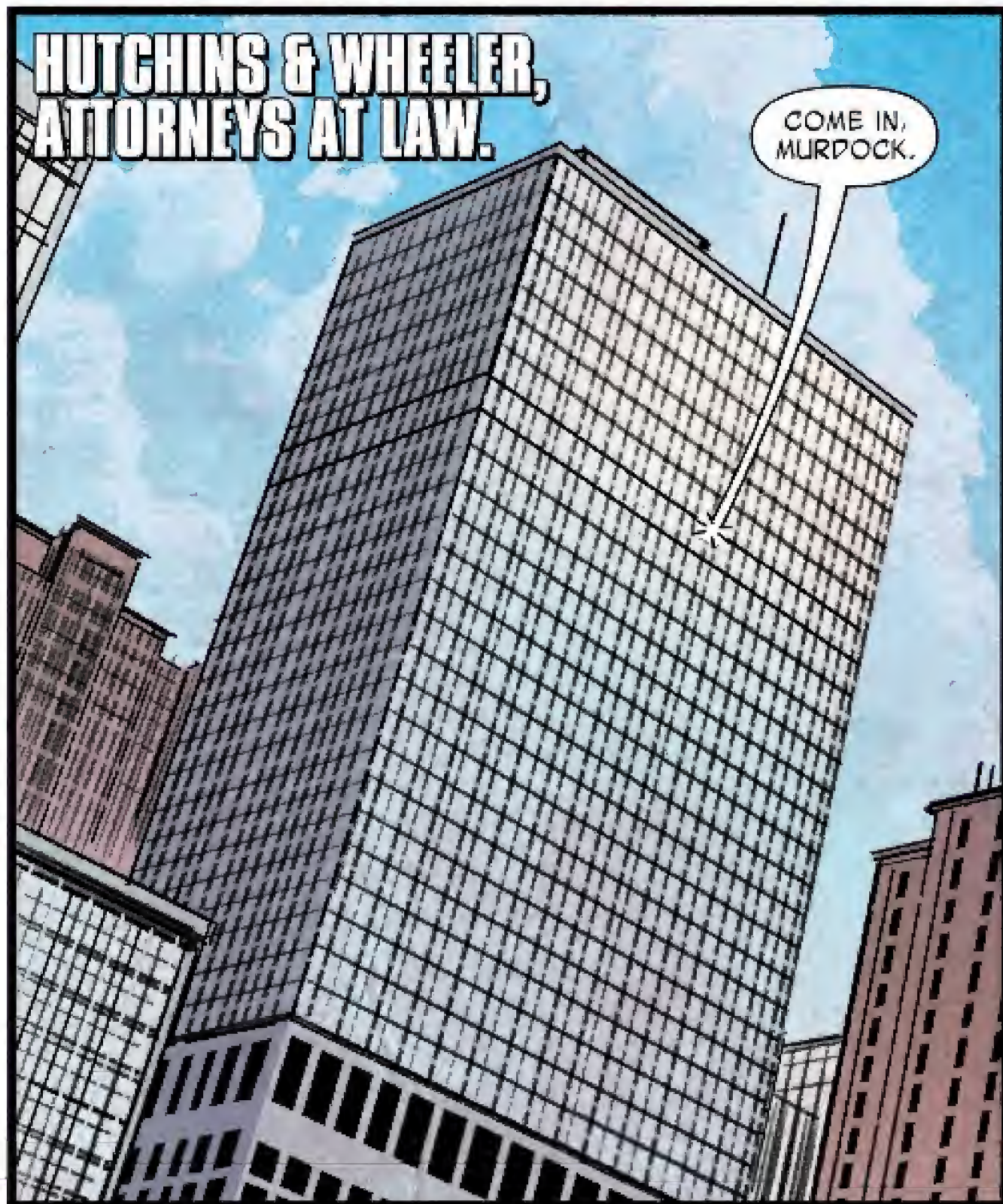


But it looks like I got the shooter, at least.



Burner cell. Comes in handy when making anonymous tips.

I WANT TO REPORT A SHOOTING IN CENTRAL PARK, NEAR THE RESERVOIR.



**HUTCHINS & WHEELER, ATTORNEYS AT LAW.**

COME IN, MURDOCK.



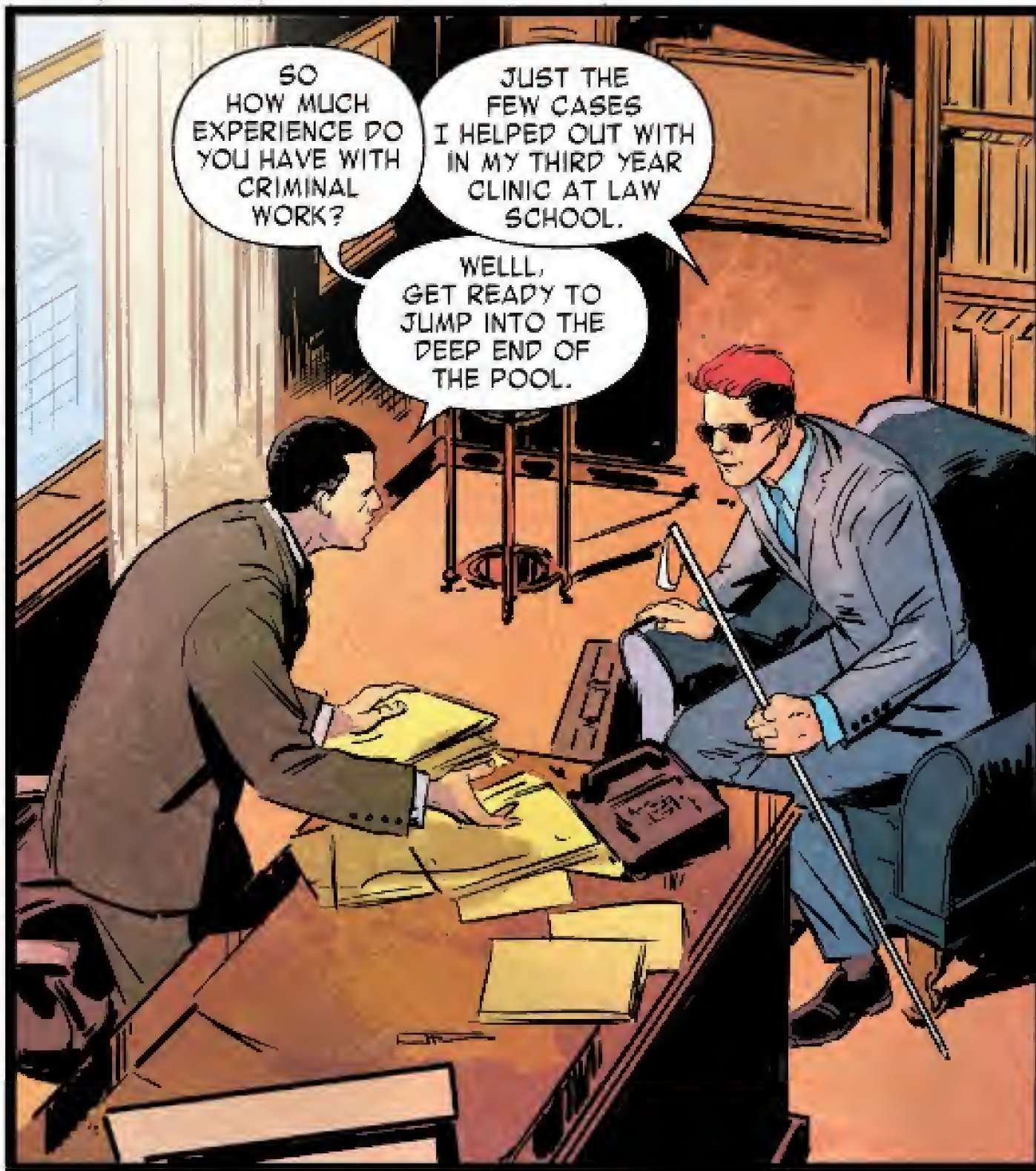
SOMETHING I CAN DO FOR YOU, MR. WHEELER?

EXTEND THE WORK WEEK BY FORTY-EIGHT HOURS.

I THOUGHT WE WERE DOING THAT ALREADY, SIR.

CLEVER. SIT.





SO  
HOW MUCH  
EXPERIENCE DO  
YOU HAVE WITH  
CRIMINAL  
WORK?

JUST THE  
FEW CASES  
I HELPED OUT WITH  
IN MY THIRD YEAR  
CLINIC AT LAW  
SCHOOL.

WELL,  
GET READY TO  
JUMP INTO THE  
DEEP END OF  
THE POOL.



WE JUST  
GOT COURT-  
ASSIGNED A  
MURDER  
CASE.

HOLDING THE  
FILE OUT RIGHT  
IN FRONT OF YOU.  
Y'KNOW, UM, "YOUR  
TWELVE  
O'CLOCK."

THANKS.

YOU  
WANT ME  
TO SECOND  
CHAIR?



SECOND CHAIR, LEAD  
COUNSEL, THE WHOLE  
MAGILLA. IT'S  
YOUR CASE.

YOU NEED  
SOMEONE TO  
READ YOU  
THE FILE?

I CAN  
GET BY,  
SIR.

I DID SAY MY  
ONLY CRIMINAL  
EXPERIENCE WAS  
IN LAW SCHOOL,  
RIGHT?

MATT, THE  
FIRM'S COMMITTED  
FIVE THOUSAND  
HOURS TO PRO BONO  
WORK. WE DIDN'T  
SAY IT HAD TO COME  
FROM SOMEONE  
QUALIFIED.

NO  
OFFENSE.

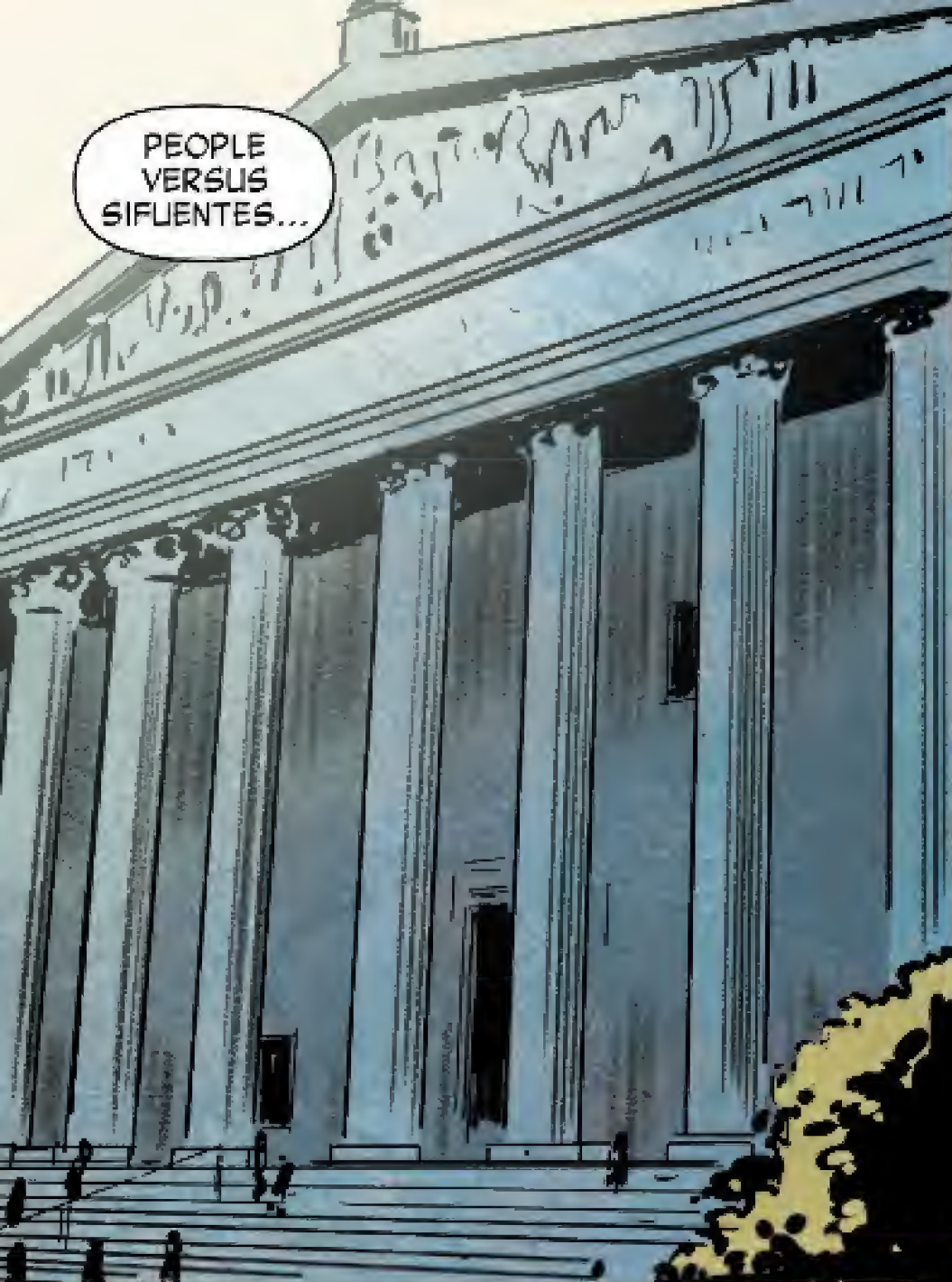


SHOULD BE  
AN INTERESTING  
CASE. THE CLIENT WAS  
APPREHENDED BY A GUY  
THE DAILY BUGLE'S  
BEEN CALLING  
"DAREDEVIL."



I just got  
assigned to  
defend the same  
man Daredevil  
caught.





PEOPLE  
VERSUS  
SIFIENTES...



MATTHEW  
MURDOCK FOR  
THE DEFENDANT,  
YOUR HONOR. WAIVE  
READING. PLEAD  
NOT GUILTY.



SO NOTED. SET BAIL AT  
FIVE HUNDRED THOUSAND  
DOLLARS, CASH OR  
BOND.

CRACK



I'M GOING  
TO GO OUT ON  
A LIMB AND SAY  
YOU DON'T HAVE  
FIVE HUNDRED  
GRAND.

NO.

OKAY,  
THEY'RE GONNA  
REMAND YOU BACK  
TO HOLDING  
THEN.

I'M  
INNOCENT.

BEFORE  
THAT HAPPENS,  
MAYBE YOU COULD  
TELL ME A LITTLE  
BIT ABOUT YOUR  
CASE.



LUIZ--  
DO YOU MIND IF  
I CALL YOU LUIZ?--  
LUIZ, I MAY BE **BLIND**,  
BUT I CAN READ  
A **CASEFILE**.

THE MURDER  
WEAPON WAS  
RECOVERED FROM THE  
SCENE WITH **YOUR**  
FINGERPRINTS  
ON IT.



IT'S NOT  
MY GUN...

THEN YOU  
HEAR AS BAD AS  
I SEE, LUIZ. BECAUSE  
I JUST TOLD YOU YOUR  
**PRINTS** ARE ON IT.





I WAS IN THE PARK. I HEARD GUNSHOTS. I MOVED IN THE DIRECTION OF THEM-- I DON'T KNOW WHY--IT WAS **STUPID**--I SAW THE GUN AND I PICKED IT UP...



"I SAW A GUY RUNNING TOWARDS ME--SOMEONE IN A **COSTUME**--SO I RAN. AND HE **TACKLED** ME."



PLEASE, MR. MURDOCK, YOU HAVE TO **BELIEVE** ME...

Not necessarily.

But I've been **experimenting** using people's **heartbeats** as a kind of proto-lie detector.

Usually, when people are lying, their heart rates **spike**.

And Luiz's **isn't**.



But he was *there*. I "saw" him. With the literal smoking gun in his hand...

"I NEED TO GET OFF THIS CASE..."



WHICH CASE?

THE SIFUENTES CASE. THE SHOOTING IN CENTRAL PARK LAST NIGHT.



I JUST PUT YOU ON THAT. YOU WANT OFF ALREADY? THAT MUST BE SOME KINDA RECORD.

I DON'T THINK I'M THE RIGHT ASSOCIATE TO BE TRYING IT.

WELL, I DISAGREE. Y'KNOW HOW I KNOW? BECAUSE I'M THE GUY WHO ASSIGNED IT TO YOU IN THE FIRST PLACE.







SO HUMOR ME WITH AN EXPLANATION, AT LEAST. WHY THE CHANGE OF HEART? THE ARRAIGNMENT COULDN'T'VE BEEN THAT TRAUMATIC.

HE WAS APPREHENDED BY DAREDEVIL.

I DON'T... APPROVE OF VIGILANTISM.



EXCELLENT. THAT'S WHAT MAKES YOU THE PERFECT PERSON TO HANDLE THIS CASE.

VIGILANTISM IS THE CORNERSTONE OF YOUR ENTIRE DEFENSE.

BUT I TOLD YOU I WANTED OFF--



HEARD YOU. IGNORING.

THESE VIGILANTES--LIKE THE SPIDER GUY--KNOCK A GUY OUT, LEAVE HIM TIED UP FOR THE POLICE. EXCEPT THE VIGILANTE IS LONG GONE AND UNAVAILABLE TO TESTIFY.

HOW IS A JURY TO KNOW THE DEFENDANT ISN'T SOMEONE THE VIGILANTE HAS A VENDETTA AGAINST?



THAT'S YOUR WHOLE DEFENSE HERE.

YOU PUT THIS VIGILANTE ON TRIAL.



"YOU DISCREPIT HIM."

HOW DO WE KNOW WHO IS UNDERNEATH THIS BLACK AND YELLOW COSTUME?

HOW ARE WE TO KNOW WHO THIS ALLEGED "GOOD SAMARITAN" IS?

WILL HE TESTIFY?

WILL HE OFFER HIMSELF UP TO CROSS-EXAMINATION?



"WHAT ARE HIS  
MOTIVES? WHAT  
DOES HE WANT?"



I WANT TO  
KNOW WHO THE  
OTHER SHOOTERS  
IN CENTRAL  
PARK WERE.

I WANT  
TO KNOW WHO  
THIS MAN, THIS  
"DAREDEVIL"--

--WHO IS,  
ESSENTIALLY,  
ACCUSING MY  
CLIENT OF  
MURDER--

I WANT  
TO KNOW  
WHO HE  
IS.



OTHER  
THAN A  
CRIMINAL.

"WE KNOW  
HE'S AT LEAST  
GUILTY OF  
ASSAULT..."



...AND, IN  
THE CASE, OF  
THE DEFENDANT,  
INVOLUNTARY  
IMPRISONMENT.

CONSIDER  
THE FACTS...



"AN UNKNOWN MAN  
IN A DISGUISE  
ATTACKS  
SOMEONE..."



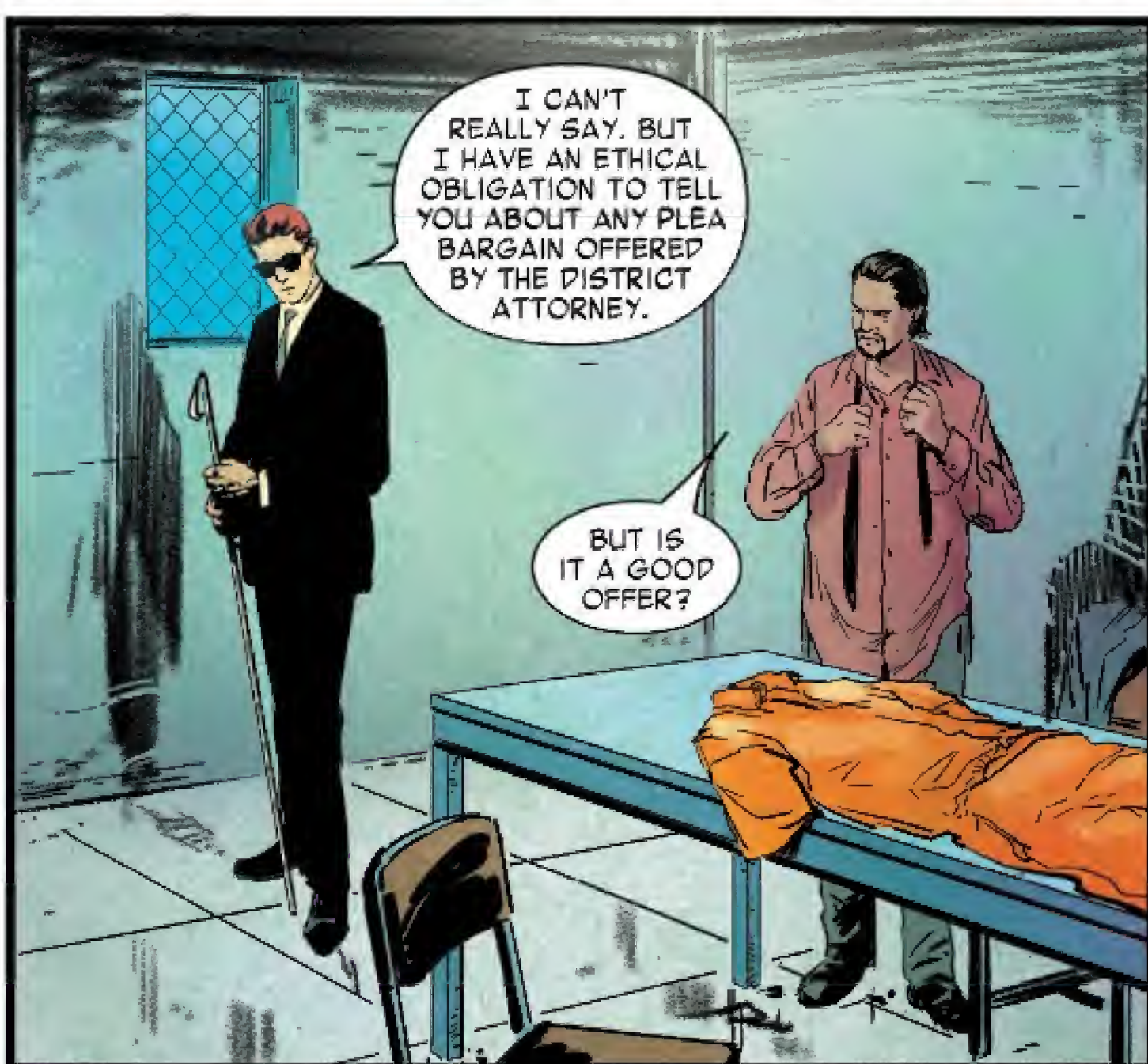
"...TACKLES  
HIM TO THE  
GROUND..."







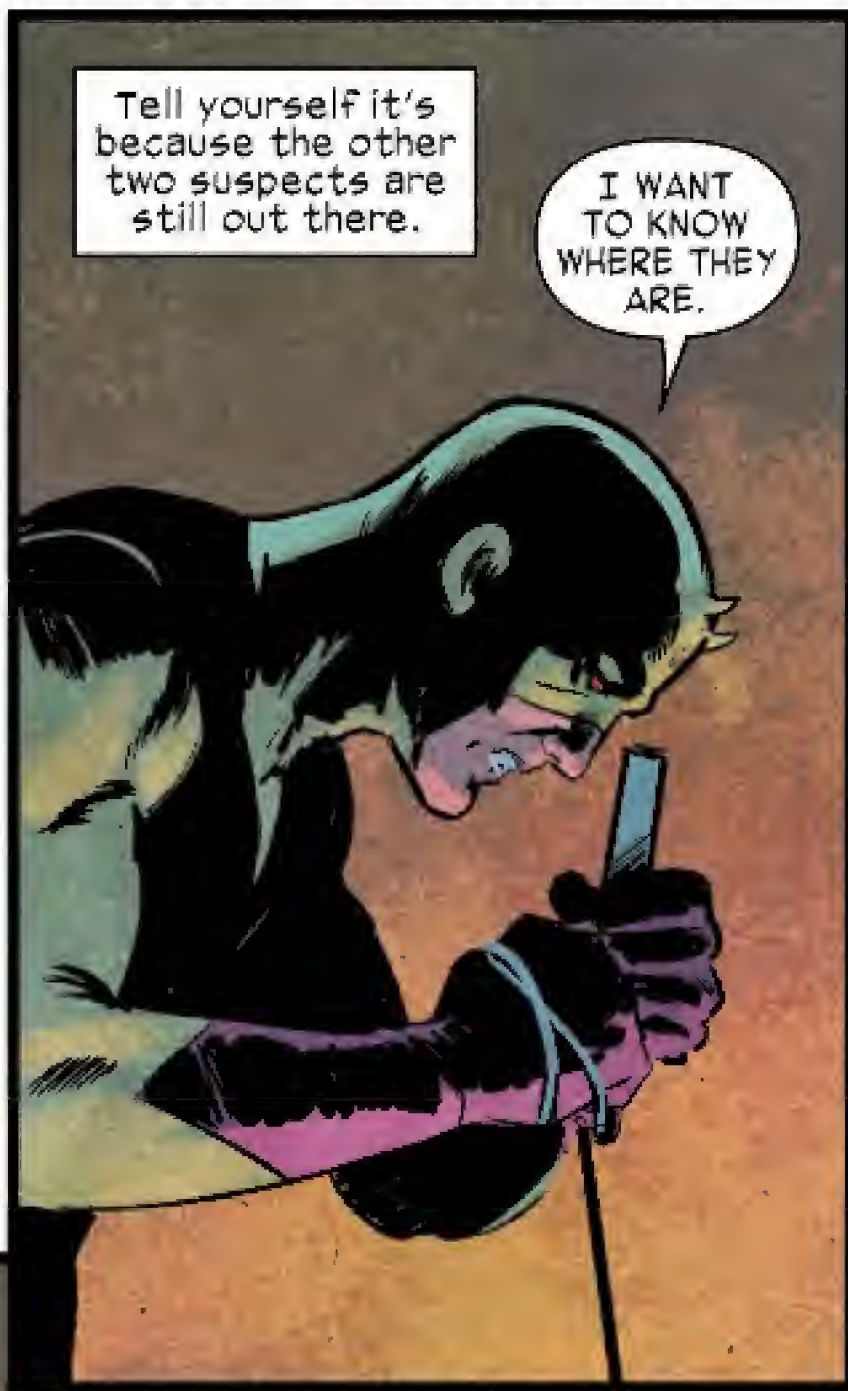








So why are you out at night again, Matt?



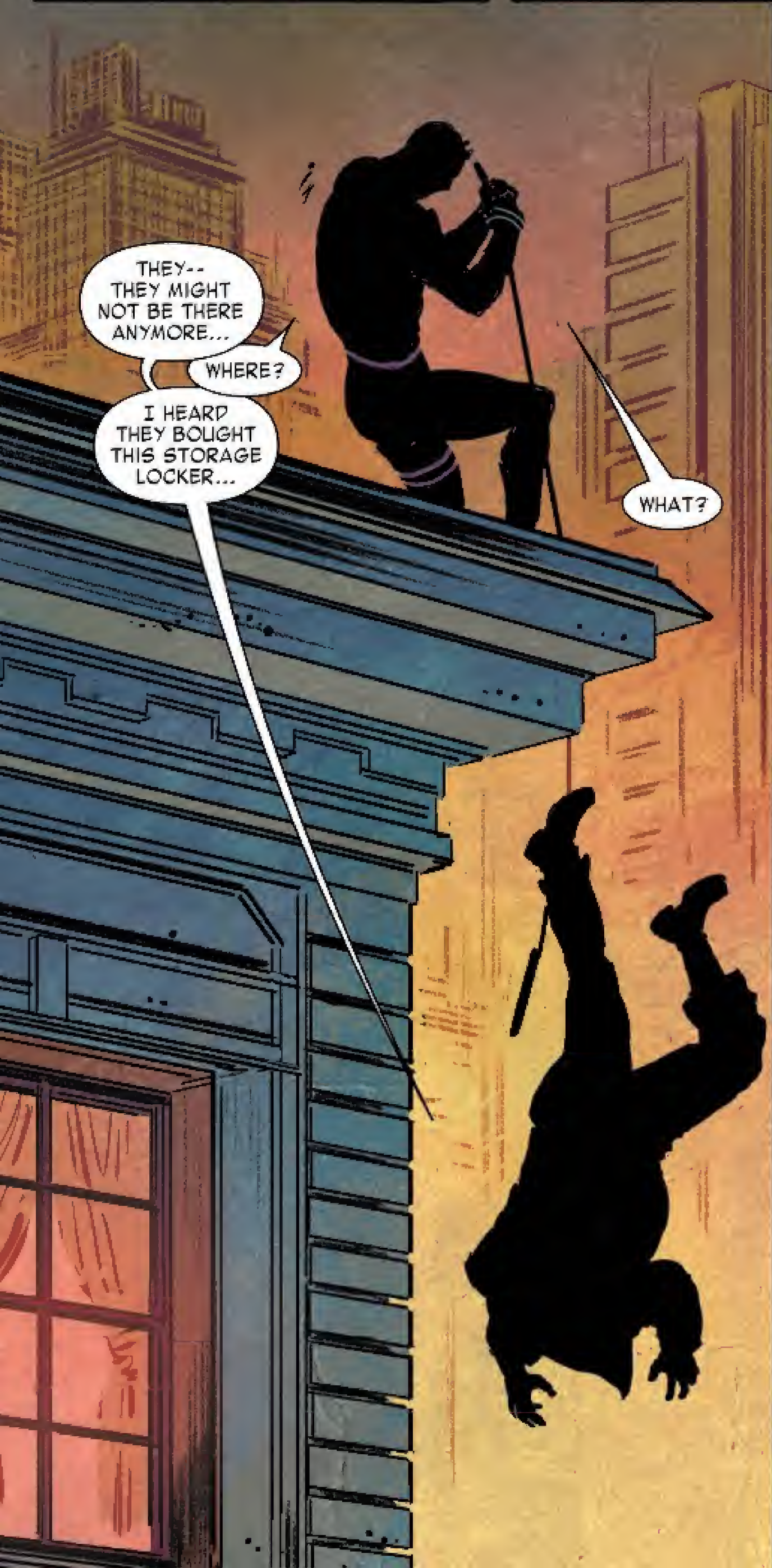
Tell yourself it's because the other two suspects are still out there.

I WANT TO KNOW WHERE THEY ARE.



Tell yourself it's *not* because you think Luiz wants to plead guilty to a crime *they* committed.

WHERE CAN I FIND THEM?



THEY-- THEY MIGHT NOT BE THERE ANYMORE...

WHERE?

I HEARD THEY BOUGHT THIS STORAGE LOCKER...

WHAT?



SECOND-HAND **WEAPONS** AND STUFF. THIS GUY WAS LOOKING TO MOVE THEM... THEY BOUGHT THE ADDRESS OF THE STORAGE LOCKER...



TELL ME WHERE.





IT'S  
36-8-12...

I TRIED  
THAT.

36-RIGHT,  
8-LEFT,  
12-RIGHT...

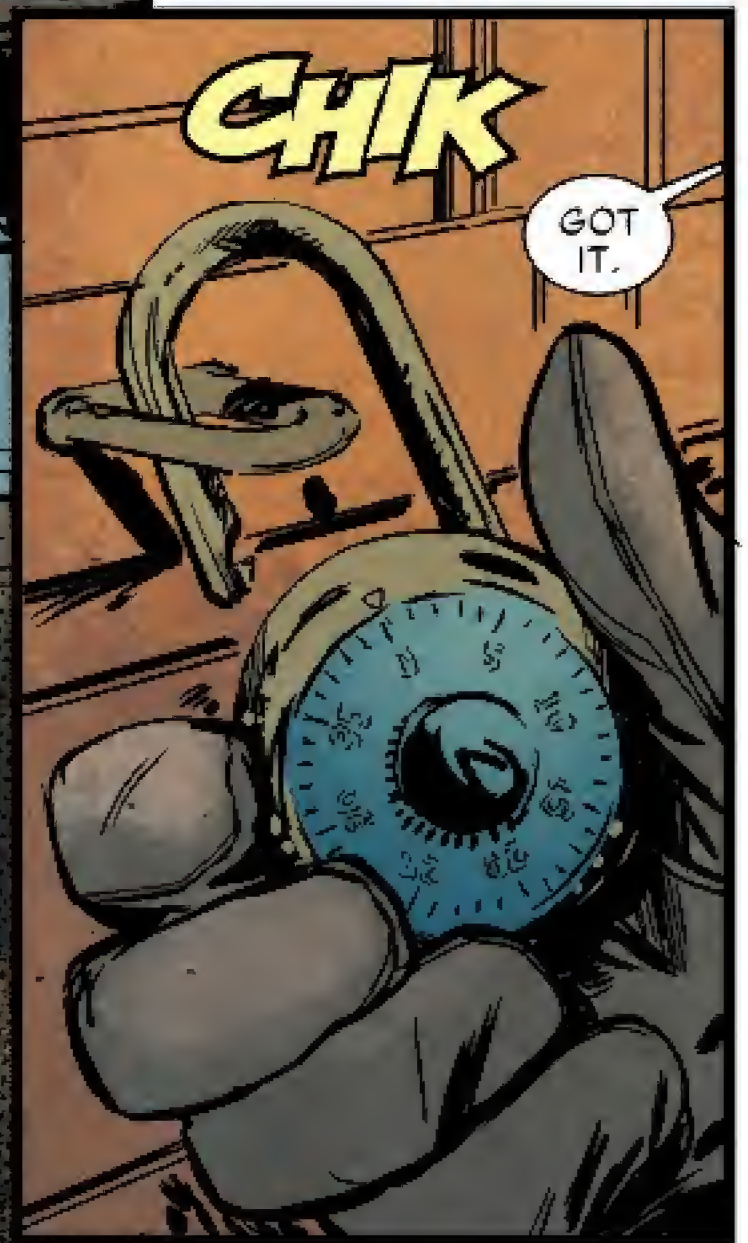
THANKS,  
MR. FANTASTIC,  
I KNOW HOW  
TO WORK A  
COMBINATION  
LOCK...

YOU  
THINK TURK  
SOLD US A  
BOGUS  
LOCKER?

EVEN  
TURK'S  
NOT THAT  
STUPID...

WE'RE  
TALKING  
ABOUT TURK  
HERE.

THAT'S  
A GOOD  
POINT.



**CHIK**

GOT  
IT.



THIS IS  
GONNA BE THE  
BEST TEN GRAND  
WE'VE EVER  
SPENT...



LOOKIT  
THIS STUFF.  
IS THAT THE  
RINGMASTER'S  
HAT?

CHECK  
THIS OUT...



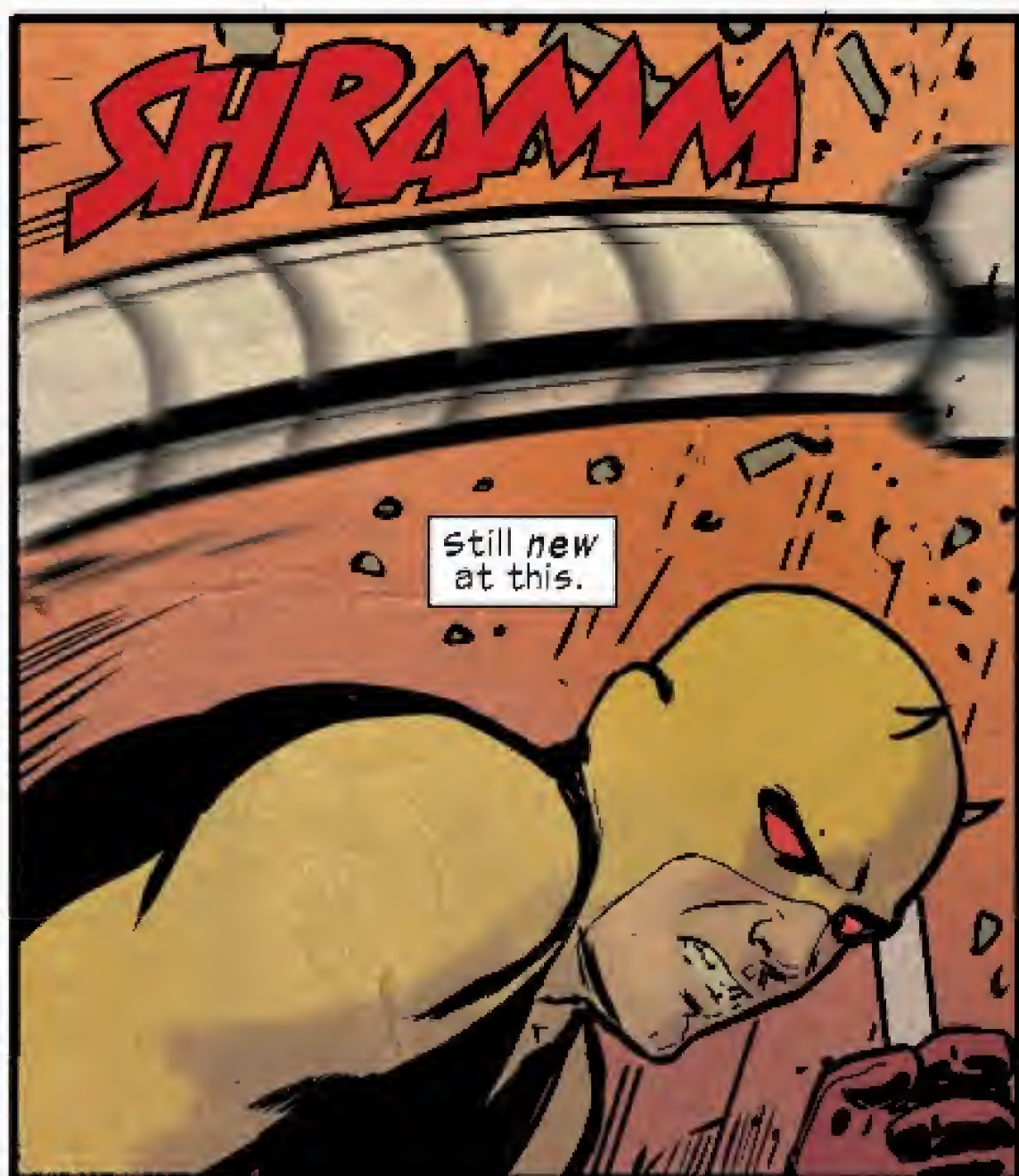
I COULD  
BE DOC  
OCK WITH  
THESE...

I DOUBT  
THAT VERY  
MUCH...



YOU'LL  
BE TOO BUSY  
DOING TWENTY-  
FIVE YEARS  
TO LIFE.

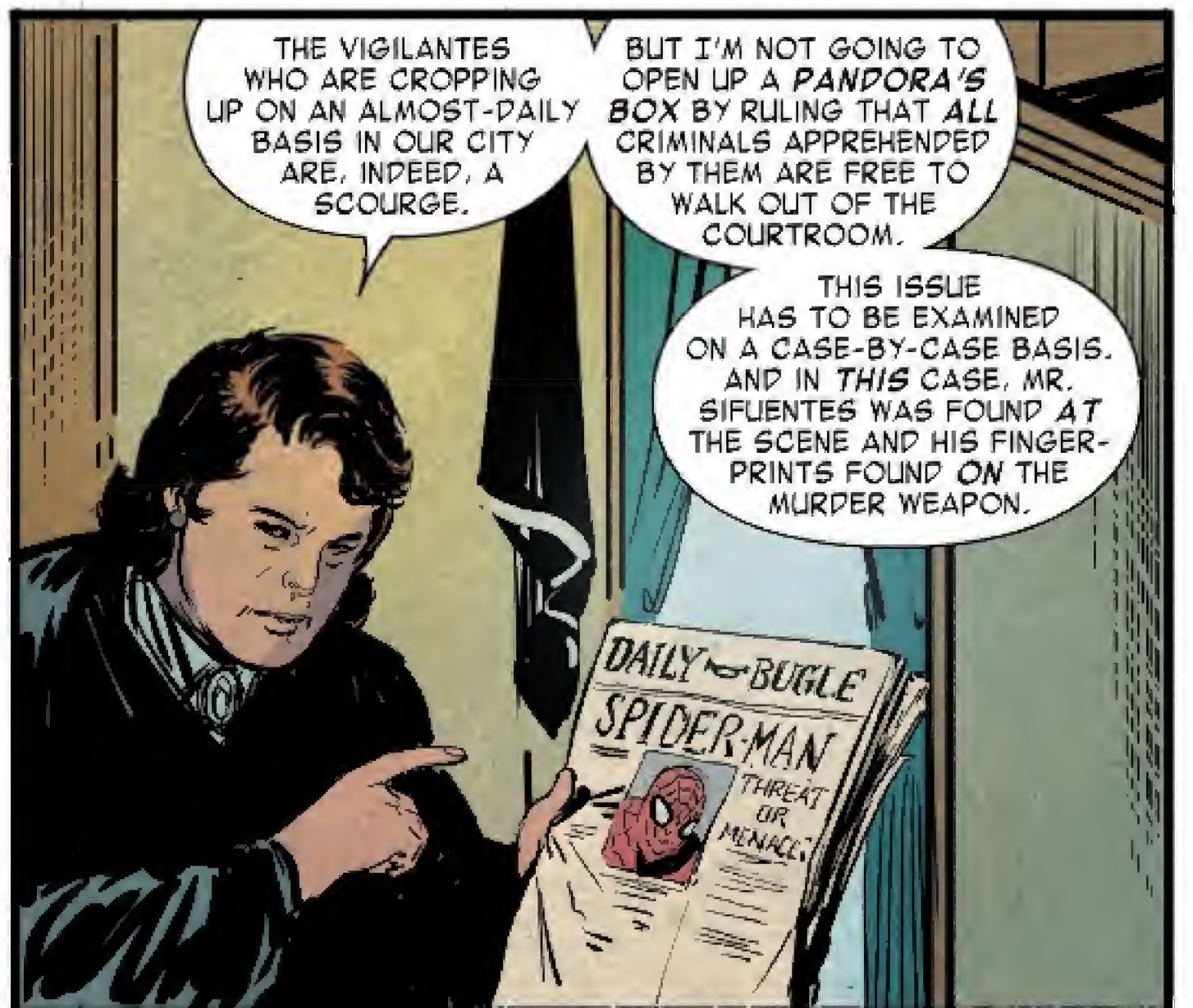
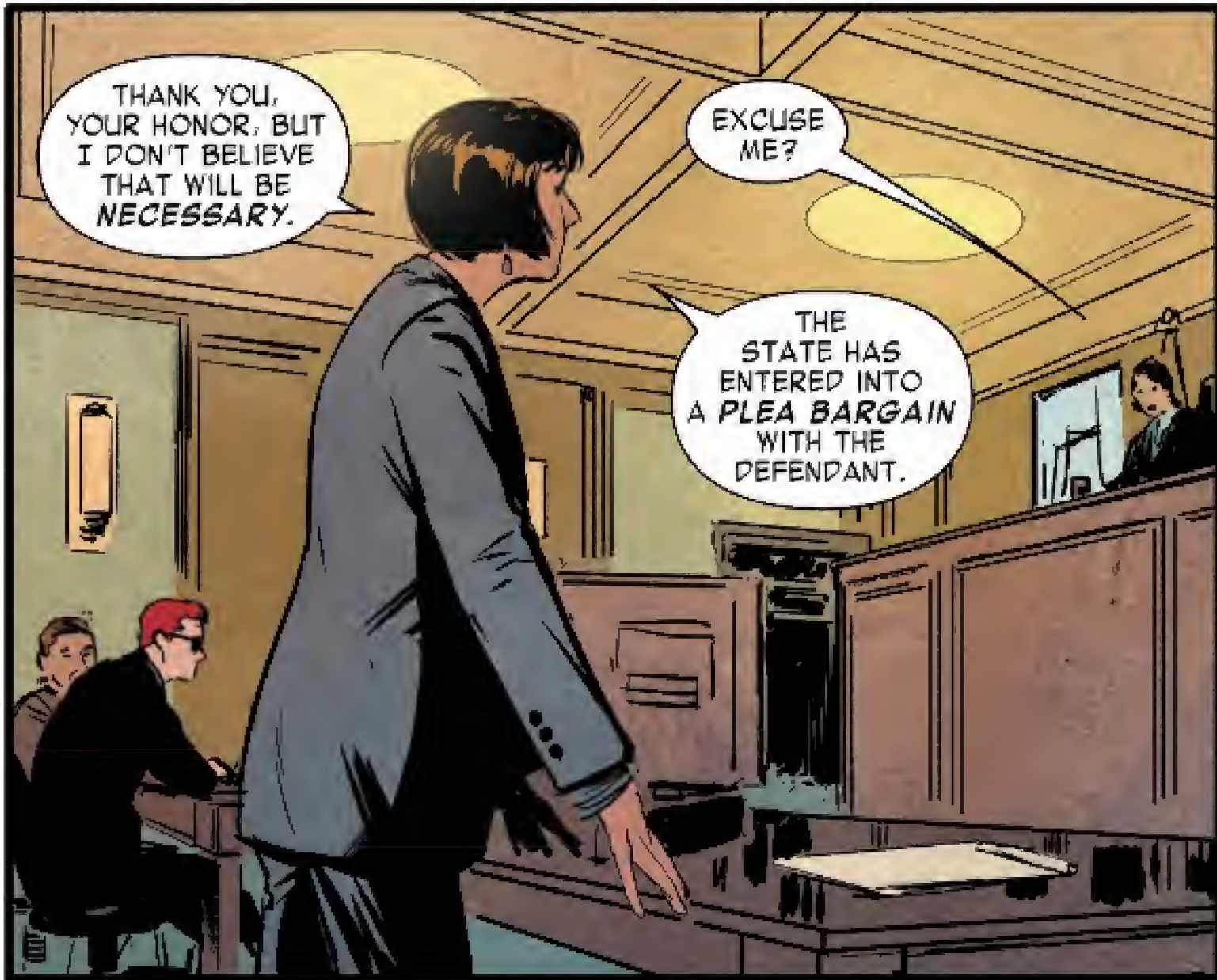




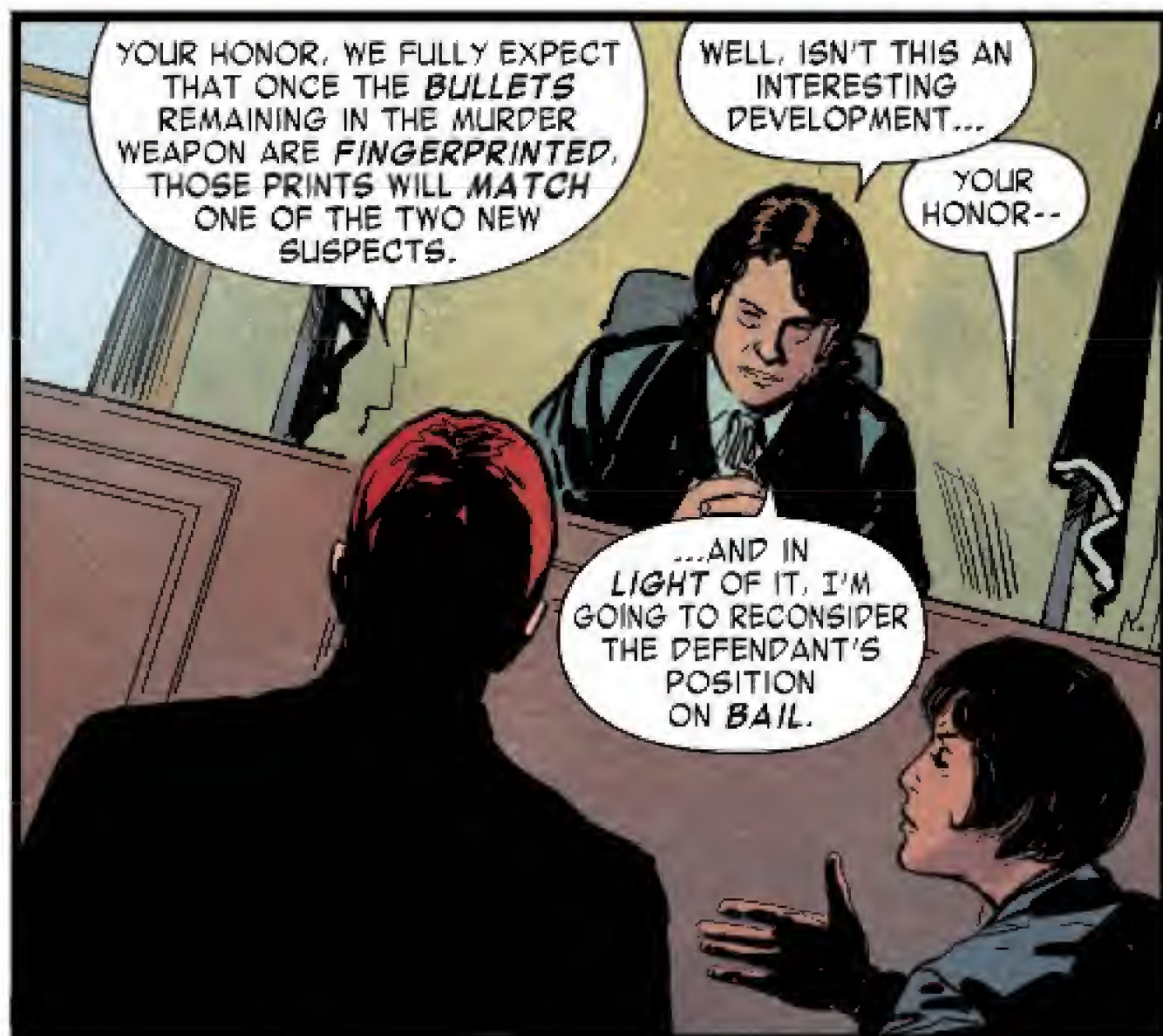
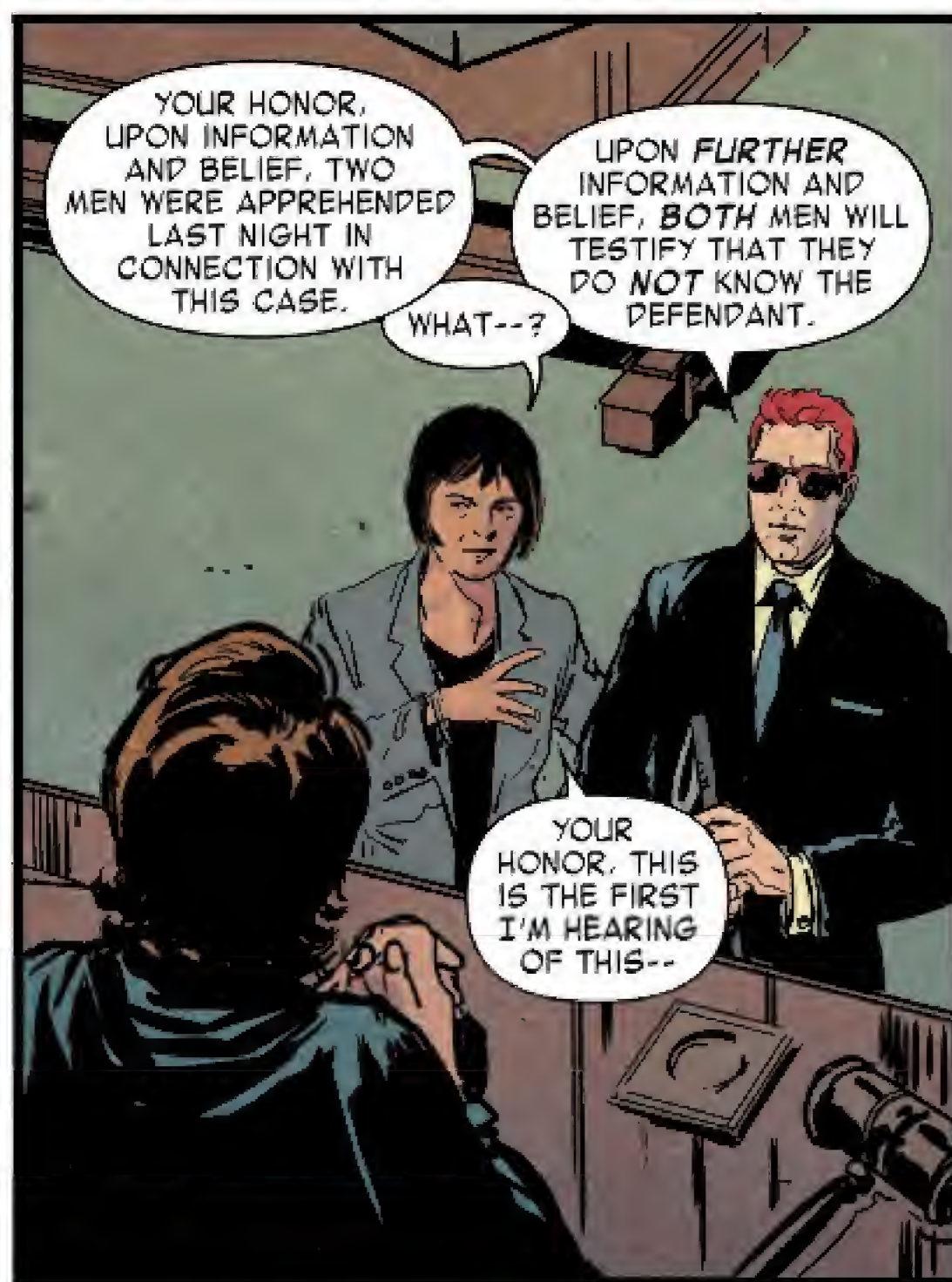








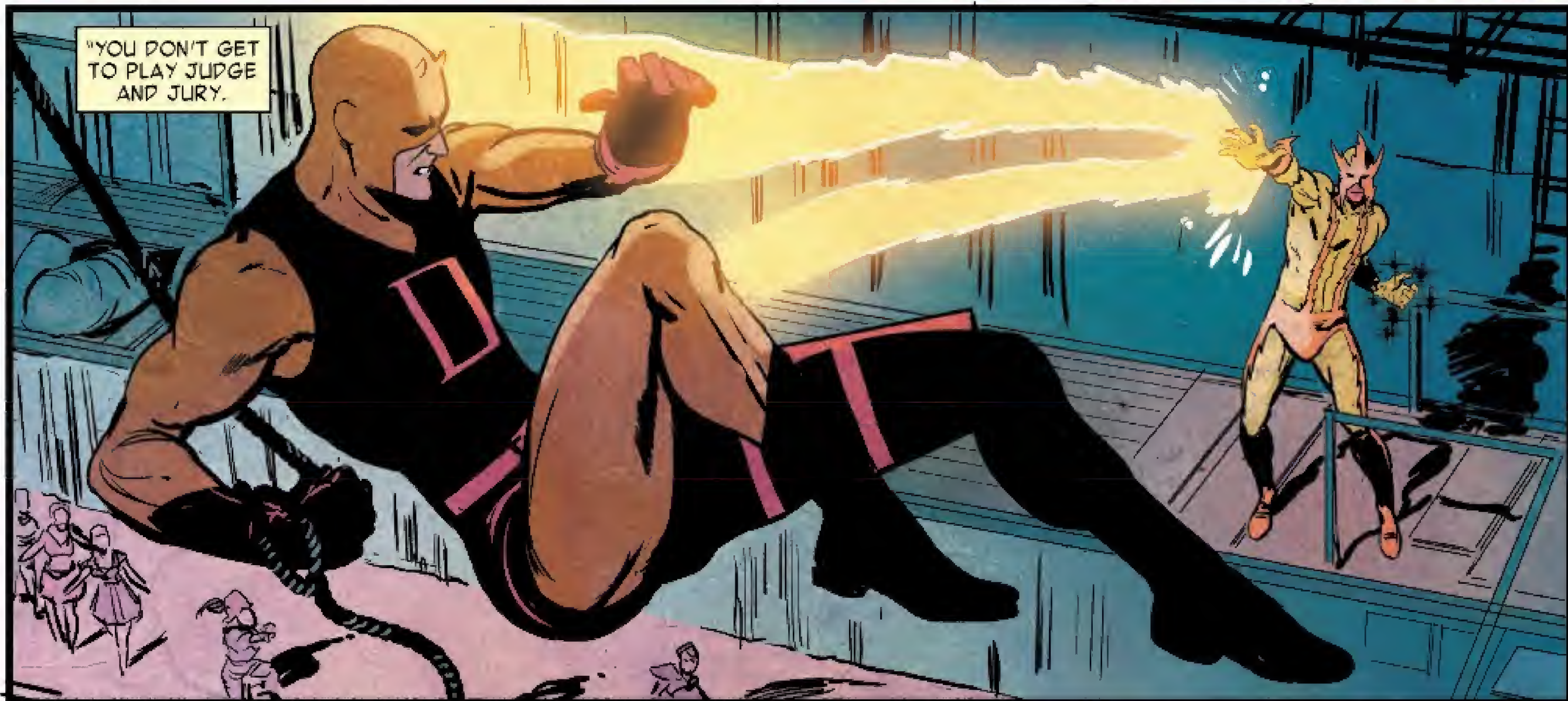




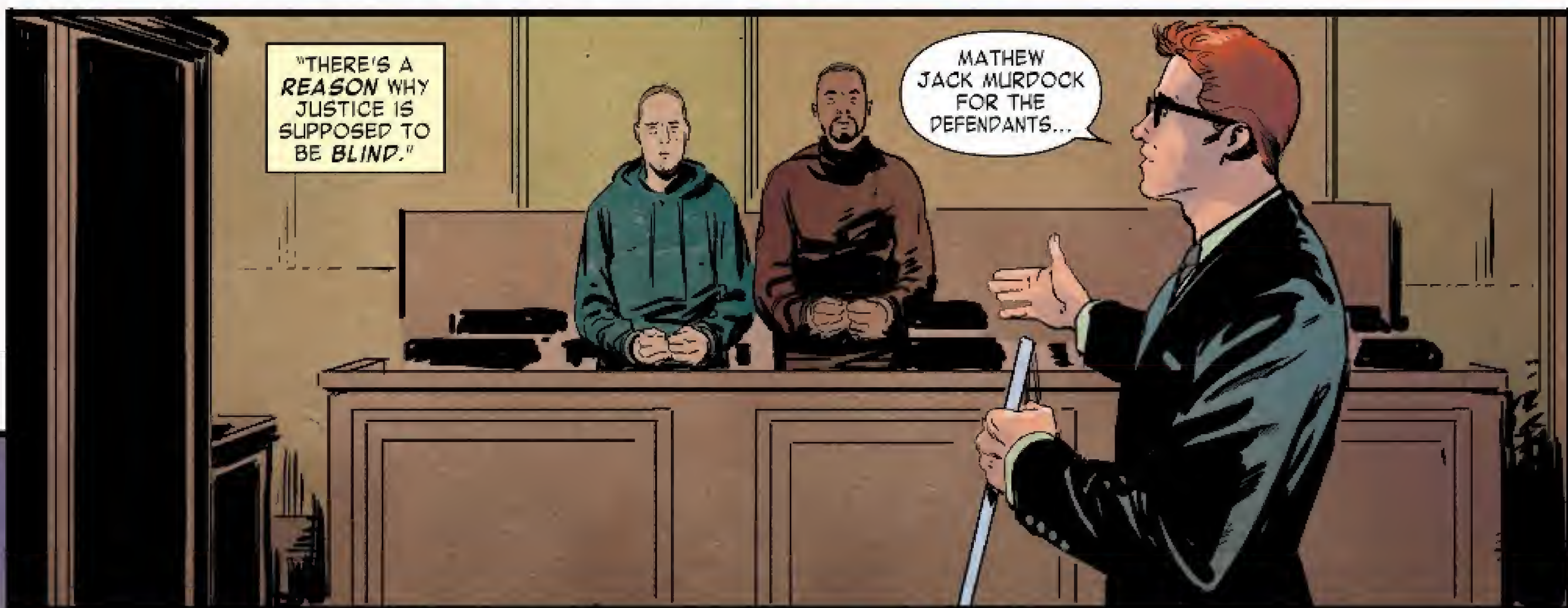








"YOU DON'T GET TO PLAY JUDGE AND JURY."



"THERE'S A REASON WHY JUSTICE IS SUPPOSED TO BE BLIND."

MATHEW JACK MURDOCK FOR THE DEFENDANTS...



"I DON'T CARE WHERE YOU GO, OR WHAT YOU DO..."

"NEVER FORGET THAT."



THE  
END.

SEE, THIS  
IS WHY I DECIDED  
NOT TO GET YOU AN  
"APPLAUSE" SIGN FOR  
YOUR BIRTHDAY. WE'D  
NEVER BE ABLE TO  
AFFORD THE  
ELECTRIC BILL.

GOOD STORY.  
KINDA STREET-  
LEVEL, THOUGH. DO  
YOU HAVE ANY ABOUT  
**STILT-MAN** OR  
**LEAPFROG**? THOSE  
GUYS CRACK  
ME UP.

IT MAY  
SURPRISE YOU  
TO LEARN THAT  
ON THE RIGHT DAY,  
ANY CRIMINAL CAN  
BE A GENUINE  
THREAT.

THE TRI-  
MAN?

MOST ANY  
CRIMINAL.

TAKE *DIABLO*,  
FOR EXAMPLE.  
MORE *PUNCHING BAG*  
THAN *WORLD-BEATER*.  
THAT GUY, BUT  
THERE WAS THIS  
ONE TIME...



SOME YEARS AGO,  
NEW YORK.

This feels nice. Wind in  
my hair, well horns.  
Good to take a swing  
now and again--clear the  
cobwebs. Especially  
after the falling out  
Karen and I had.

ANY AVAILABLE  
UNITS, A MAJOR DRUG  
DEAL INVOLVING "DIABLO"  
AND A NUMBER OF KNOWN  
OFFENDERS IS UNDER WAY  
AT THE SYRACUSE SALT  
MINE. ALL UNITS, PLEASE  
RESPOND.

CAR 36  
EN ROUTE,  
DISPATCH!

THIS STORY TAKES  
PLACE AFTER  
DAREDEVIL VOL.1 #57

Coffee  
break's over,  
Murdock.

TEN-FOUR,  
CAR 36. GOOD  
LUCK OUT  
THERE.

*Diablo*, catchy  
devil themed moniker  
aside, has been little  
more than a thorn in  
the side of the  
Fantastic Four.

But if I don't get  
to the mines in time  
New York's Finest  
are going to need  
more than *luck*.



Made it. Even without the benefit of my radar sense I could have followed the taste of all this salt from halfway across town. Reminds me of Dad's cooking.



...AND THANKS TO MY GENEROSITY I'M ALLOWING YOU ALL TO BE A SMALL PART OF THIS GRAND SCHEME.

NEVER HAS THERE BEEN AN OPERATION WITH THE POTENTIAL FOR SUCH A HIGH PROFIT MARGIN.



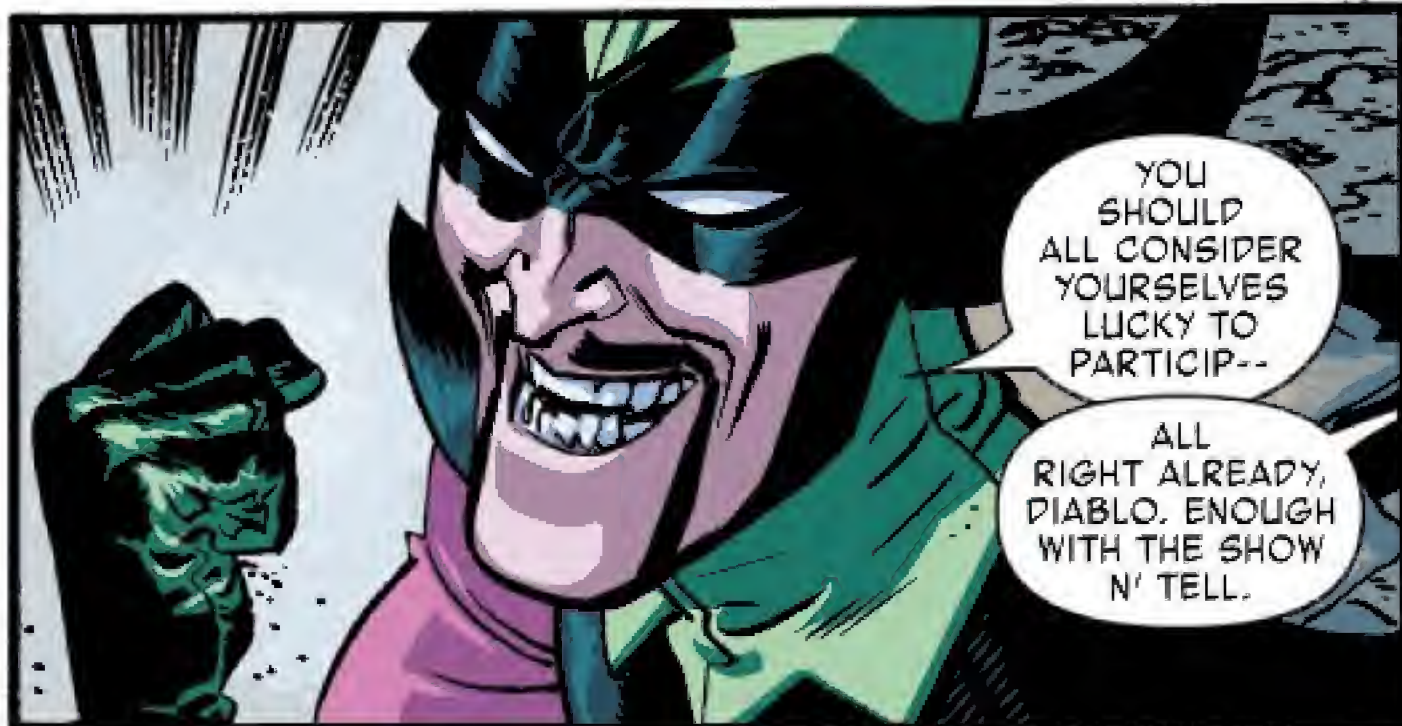
I'VE BEEN WORKING ON THE FORMULAS AND CALCULATIONS FOR MONTHS.

FASHIONING A DRUG TO GIVE ALL ITS RECIPIENTS EXACTLY WHAT THEY CRAVE. AND LEAVE THEM POSITIVELY **BEGGING** FOR MORE.



YOU SHOULD ALL CONSIDER YOURSELVES LUCKY TO PARTICIP--

ALL RIGHT ALREADY, DIABLO. ENOUGH WITH THE SHOW N' TELL.



YEAH, WE STAY IN THIS MINE MUCH LONGER'N ALL OUR GUNS'LL RUST!

WHERE'S THE PRODUCT?



WHY, GENTLEMEN, IT'S ALL AROUND YOU. AS I WAS TRYING TO EXPLAIN, THE SALT ITSELF HAS BECOME OUR PRODUCT.



AND IN IT WE HAVE AN **INFINITE** SUPPLY.

YOU ARE ABOUT TO BECOME PARTICIPANTS IN THE LARGEST DRUG DEAL IN HUMAN HISTORY.

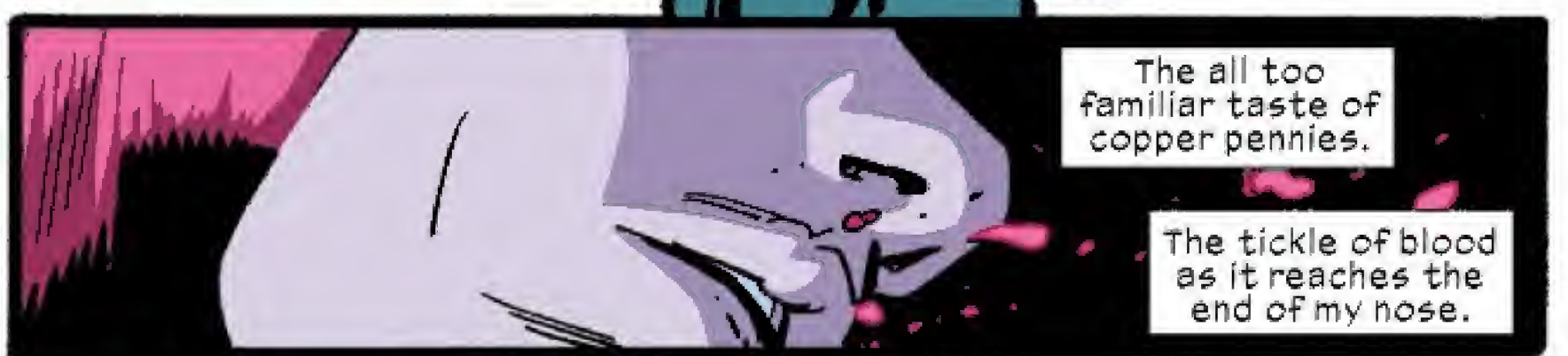
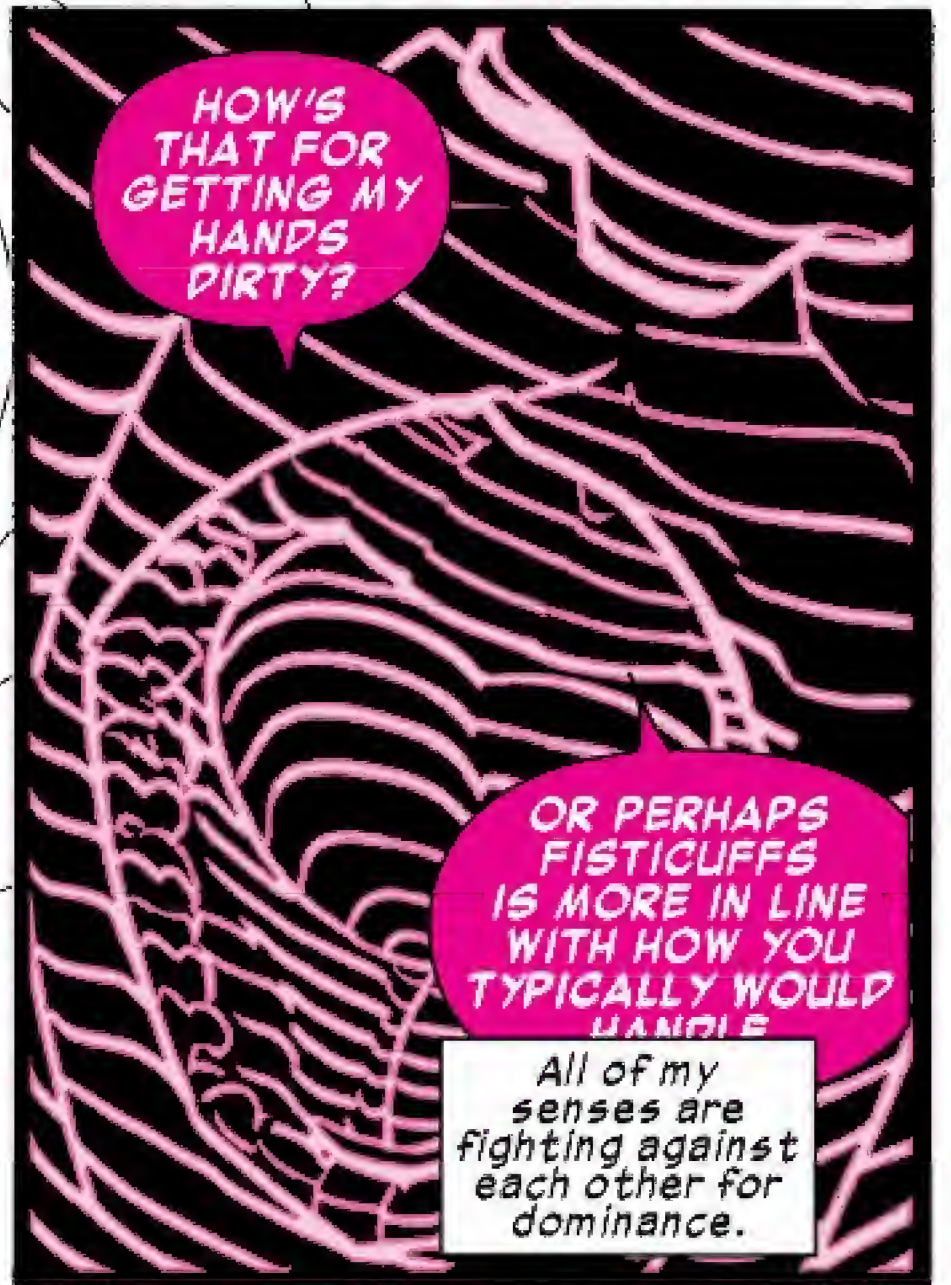
MORE LIKE THE LARGEST **DRUG BUST** IN HISTORY!















SOON THE  
DRUGS IN YOUR  
SYSTEM WILL SUPERCHARGE  
EACH OF YOUR FIVE SENSES.  
IT'S A RUSH TO BE SO  
ACUTELY AWARE OF ALL  
YOUR SURROUNDINGS  
AT ONCE.

IT'S SUCH  
A HIGH THAT FEW  
HAVE LASTED MORE  
THAN A DAY WITHOUT  
ANOTHER  
FIX.

I OWN  
YOU NOW,  
DEVIL.

WE'LL BE  
SEEING EACH  
OTHER AGAIN  
VERY SOON.

Supercharged  
senses? Well  
there's a  
novel idea.

I just need  
to get a lock  
on my radar.  
The one sense  
that's uniquely  
mine and mine  
alone.

Focus.

Focus,  
Murdock!

Grr!  
**FOCUS,  
DAMN  
YOU!**

Thank goodness. After  
20 odd years of living  
with this throbbing in  
my skull. With every  
beat of my heart--

It only took  
me a moment to  
realize that I have  
been taking it  
for granted.



My radar explodes out  
around me, bouncing off  
my surroundings and  
returns back to me,  
rippling across my body  
like an external pulse.

Not so fast...

YOU CAN'T ESCAPE JUSTICE, DIABLO!

LET ME GO, YOU BIG RED BUFFOON!

**GYAAAAAAAAHHH!**

WEE-OOO  
VEE-OOO

All of my senses are completely raw.

I've got to get a handle on this--

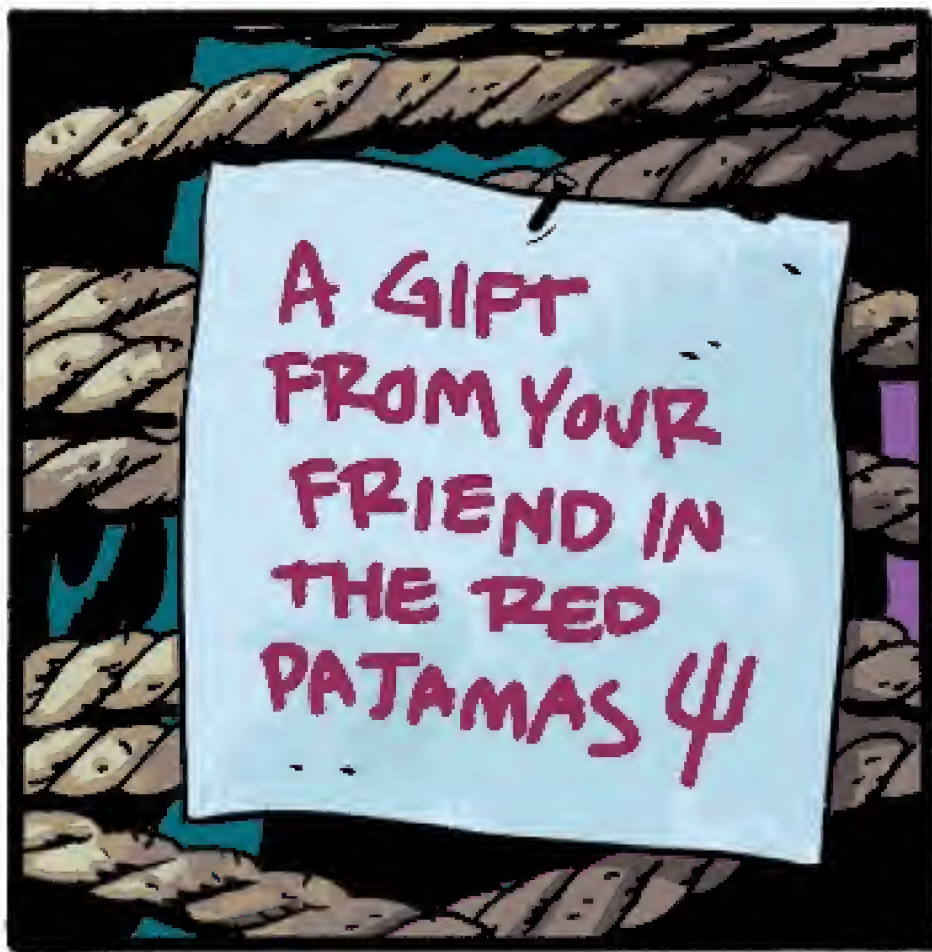
Who says the police are never around when you need them?

I've got to get a handle on this--

Who says the police are never around when you need them?

Who says the police are never around when you need them?





But New York, lovely  
lady that she is, can  
be an assault on my  
heightened senses.

Add a drug that  
supercharges them  
and I may as well  
have none at all.







Karen, we played cat and mouse with our relationship for so long...

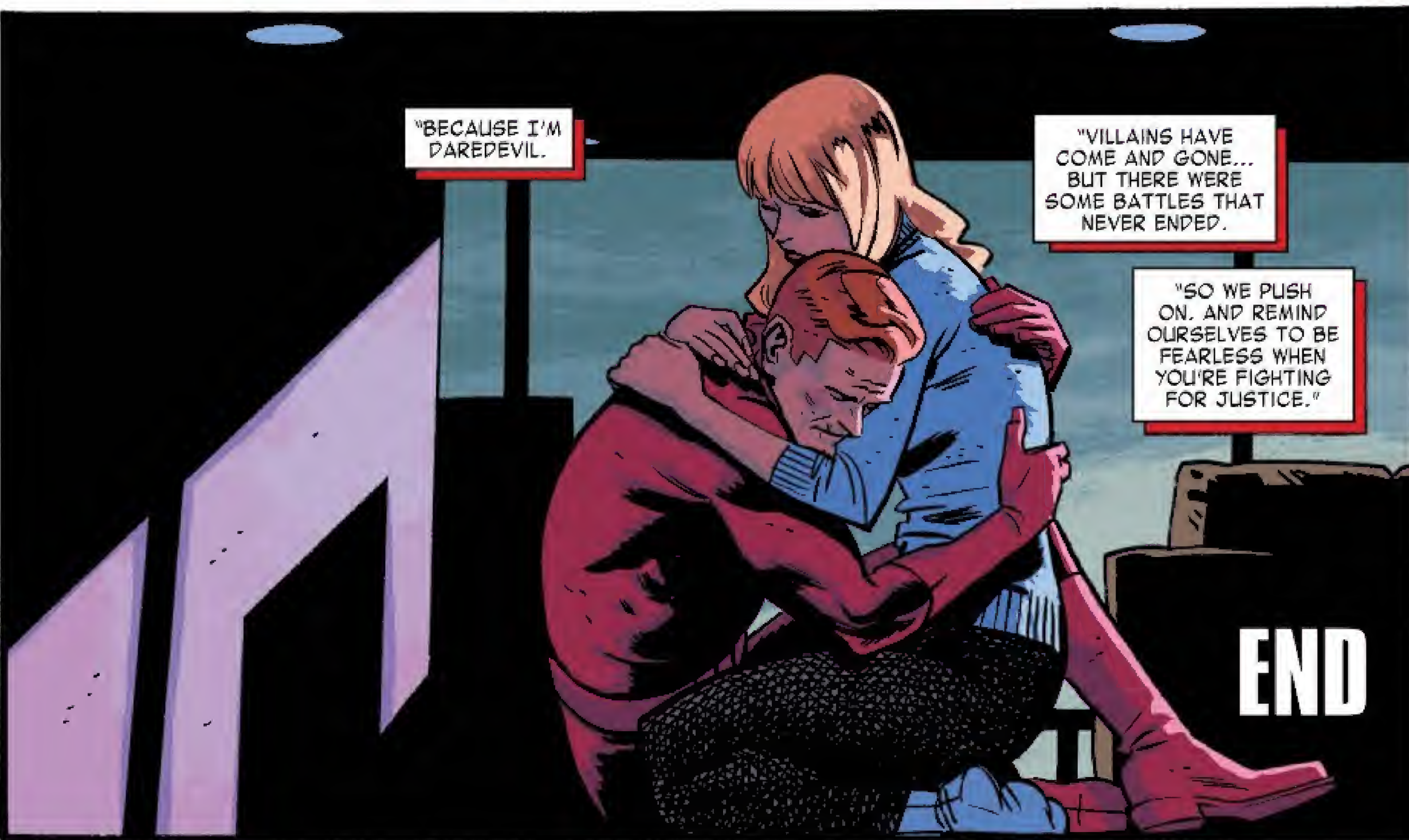


Sharing my secret with her must have been the final straw.



After that she doesn't say a word: she doesn't have to. I know it will be a long time before Karen and I cross paths again.

"Why?"



"BECAUSE I'M DAREDEVIL."

"VILLAINS HAVE COME AND GONE... BUT THERE WERE SOME BATTLES THAT NEVER ENDED."

"SO WE PUSH ON. AND REMIND OURSELVES TO BE FEARLESS WHEN YOU'RE FIGHTING FOR JUSTICE."

END



**MARVEL**

016

# DAREDEVIL



SAMWEE'S  
MW

**WAID  
SAMNEE  
WILSON**



## PREVIOUSLY:

After years of maintaining a secret identity, Matt Murdock has come clean to the world: He is Daredevil. His heightened senses, including 360-degree radar sense, are now a matter of public record.

In order to protect his best friend Foggy Nelson from Daredevil's enemies, Matt very publically faked Foggy's death. They then moved to San Francisco, where Matt opened a new law practice with his girlfriend, Kirsten McDuffie.

With his identity out in the open, Matt Murdock recently cast off his cowl, fully embracing his role as The Man Without Fear. While chasing a rumor of The Owl's escape, Matt wound up working with his foe's daughter, Jubula Pride, who has abilities like her father. A strong lead sent them to Alcatraz Island where they found The Owl inextricably connected to a surveillance super computer by his captor...The Shroud!

The pair fled, but not before The Shroud broadcast malefic footage of Matt's personal and professional life. Now, Daredevil has no choice but to turn to the only person with enough power and influence to repair the shattered pieces of Matt Murdock's reputation — Wilson Fisk a.k.a. The Kingpin!



**MARK WAID & CHRIS SAMNEE**  
STORYTELLERS

**MATTHEW WILSON**  
COLORIST

**VC'S JOE CARAMAGNA**  
LETTERER

**SAMNEE & WILSON**  
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Years ago, God in one of his darker moods crammed much of the world's spite and cunning into a quarter-ton sack of flesh and named it *Wilson Fisk*.



Over the years, Fisk and I have taken turns *shattering* one another.



Today, the cycle ends.



Today, he and I both learn what it means to make a deal with the *devil*.





I WAS  
QUITE SURPRISED  
TO BE TOLD YOU'D  
SET UP SHOP IN  
THE BAY AREA,  
FISK.

THEN AGAIN,  
LAST I HEARD,  
SPIDER-MAN RAN  
YOU OUT OF  
NEW YORK.



NO ONE "RUNS" ME ANYWHERE.  
IF YOU'VE COME TO NEEDLE ME WITH  
YOUR ALLEGED WIT, MR. MURDOCK,  
I'M INCLINED TO HAVE YOU KILLED  
ON THE SPOT.



WITH NO  
RETRIBUTION?  
PLEASE.

I'VE  
LEFT A TRAIL  
HERE BEHIND ME  
A *SIGHTED*  
MAN COULD  
FOLLOW.





AND, NO,  
I'M NOT HERE  
TO ENGAGE YOU IN  
BANTER. I DON'T ENJOY  
YOUR COMPANY  
THAT MUCH.

I'M HERE  
ON BUSINESS,  
PURE AND SIMPLE.  
YOU'RE AWARE OF WHAT  
THE SHROUD AND THE  
OWL HAVE  
ACCOMPLISHED.

AM  
I?



I'M SENSING NO ELECTROMAGNETIC  
SIGNAL OF ANY KIND FOR A THOUSAND  
YARDS. YOU'VE DISABLED EVERY  
POTENTIAL SURVEILLANCE  
DEVICE YOU OWN.

EVEN YOUR  
GOONS' *CELL  
PHONES* ARE TUCKED  
AWAY INTO R.F.-  
SHIELDED  
POCKETS.

SO, YES,  
YOU KNOW THAT  
SAN FRANCISCO'S  
NEW *CRIME BOSSES*--  
NO *OFFENSE*--HAVE  
EYES AND EARS ANYWHERE  
THERE'S A CAMERA  
OR A MICROPHONE  
OF ANY KIND.




WHATEVER  
THE REASON  
*YOU'RE* HERE, I'D  
SAY WE NOW HAVE  
A COMMON  
ENEMY.




LET'S  
CONTINUE THIS  
CONVERSATION  
IN THE  
GALLERY.

ART  
RELAXES  
ME.






But for the bass of his heartbeat, he goes mute as we wander amidst the *Degas* or *Picassos* or whatever he's assembled. They're all blank canvases to me.




It's obvious I want something, and he's savoring that. Fine. Let the baby have his bottle.



At least he's off-balance. He has tells only I can detect.

First, he's out of New York, out of his element.

Second, whatever happened to him in his time away, his body's still repairing itself. He's not at his peak power.



The irony is *killing* me. I'll probably never have a better chance than I do right now to *destroy* the most evil man I've ever *known*, and I don't *dare*.

Not with so much at stake.

HAVING A MUTUAL FOE HARDLY MAKES US ALLIES, MR. MURDOCK. WHAT DO YOU *DESIRE* THAT YOU WOULD COME TO ME?





WHAT YOU  
OFFER.  
PROTECTION.

SHROUD'S  
HUNG A BIG,  
FAT TARGET ON  
EVERYONE IN  
MY CREW.



YOU'RE THE  
ONLY MAN I KNOW  
WITH ENOUGH CLOUT  
TO GET THE PRESS, THE  
AUTHORITIES AND ALL MY  
ENEMIES TO BACK OFF  
IMMEDIATELY.

KIRSTEN AND  
THE DEPUTY MAYOR  
SHOULDN'T HAVE THEIR  
CAREERS RUINED BECAUSE  
THEY BEFRIENDED ME.  
FOGGY IS STILL FIGHTING  
CANCER AND THE STRESS  
OF BEING HOUNDED  
COULD KILL HIM.



IF YOU STILL  
HAVE THE JUICE  
THAT'S BEEN YOUR  
TRADEMARK, ONE WORD  
FROM THE KINGPIN AND  
THEIR HARASSMENT  
ENDS. THEIR SAFETY  
IS GUARANTEED.

I SEE.

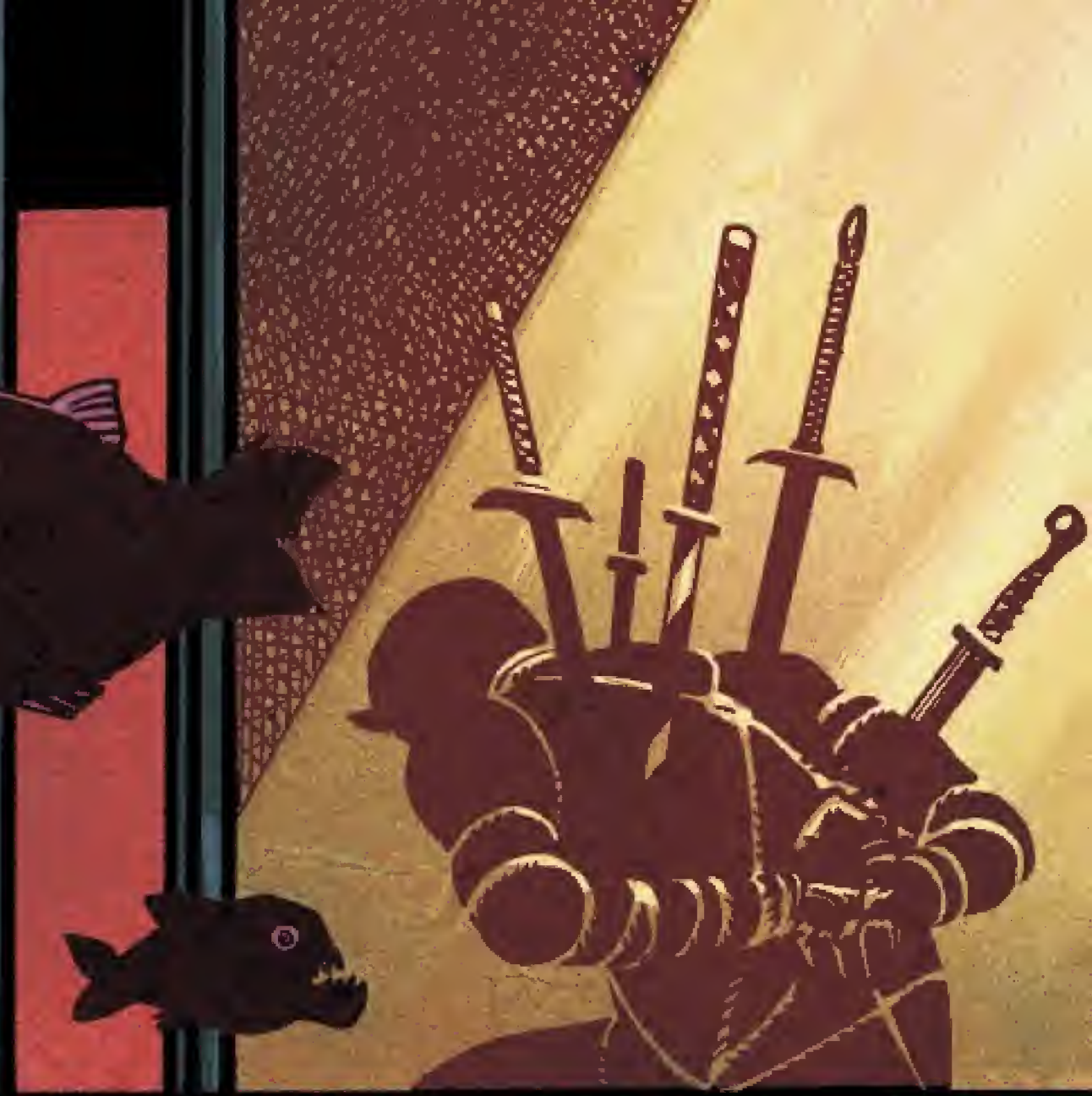
AND WHAT  
COULD YOU  
POSSIBLY OFFER  
ME IN RETURN  
FOR SUCH A...  
CONSIDERATION?



I OFFER  
YOU THE DEATH  
OF MATT  
MURDOCK.

INTERESTED?







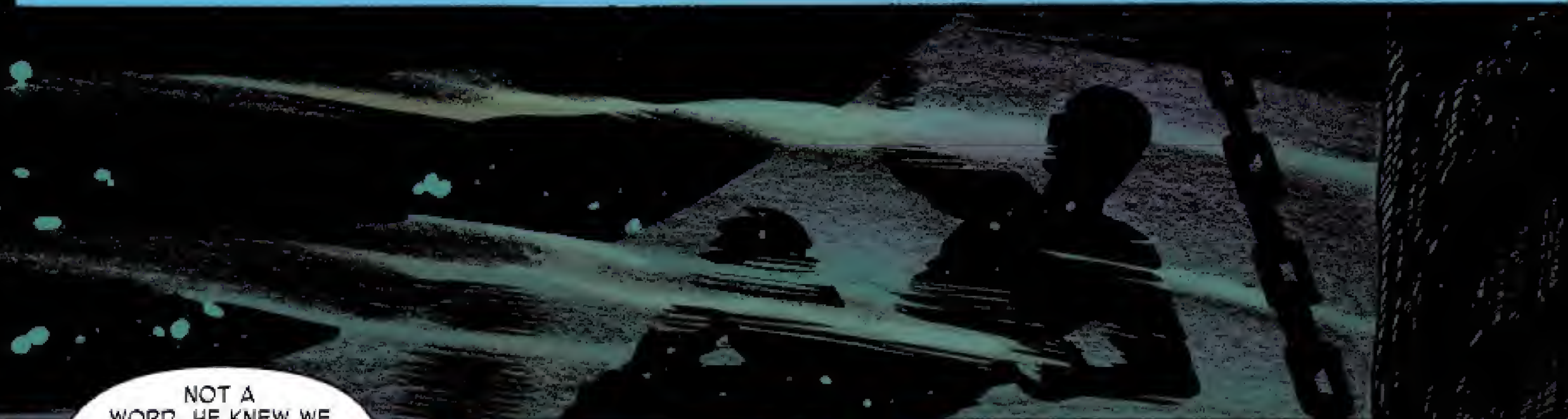


KIRSTEN?  
HOW LONG HAS  
MATTY BEEN  
GONE?



WE LIVE IN A  
POST-WRISTWATCH  
WORLD. MY CLOCK IS  
MY PHONE, AND WE  
DON'T DARE TURN  
ON A PHONE.

STRAIGHT  
UP, FOGGY--  
MATT DID **NOT**  
TELL YOU WHAT  
HE'S GOING TO  
SAY TO FISK?



NOT A  
WORD. HE KNEW WE  
WERE BOTH GOING TO  
TRY TO STOP HIM. GIVING  
US DETAIL WOULDN'T  
HAVE MADE A  
DIFFERENCE.

OH, WELL.  
AT LEAST  
MATTY'S GOT A SOLID  
TRACK RECORD FOR  
THINGS GOING WELL  
WHEN HE ACTS  
IMPULSIVELY.



±sigh±  
±sigh±





FROM WHO? NO ONE HAS YOUR NUMBER BUT ME AND MATT.



AND MY ONCOLOGIST.

HE WAS GOING TO TELL ME HOW LONG I'VE GOT LEFT.











FFNND...

...FFNND...



...FFNND  
HRRRR!

WHAT HAS  
HE FOUND?  
WHAT IS THAT  
SCREEN  
SHOWING?



JUBULA, YOU CAN  
MAKE IT SO MUCH  
EASIER ON LELAND IF  
YOU **HELP** RATHER  
THAN **HINDER**.

I JUST...  
I JUST WANT MY  
FATHER BACK. YOU'RE  
**TORTURING**  
HIM...



I SHOULD NEVER  
HAVE COME **BACK**  
FOR HIM WITHOUT  
**MATT**...

**SHHH**. THAT'S WHAT'S  
GOING TO SAVE HIS **LIFE**--  
KEEPING **DAREDEVIL**  
OUT OF THIS.

THE SOONER YOU  
**HELP** ME, THE  
SOONER I CAN LET  
LELAND GO.

WHAT IS  
HE TRYING TO  
COMMUNICATE?





THE WOMAN  
YOU'RE LOOKING  
FOR...SHE BOARDED  
A FLIGHT TO  
DENVER...

...BUT  
THERE'S A  
LAYOVER.

SHE'S ABOUT  
AN HOUR AWAY  
FROM LANDING AT  
SAN FRANCISCO  
INTERNATIONAL.



IF...IF I  
GET HER FOR  
YOU, WILL YOU  
LET MY FATHER  
LOOSE?



I'LL  
DO IT.  
OKAY?



WELL?  
ANSWER  
ME!











MY OFFER IS THIS:

YOU GUARANTEE THE SAFETY OF MY PEOPLE, AND THE IDENTITY BELL GETS *UNRUNG*. THINK OF IT AS A PERVERSE TWIST ON *WITNESS PROTECTION*.

EVERYONE-- FOGGY, KIRSTEN, EVERYONE-- WILL BE TOLD I'M *DEAD*. MEANWHILE, YOU'LL GIVE ME A NEW NAME AND IDENTITY KNOWN ONLY TO *YOU*. YOU'LL GET BACK THE SECRET YOU *PAID* FOR.



YOU'LL OVERSEE THE PLASTIC SURGERY SO THAT ONLY *YOU* RECOGNIZE THE *FACE*. HELL, EVEN *I* WON'T SEE IT. HELL, GRAFT THE MASK TO MY *SKIN*, I WON'T CARE.

SIR...



BUT YOU'LL STILL BE *DAREDEVIL*.



THAT WAY, YOU'LL ALWAYS KNOW WHERE I AM. HOW TO USE ME EVEN WHEN I DON'T THINK I'M BEING *USED*.

AND HOW TO, AT ANY TIME, TAKE ANYONE OR ANYTHING *AWAY* FROM ME THAT YOU DON'T WANT ME TO *HAVE*.



DOES THAT CONCLUDE YOUR SUMMATION, COUNSELOR?

ONE MORE THING.

I DON'T EVER WANT TO BE INTERRUPTED WHEN WE'RE TALKING.







He enjoyed that. He loves it when he thinks he's gotten under my skin. But he won't *reply*.

I've just handed him the ability to control me--*much* more satisfying than simply *murdering* me--and he's searching for a *loophole*.

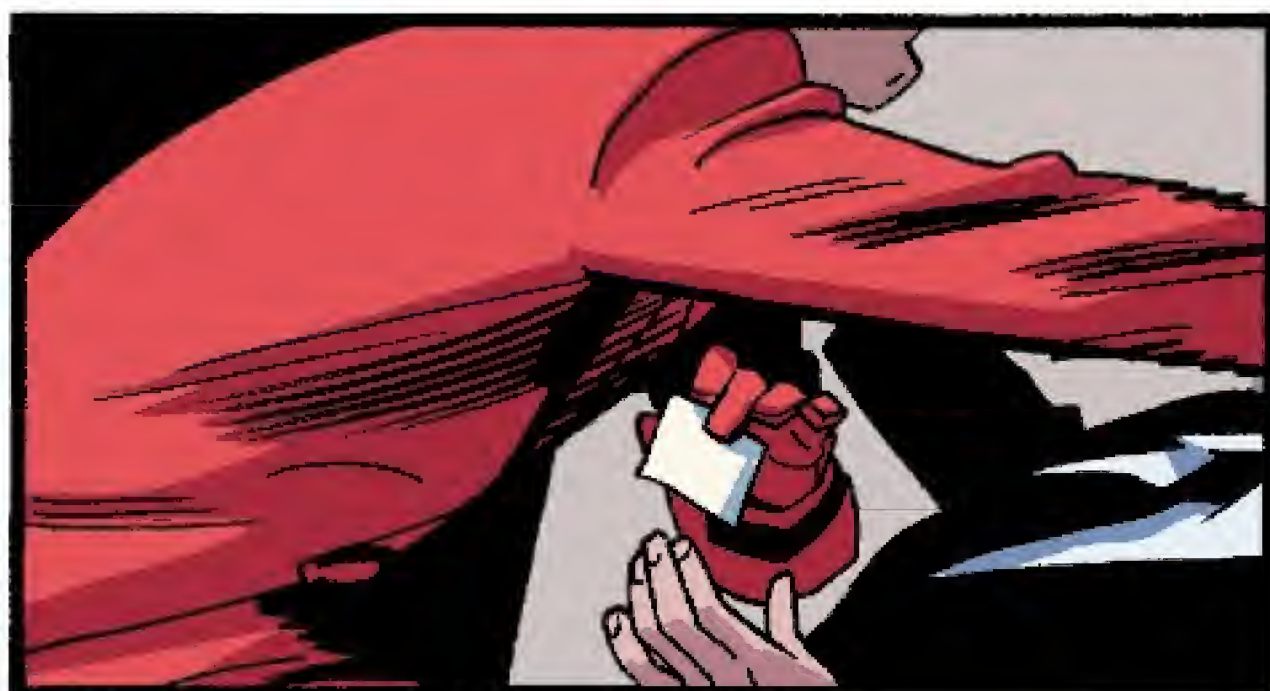
Why can't you ever just take the gift you're *given*, you sick bastard?



Go for the *gavel*, Matt. Push him.

I'LL WITHDRAW MY OFFER AT NOON.

NOW, IF YOU'LL EXCUSE ME...



"...I HAVE WORK TO DO."





I loathe airports.



Between the noise and the bustle, I might as well be a bumblebee in a turbine.



While I wait, I pray for Foggy. And for Kirsten's forgiveness.



For the memory of how it feels to be held by her, or to hear his laugh.

I pray that they will understand how much I love them.



I've met Julia Carpenter once or twice, in passing, but I could never identify her in a mob.

I can't even get past the TSA without causing more commotion than I can handle.

What I'm hoping is that I can find her *fast*--









MAX? MAX,  
IS THAT YOU?  
WHAT ARE YOU  
DOING?

I'M  
PUTTING  
THINGS BACK  
TOGETHER  
IN MY LIFE,  
JULIA.



START  
WITH YOUR  
JAW.

Enough people are screaming  
"blind" that it's not hard to guess  
the Shroud's cloaked the area.

Which means  
Kingpin's men can't  
find her, either, so--



MS.  
CARPENTER,  
STAY  
CLOSE!

IT'S  
PAREDEVIL!  
I'LL HANDLE  
THIS!



THUMP









TO MAKE YOUR PHONE CALL, SIR, IT'S BEST TO STEP FULLY AWAY FROM THE CAR AND ITS SHIELDING.

ONCE YOU'RE ON THE GRID, WE'RE CONFIDENT LELAND OWLSLEY WILL BE ABLE TO PINPOINT YOUR LOCATION RATHER SWIFTLY.

AH, MY OLD FRIEND, THE OWL. WHAT HAVE YOU GOTTEN YOURSELF INTO...?

YES, IT'S ME.

MURDOCK MADE HIS APPROACH, AS WAS HARDLY SHOCKING. HIS OFFER, HOWEVER, WAS GENUINELY SURPRISING.

YES, IT INVOLVES A GREAT DEAL OF THEATER, BUT WHAT DOESN'T THESE DAYS?

I'M MULLING IT OVER.

HE WISHES TO GRANT ME THE POWER OF LIFE AND DEATH IN DAREDEVIL'S WORLD.

HE INSULTS ME. PRESUMING I'VE HIRED WELL...





...I  
ALREADY  
HAVE  
THAT.

TO HELL  
WITH THE  
OWL.

**NEXT:**  
**FINALE PART 1**



WAID • SAMNEE • WILSON

# DAREDEVIL



SAMNEE:15  
MW

017

MARVEL





There's no walking away from this one.

He calls himself *Ikari*. He has all of my fighting abilities. His enhanced senses are as sharp as *mine*.



And there's one other thing:

He can *see*.



We've been brawling for hours, but we're almost done...



...because all I can do is let him *kill me*.



## PREVIOUSLY:

After years of maintaining a secret identity, Matt Murdock has come clean to the world: he is Daredevil.

To protect his best friend Foggy Nelson from Daredevil's enemies, Matt very publicly faked Foggy's death. They then moved to San Francisco, where Matt opened a new law practice with his girlfriend, Kirsten McDuffie.

Recent rumors of The Owl's escape led Matt to team up with the villain's daughter, Jubula Pride, in an effort to find him. The two discovered The Shroud, one of Daredevil's alleged allies, was using the villain to power a surveillance super-computer to track down his ex-girlfriend, Julia Carpenter.

Unable to extricate The Owl, Matt and Jubula fled, but not before The Shroud broadcast malefic footage of Matt's personal and professional life.

Murdock's only chance to rebuild his reputation was to seek help from Wilson Fisk, a.k.a. the Kingpin, but nothing good can come from making a deal with the devil...



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SIX HOURS AGO.  
SAN FRANCISCO  
INTERNATIONAL  
AIRPORT.



YOUR  
EX FOR MY  
FATHER, SHROUD!  
THAT'S WHAT I'M  
OFFERING!



WELL?

Jubula was just fighting  
for her dad, the Owl...  
but her timing was jaw-  
droppingly awful.



JUBULA,  
**NO!**

YOU'RE  
MAKING HER A  
TARGET--!

The only reason I  
knew where to find  
Julia Carpenter--

--was because  
Kingpin had sent  
his own men to  
round her up.



I'M  
NOT A  
HOSTAGE,  
BITCH.

I USED  
TO BE  
SPIDER-  
WOMAN.

**KRAK**

NF!



SHOW SOME  
RESPECT!

**FWAK**





MAX, GET  
OUT OF MY  
WAY!



He didn't.  
He just kept  
dishing out rage.

I had to attend  
to what really  
mattered...



...before  
it became  
too late.





JULIA!  
WHERE ARE  
YOU?

I'LL  
KEEP YOU  
SAFE--!

SHNNNGH!

said the  
zookeeper to  
the tiger.



YOU'RE  
A CRAZY  
MAN.

SHE'S  
NO SAFER  
WITH YOU THAN  
MY FATHER  
IS--

I WASN'T  
TALKING  
TO YOU.

HWUFF!  
NO,  
BUT WHILE  
YOU WERE  
FREAKING  
OUT--

--YOU  
REALLY  
ARE BLIND,  
AREN'T  
YOU?--



--WE  
LET BOTH OF  
THEM GET  
AWAY!





Fisk obviously knew that if he had *Julia*, he could control the *Shroud*--

--and, thus, the *Owl*.

If I'd made the effort, I bet I could literally have heard Fisk sweating with anticipation over the opportunity to monitor and manipulate every bit of electronic data on the West Coast.



**FOUR HOURS AGO.**  
**KINGPIN'S PENTHOUSE**

His ambition complicated things.

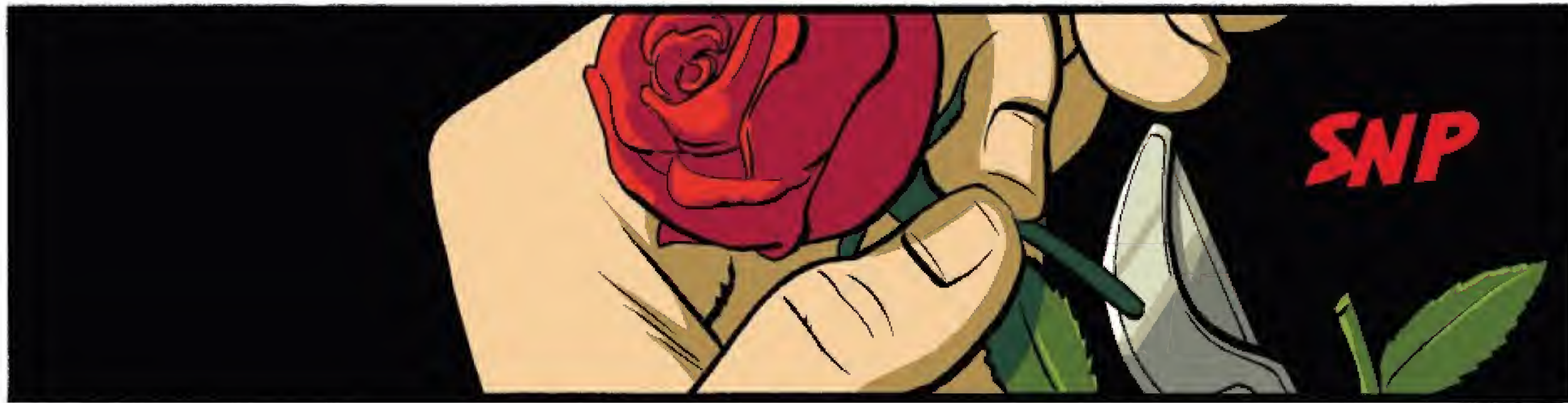
HE'S EXPECTING ME.



He and I *both* wanted Shroud out of the picture, but I wasn't willing to simply hand him an innocent woman to use as a poker chip.

I'd *take* her away from Fisk if necessary, but since he and I were in the middle of bartering a deal, it'd be easier to *negotiate* her safety.

DID YOU REALLY THINK I'D LET YOU GET AWAY WITH KIDNAPPING?











THE SHROUD HAS A PSYCHOTIC FIXATION ON THAT WOMAN, WHICH IS PROBABLY WHY SHE LEFT HIM AND **CERTAINLY** WHY HE WANTS HER BACK.



WE CAN MAKE **OUR** ARRANGEMENT WITHOUT HAVING TO INVOLVE HER.

IN FACT, I HAVE TO **INSIST**. LET JULIA CARPENTER GO OR BE PREPARED TO RENEGOTIATE **OUR** DEAL.

TAKE ME TO HER.



WITH PLEASURE.

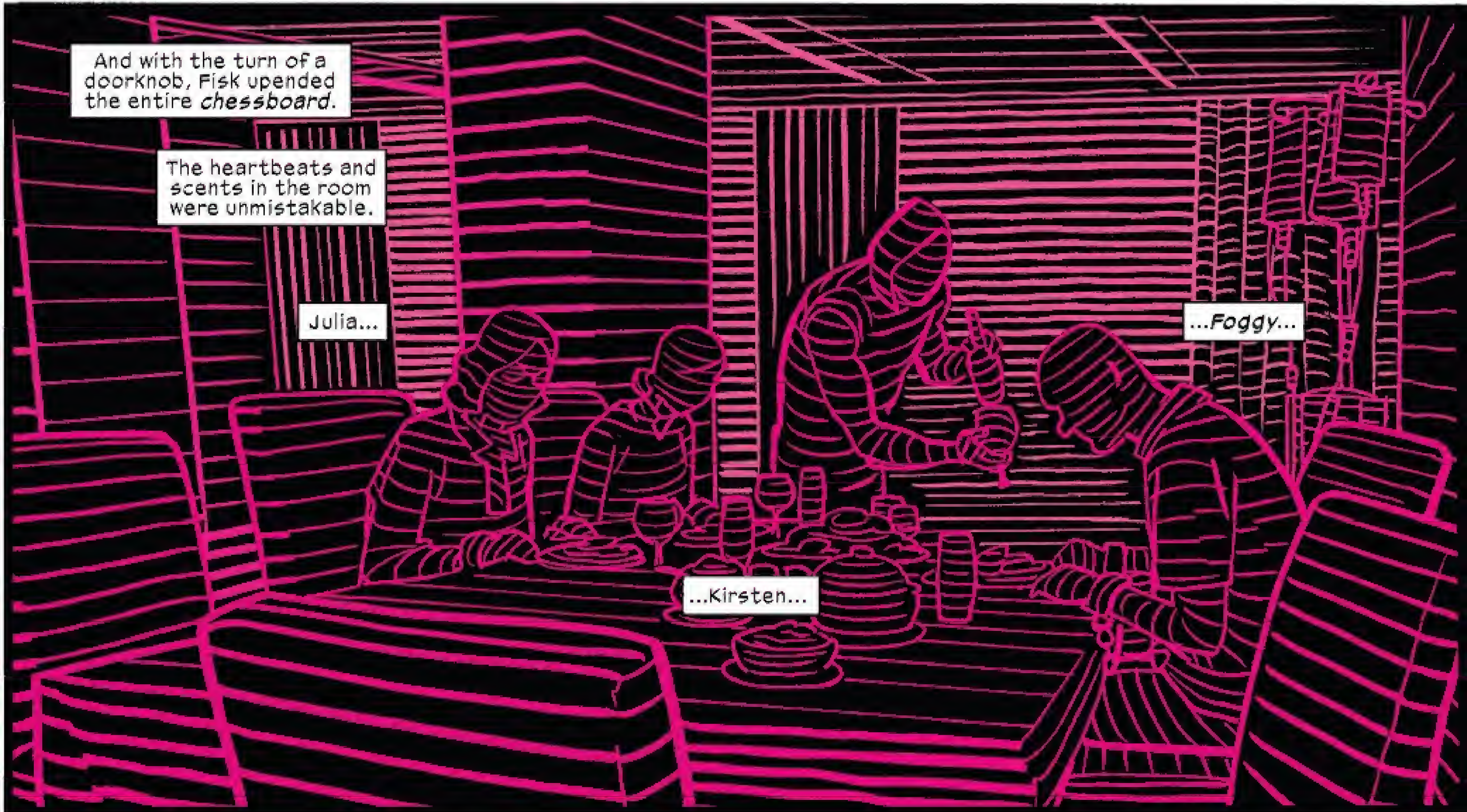
He wasn't pushing back. His pulse holds steady.



Something was *wrong*. Something *bad*.



There was something I wasn't *accounting* for and it *baffled* me.



And with the turn of a doorknob, Fisk upended the entire *chessboard*.

The heartbeats and scents in the room were unmistakable.

Julia...

...Foggy...

...Kirsten...













Ikari may have forgotten, but I didn't.



The cops are hunting me under an open-fire command.



Presuming they've been advised of Ikari's prison break, I'm sure the same order applies to him.



I wish it scared him.

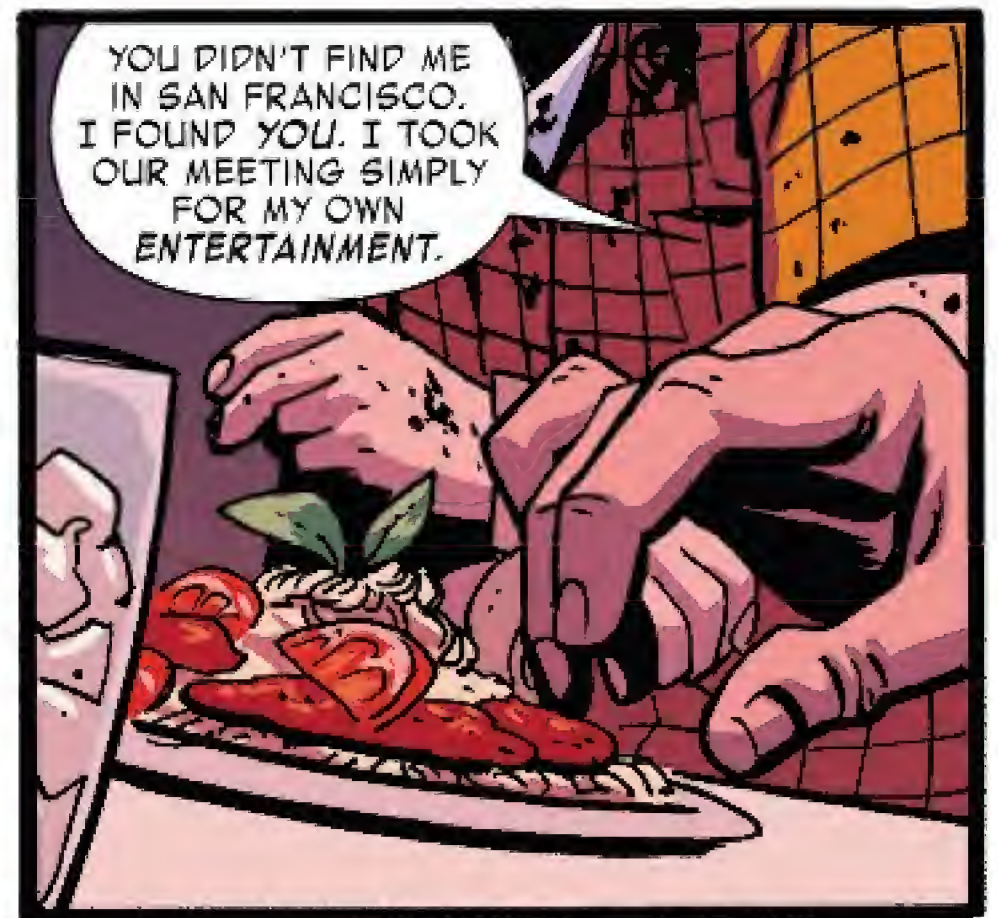


!



I wish anything did.









I DRAW MY POWER FROM OPERATING IN PRIVATE, MR. MURDOCK.

I MAINTAIN MY AUTHORITY BY HIDING MY RESOURCES, NOT PARADING THEM FOR OTHERS TO SCRUTINIZE AND REND.

I PREFER NOT TO ANNOUNCE MY PRESENCE OR EVEN MY WHEREABOUTS.



I'M AT MY MOST EFFECTIVE WHEN OTHERS ARE TERRIFIED OF SO MUCH AS MENTIONING MY NAME.

IF YOU WISH TO APOLOGIZE TO MY GUESTS FOR HAVING CHOSEN A FAR LESS STRATEGIC PATH, I WON'T STAND IN YOUR WAY.



WHAT DO YOU WANT?

I HAVE EVERYTHING I WANT.



I OWN YOU.



YOUR OFFER TO ABANDON MURDOCK'S WORLD? TO GIVE PAREDEVIL A NEW IDENTITY ONLY YOU AND I WOULD KNOW?

THAT WAS RIFE WITH POTENTIAL. BY THE TIME YOU'D FINISHED THE SENTENCE, I'D ALREADY IMAGINED FOUR WAYS TO LEISURELY DESTROY YOU WITH THAT.



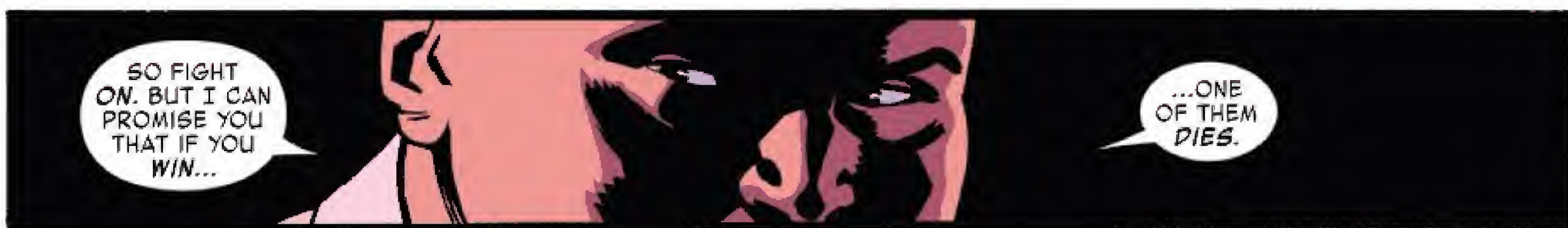
BUT NOW YOU HAVE NOTHING TO BARGAIN WITH. SO HERE'S HOW IT'S GOING TO BE.

YOU WANT ME TO WORK FOR YOU.













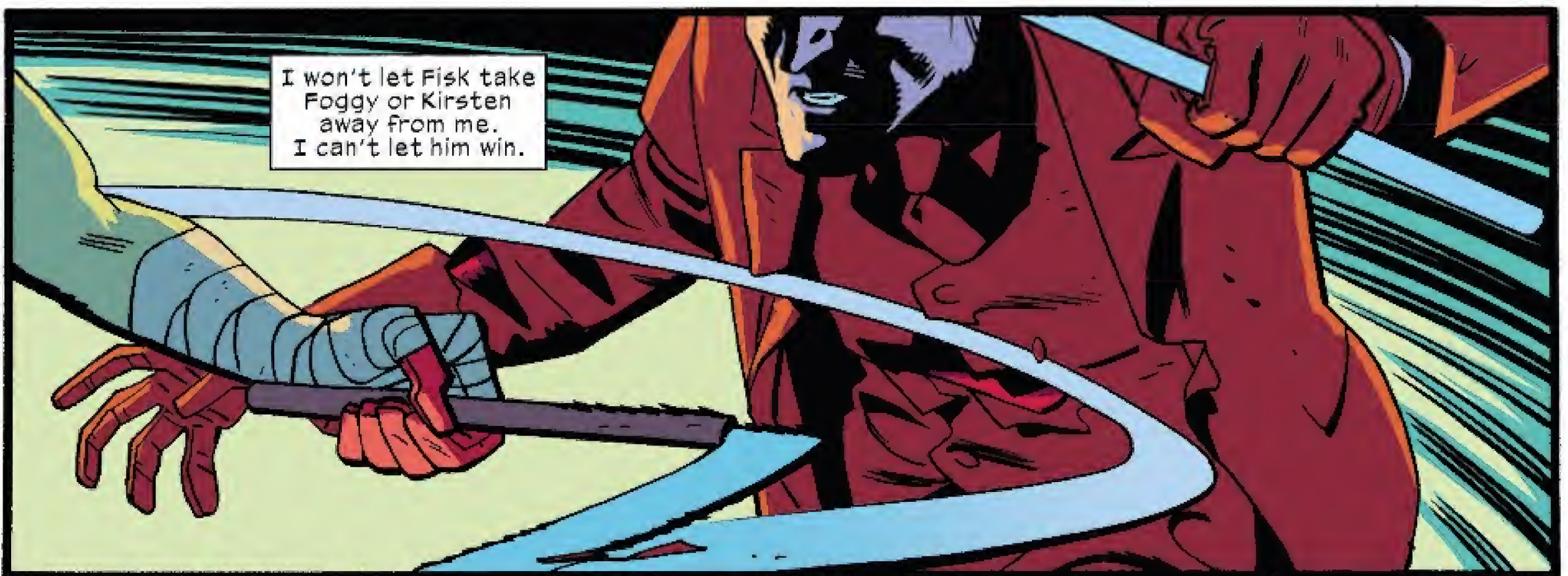
Hours on,  
the best I can  
hope for is a  
stalemate.



I've managed  
it long into  
the *night*.



But Ikari was  
rested and  
prepared.  
I was *not*.



I won't let Fisk take  
Foggy or Kirsten  
away from me.  
I can't let him win.



But if I lose, there's no  
guarantee they'll be safe.  
No one can rescue them.











NO! WHAT ARE YOU DOING?



ONE OF KINGPIN'S CHATTEL TALKED.

HE TOLD ME FISK IS IN TOWN AND HAS JULIA.

IF WE GO IN TOGETHER, WE CAN RECLAIM HER.

Oh, my God. This is the absolute *last* thing I need right now--!

LISTEN TO ME! THIS ISN'T HELPING!



YOU DON'T UNDERSTAND--!

WE BOTH KNOW I CAN DEFEAT YOU. THIS ONE'S BARELY A CHALLENGE.





IF KINGPIN  
THINKS HE CAN  
PUT ME UNDER  
HIS THUMB,  
HE--

SHANK



Wait.

That's it!  
I KNOW WHAT  
TO DO!



I can save  
everyone  
if I just--



SHNK



GYAAAAHHH!

NO!











# MAN WITHOUT FEAR

the autobiography of

# *DAREDEVIL*®

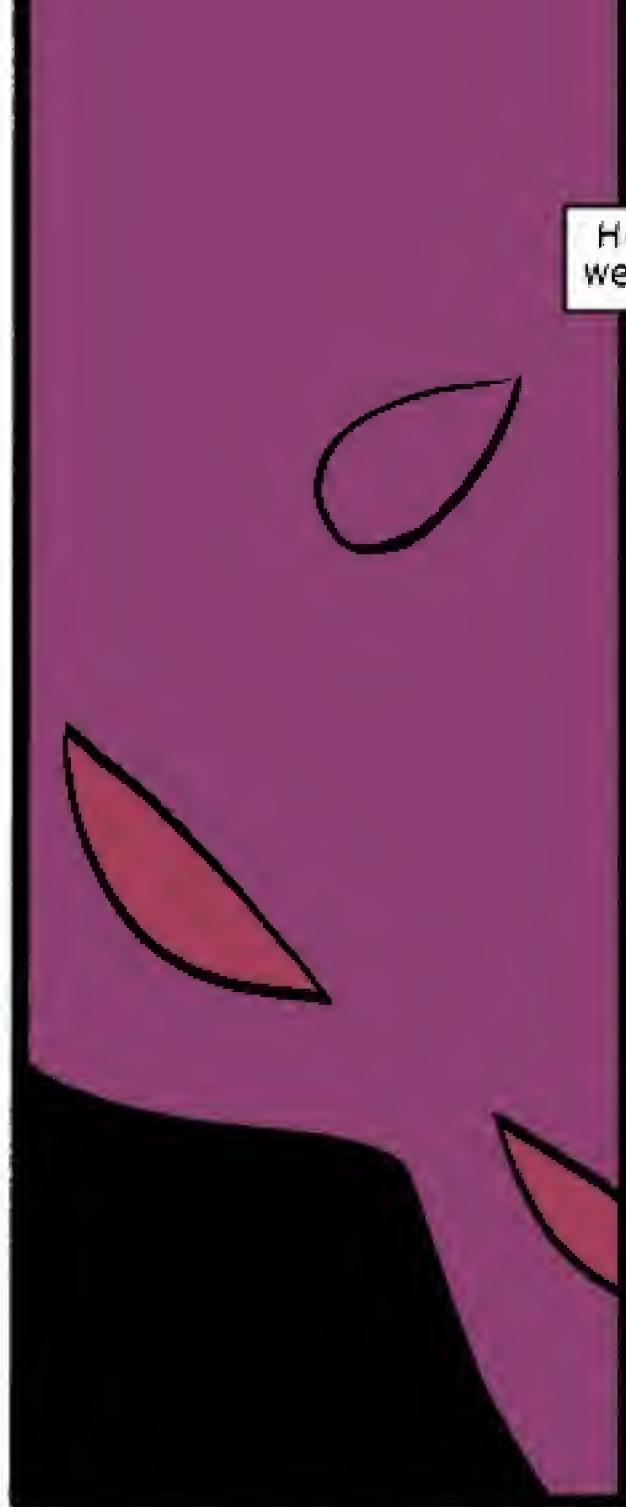
## MATTHEW MURDOCK

WALD  
SAMNEE  
WILSON

**MARVEL**

018





Here  
we go.



One last  
chance to  
either make  
everything  
right...



...or to condemn  
myself and those  
I love to the most  
merciless death  
imaginable.







IT'S  
DONE.

And the  
clock starts  
ticking.



## PREVIOUSLY:

After years of maintaining a secret identity, Matt Murdock has come clean to the world: he is Daredevil. His heightened senses, including his 360-degree radar sense, are now a matter of public record.

In order to protect his best friend Foggy Nelson from Daredevil's enemies, Matt very publicly faked Foggy's death. They then moved to San Francisco, where Matt opened a new law practice with his girlfriend, Kirsten McDuffie.

Rumors of The Owl's escape led Matt to team up with his foe's daughter, Jubula Pride, to find him. The two discovered The Shroud, Daredevil's alleged ally, was using The Owl to power a surveillance super-computer to find his ex-girlfriend, Julia Carpenter.

Unable to extricate The Owl, Matt and Jubula fled, but not before The Shroud broadcast malefic footage of Matt's personal and professional life.

To salvage his reputation, Matt turned to Wilson Fisk, a.k.a. the Kingpin. But Fisk double-crossed Daredevil, taking Julia, Kirsten and Foggy captive and forcing Matt into a death match with the assassin Ikari. Matters were only made worse when The Shroud intervened and killed Ikari...

Without a hope and with everything to lose, Matt faces his darkest hour...



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We have maybe *minutes* before Kingpin figures out what's going on.

DADDY,  
PLEASE...I'M  
TRYING TO  
GET YOU  
OUT...

YOU  
WENT BEHIND  
MY BACK,  
JUBULA.



WE'LL  
TABLE THAT  
FOR NOW.

EVERY  
SECOND  
COUNTS.



IF YOUR  
FATHER'S LISTENING  
TO YOU AT ALL,  
THIS IS THE TIME TO  
POUR YOUR *HEART*  
OUT TO HIM...

Fisk has a unique tell:  
a specific way his  
breath slows when  
he's disappointed.



As it sinks into him that  
Daredevil's no longer his to  
murder *personally*, he's  
breathing like that now.

His hostages  
aren't breathing  
at *all*.





Like Fisk, they think I'm dead at Ikari's hands.



They haven't yet tipped to the fact that I'm so desperate to rescue them...somehow, against impossible odds...



...that I'm wearing the clothes I pulled off a *dead man*.

LET ME MASQUERADE--

MY WAY OR NO WAY. YOU'VE GOT YOUR ROLE.

THE FASTER YOU GET TO IT, THE FASTER I CAN TAKE MY RAGE OUT ON YOU AFTERWARD FOR YOUR PART IN THIS. YOU'LL GET WHAT YOU WANT. GO.



Too many guns, not enough exits. What I have in mind is the only option. I'm stalling by giving Fisk what he was half expecting, but that'll play only so long.

Any moment now, one news radio-listening goon or another is bound to break the electronics embargo here...

...and storm in to show Fisk news footage of The Shroud throwing Ikari off a *rooftop*.

TELL THE LIE AND I'LL SET HIM FREE.



DADDY, IT'S... IT'S THE KINGPIN. HE'S DONE THIS TO YOU. BUT I CAN...

I have to keep him distracted until my team can *counter-program*.

...I CAN TELL YOU HOW TO GET REVENGE...





He's waiting for me to speak further, but one wrong word, one misstep, could blow everything. I have no idea what's already been said between Ikari and Fisk.

I'm banking on two things.

One: Because the sound of voices is so routinely critical to my survival, I tend to listen intently enough to be a passable *mimic*.



STILL SERVING DINNER?

TWO:



I'm not so passable that *another blind person* would necessarily be fooled.

I'LL HAVE A PLATE MADE UP.

One who used to be a trained combatant *herself*.



THIS CERTAINLY SEEMS TO BE MURDOCK'S COWL.

YOU DELIVERED THE CORPSE IN THE EXACT MANNER WE DISCUSSED? I REQUIRE UNMISTAKABLE VERIFICATION, YOU UNDERSTAND.



Damn it.

OF COURSE.



THEN SHOW ME.

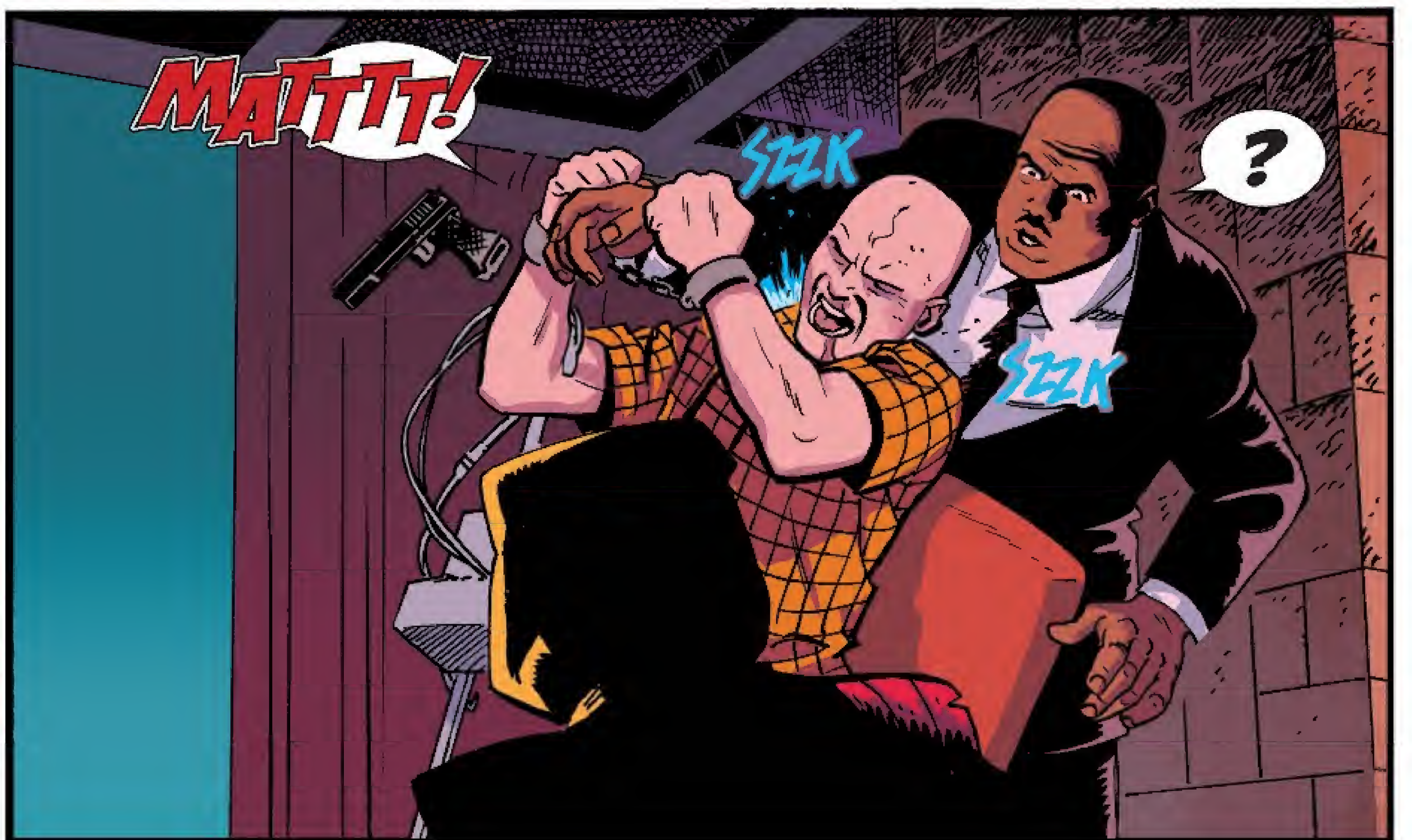


WELL?

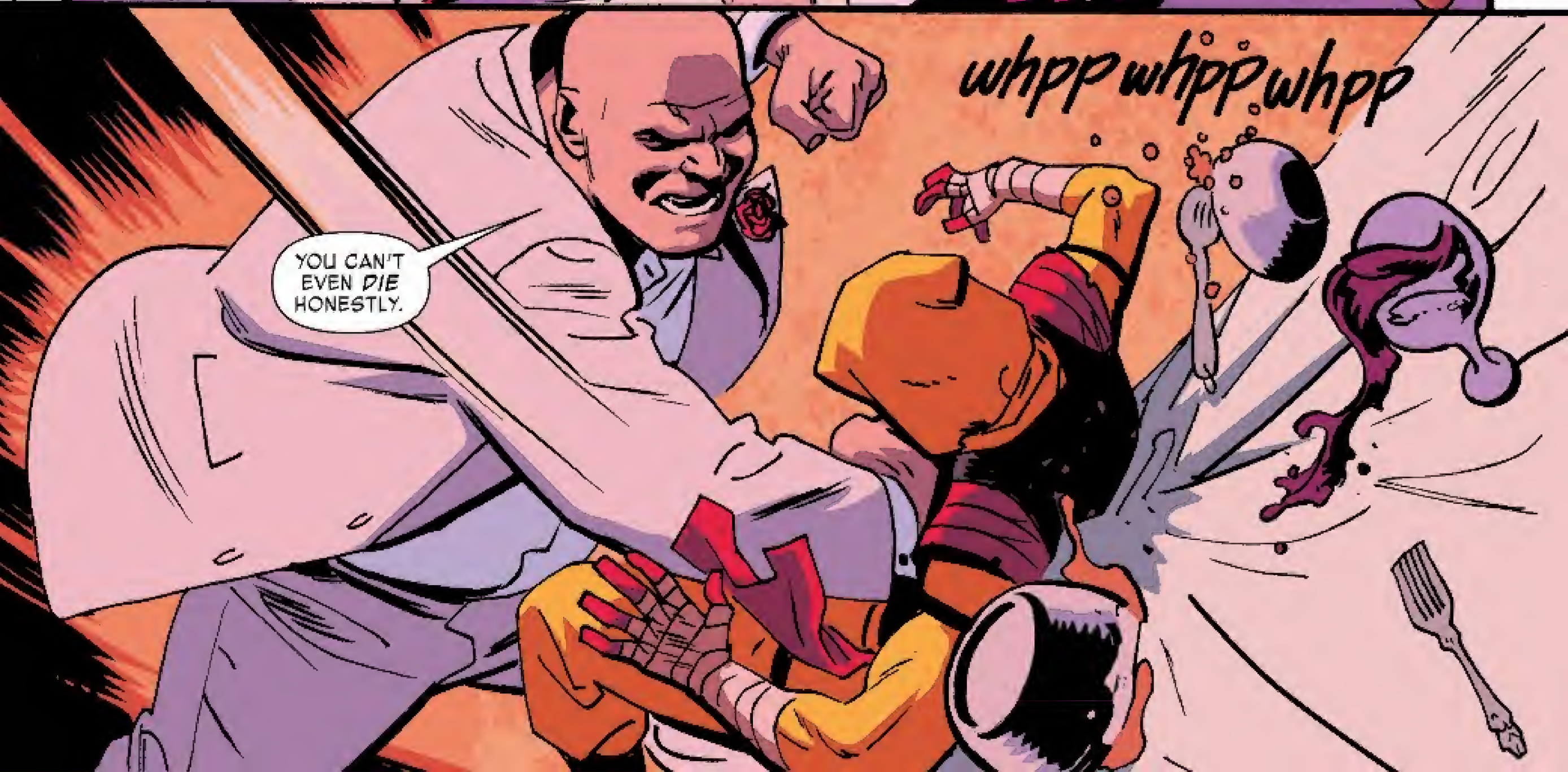
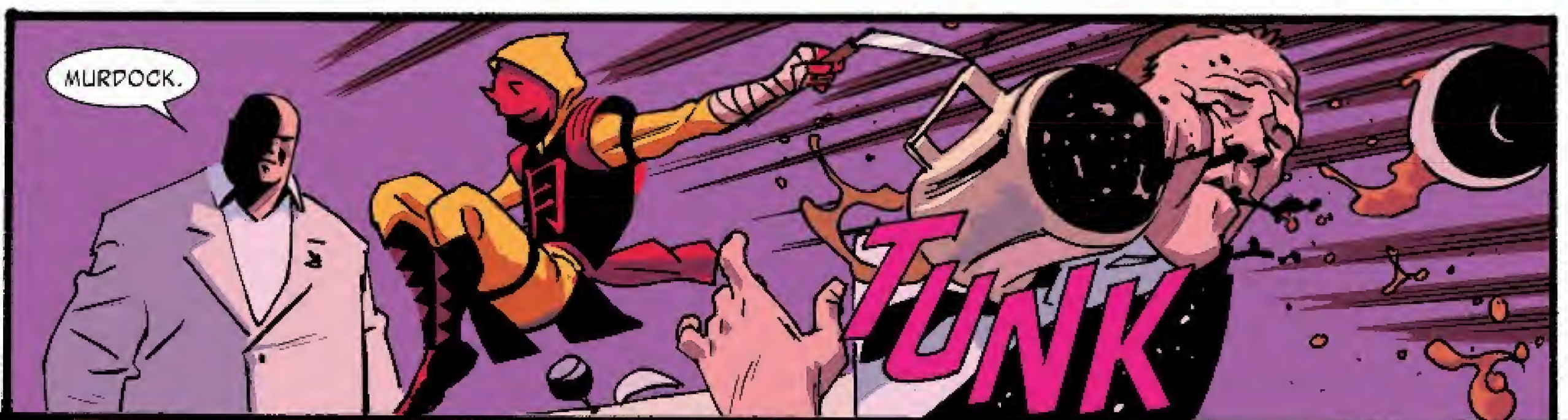
SORRY. I WAS JUST REMEMBERING HOW MUCH HE *BEGGED* AND *CRIED* AT THE END.



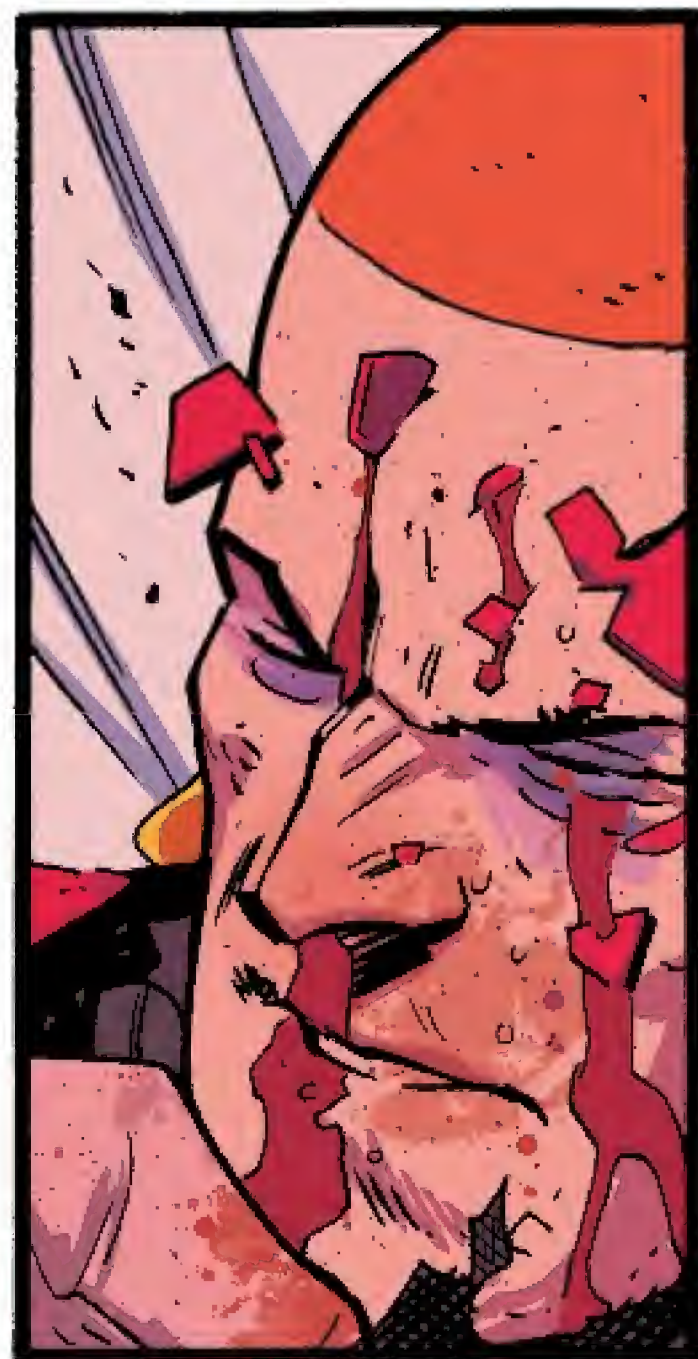




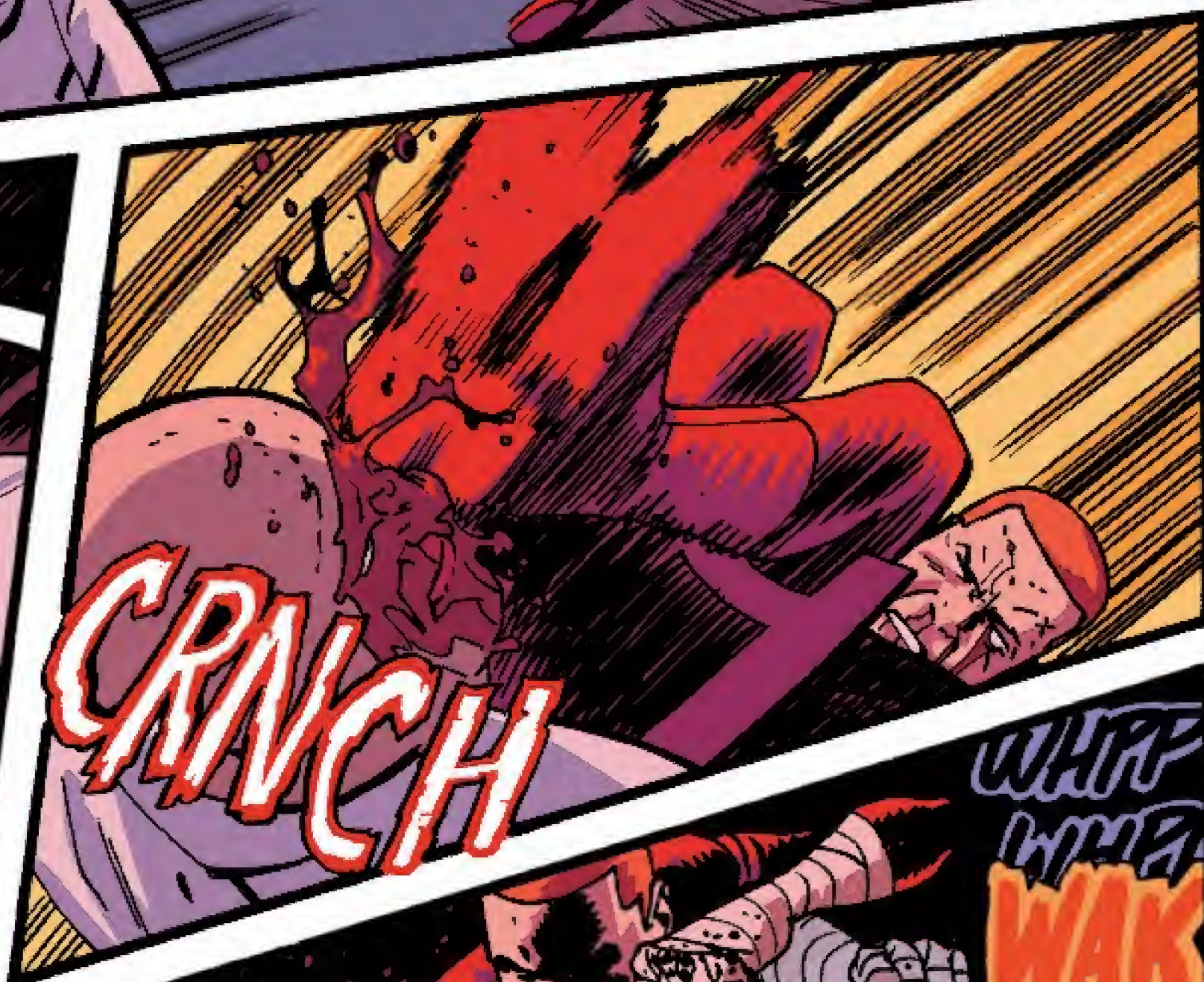






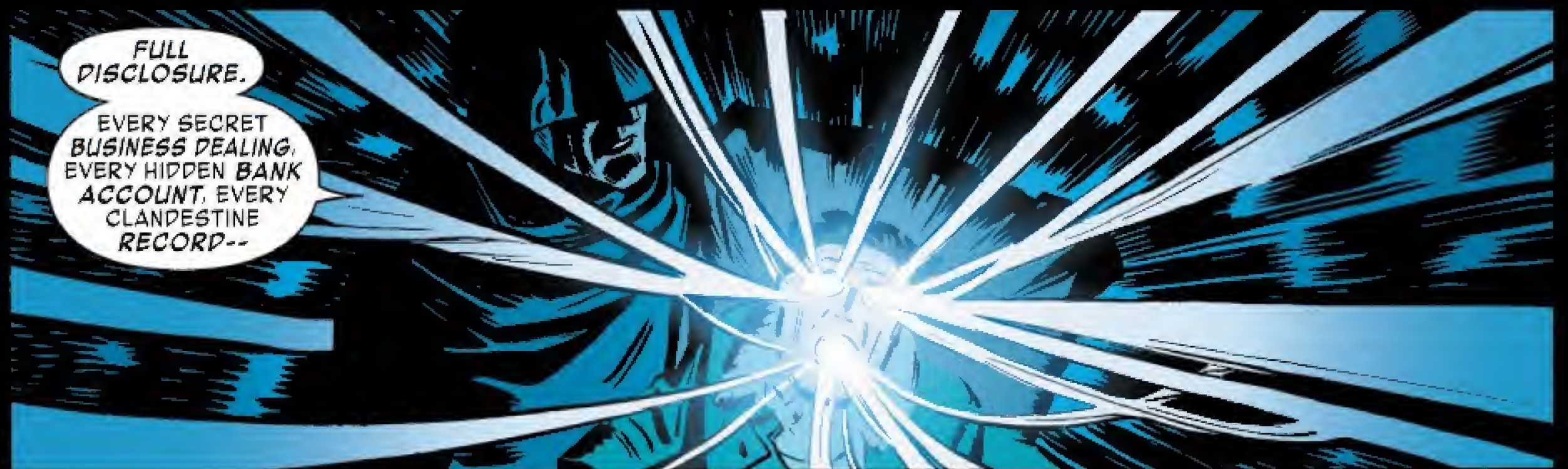








WHPP-WHPP-WHPP-WHPP-WHPP-WHPP-WHPP



FULL  
DISCLOSURE.

EVERY SECRET  
BUSINESS DEALING,  
EVERY HIDDEN BANK  
ACCOUNT, EVERY  
CLANDESTINE  
RECORD--



--EVERY CONCEIVABLE BIT  
OF DATA REGARDING AT-  
LARGE FELON WILSON FISK IS  
CURRENTLY BEING SIMULCAST  
TO EVERY SCREEN IN  
THE BAY AREA--

--AND THIS  
STATION IS BEING  
ADVISED THAT FEDERAL  
AGENTS ARE EVEN  
NOW CONVERGING ON  
FISK'S CURRENT  
LOCATION!



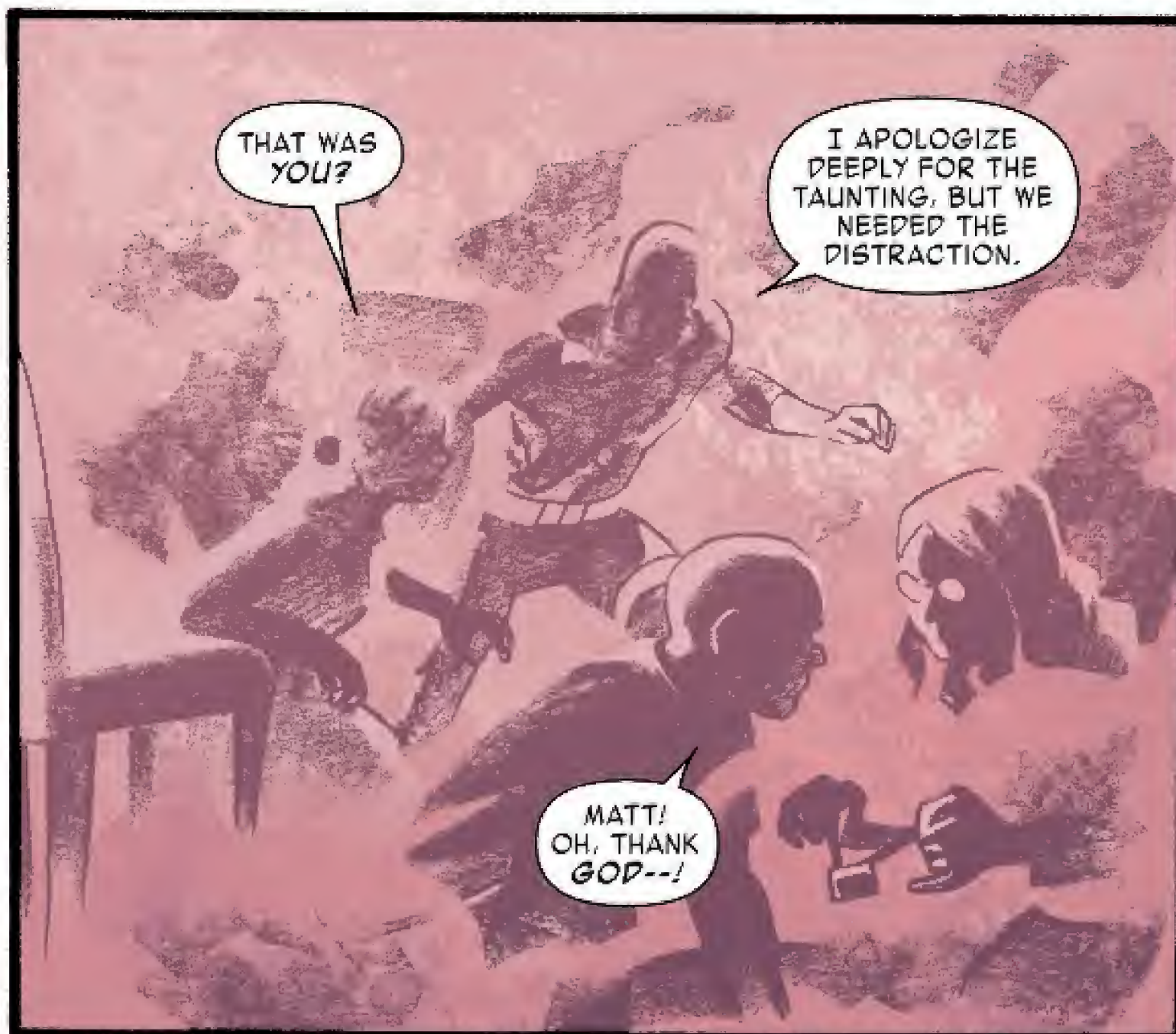
I DRAW  
MY POWER  
FROM OPERATING  
IN *PRIVATE*,  
MR. MURDOCK.

I MAINTAIN  
MY AUTHORITY BY  
HIDING MY RESOURCES,  
NOT *PARADING*  
THEM FOR OTHERS TO  
*SCRUTINIZE*  
AND *REND*.



YOU WERE  
SAYING...?











It's not over.

There are always loose ends left to tie up.

--TO-TIE-UP.

SAVING FILE "AUTOBIOGRAPHY"...

The Shroud was one. By the time I doubled back to his hideout, The Owl and Jubula were long gone--and just as whatever Fisk's eventual stab at revenge will be, they're a problem for another day.

The Shroud, we caught. Julia joined me. She was an amazing sport. She knew he would never stop menacing the public until the two of them were finally reunited.

It takes a lot to step up to a crazy ex.

Even when your lips have been coated with enough tranquilizer to bring down a bear.

He'll join Fisk behind bars.

After all, he was-- among his many other crimes-- responsible for the murder of *Ikari*.





A charge that would be easier to make stick if someone hadn't run off with the *body* and left no trail.

In this job, sometimes the best you get is a partial win.

Sometimes, given how the right guys never seem to stay dead, the surprises are flatly unsurprising.



Sometimes you get to walk away from the worst of it, albeit with an awful limp.

The Deputy Mayor had my arrest warrant rescinded and helped clear my name against all my firm's angry, wiretapped clients...



...but there wasn't much she could do about restoring our credibility as attorneys.

But every great once in a while...



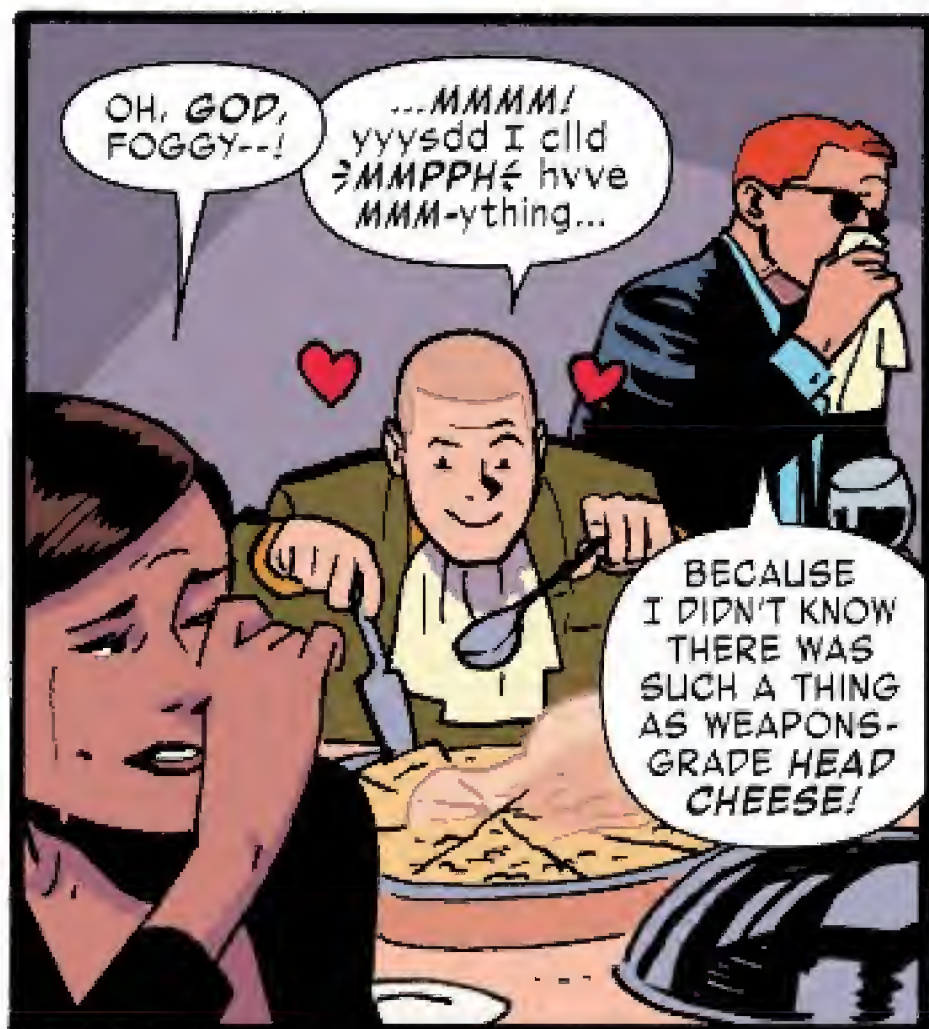
...whenever God takes count and decides you've built up enough good karma...







...you get an all-out victory.



OH, GOD, FOGGY--!

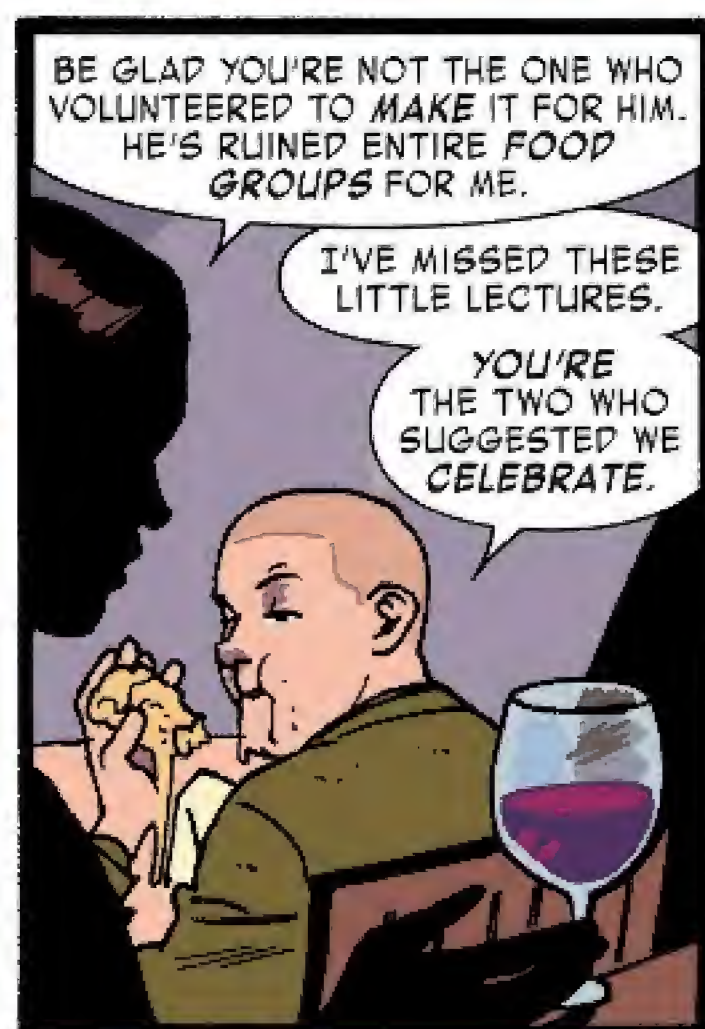
...MMM! yyyssdd I cldd >MMPPH< hvve MMM-ything...

BECAUSE I DIDN'T KNOW THERE WAS SUCH A THING AS WEAPONS-GRADE HEAD CHEESE!



IFFFF >SMACK< my pzzaa.

THAT'S NOT PIZZA. PIZZA DOESN'T MAKE ANGELS CRY. WHY IS THERE KETCHUP ON IT?



BE GLAD YOU'RE NOT THE ONE WHO VOLUNTEERED TO MAKE IT FOR HIM. HE'S RUINED ENTIRE FOOD GROUPS FOR ME.

I'VE MISSED THESE LITTLE LECTURES.

YOU'RE THE TWO WHO SUGGESTED WE CELEBRATE.

WHEN I CAUGHT A WHIFF OF YOUR BODY CHEMISTRY BACK IN FISK'S DINING ROOM, I NEARLY BROKE CHARACTER. IT GAVE ME HOPE.



HOPE REWARDED. MY DOCTOR SAYS MY CANCER'S IN FULL REMISSION.

CONGRATULATIONS, SIR. WELL DESERVED.



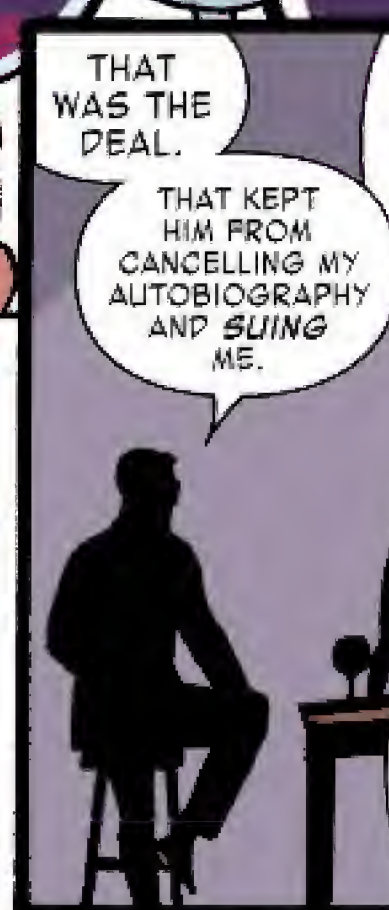
TOMORROW, BACK TO A SENSIBLE DIET?

I PROMISE. TODAY, I DINE LIKE A SEVEN-YEAR-OLD WITH A PRIVATE CHEF.

GARCÓN! MY PORK RINDS AU JUS, PLEASE!



DESSERT IS FOR CLOSERS. ARE YOU TWO READY TO GO JOIN MY DAD AGAINST A SEA OF REPORTERS SO WE CAN GET ON WITH OUR LIVES?



THAT WAS THE DEAL.

THAT KEPT HIM FROM CANCELLING MY AUTOBIOGRAPHY AND SUING ME.

SMALL PRICE. C'MON. THIS IS A WALK OF THE CAKE VARIETY. THEY JUST WANT TO KNOW DEETS LIKE WHY YOU FAKED FOGGY'S DEATH, WHY OUR CLIENTS GOT RECORDED, ETCETERA.

ALL OF WHICH YOU HAVE PERFECTLY GOOD ANSWERS FOR.

PUT ON YOUR CHARM, DO THAT WHOLE GRATINGLY TRANSPARENT THING, AND WE CAN FINALLY MOVE ON TO WHATEVER'S NEXT IN THIS WACKO LIFE.



READY?

AFTER YOU.



CAN WE GET THIS SHOW ON THE ROAD, PLEASE?

SORRY, GANG'S ALL HERE, DAD.



OH?





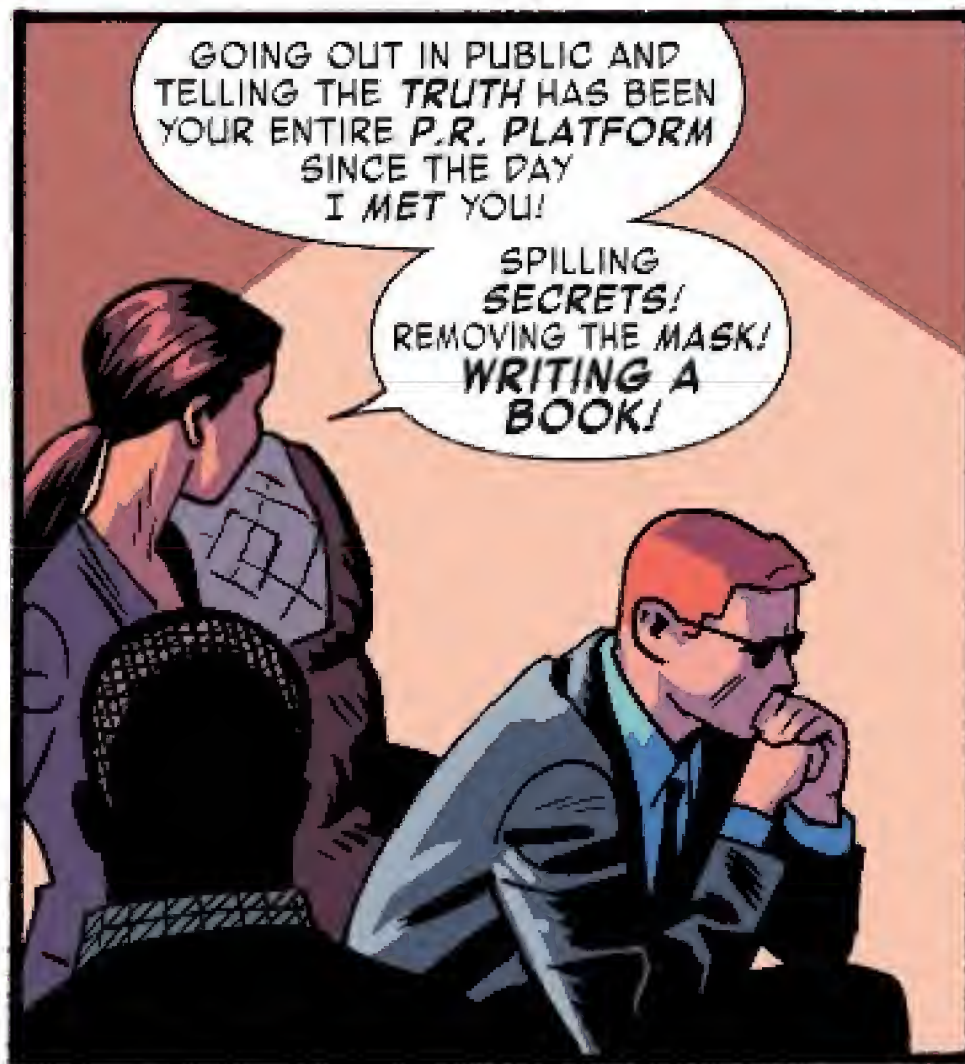
MATTY, WHAT THE HELL--?

COUNSELOR, WHAT'S WRONG? DON'T TELL ME YOU'VE GOT COLD FEET ALL OF A SUDDEN!

HEY, MATT MURDOCK IS THE MAN WITHOUT FEA--



THAT'S CRAP! STOP SAYING THAT!



GOING OUT IN PUBLIC AND TELLING THE TRUTH HAS BEEN YOUR ENTIRE P.R. PLATFORM SINCE THE DAY I MET YOU!

SPILLING SECRETS! REMOVING THE MASK! WRITING A BOOK!



NOW, ALL OF A SUDDEN, BEING HONEST HAS YOU SCARED? NOW?



I WAS NEVER BEING HONEST EXCEPT ON MY TERMS! I WAS BEING DEFIANT!

THIS IS THE SECRET TO BEING "FEARLESS," OKAY? YOU ATTACK A PROBLEM BEFORE IT CAN ATTACK YOU.



OUTING MYSELF THAT HARD AND THAT THOROUGHLY WASN'T AN ACT OF INTEGRITY. IT WAS RECKLESSNESS.

IT WAS AN ATTEMPT TO OUT-CLEVER EVERYONE. TO TAKE MY SECRETS OUT OF THE MIX BEFORE THEY COULD BE USED AGAINST ME. THAT'S ALL. AND IT BACKFIRED. THAT WAS MY AMMO. THAT WAS OUR PROTECTION.



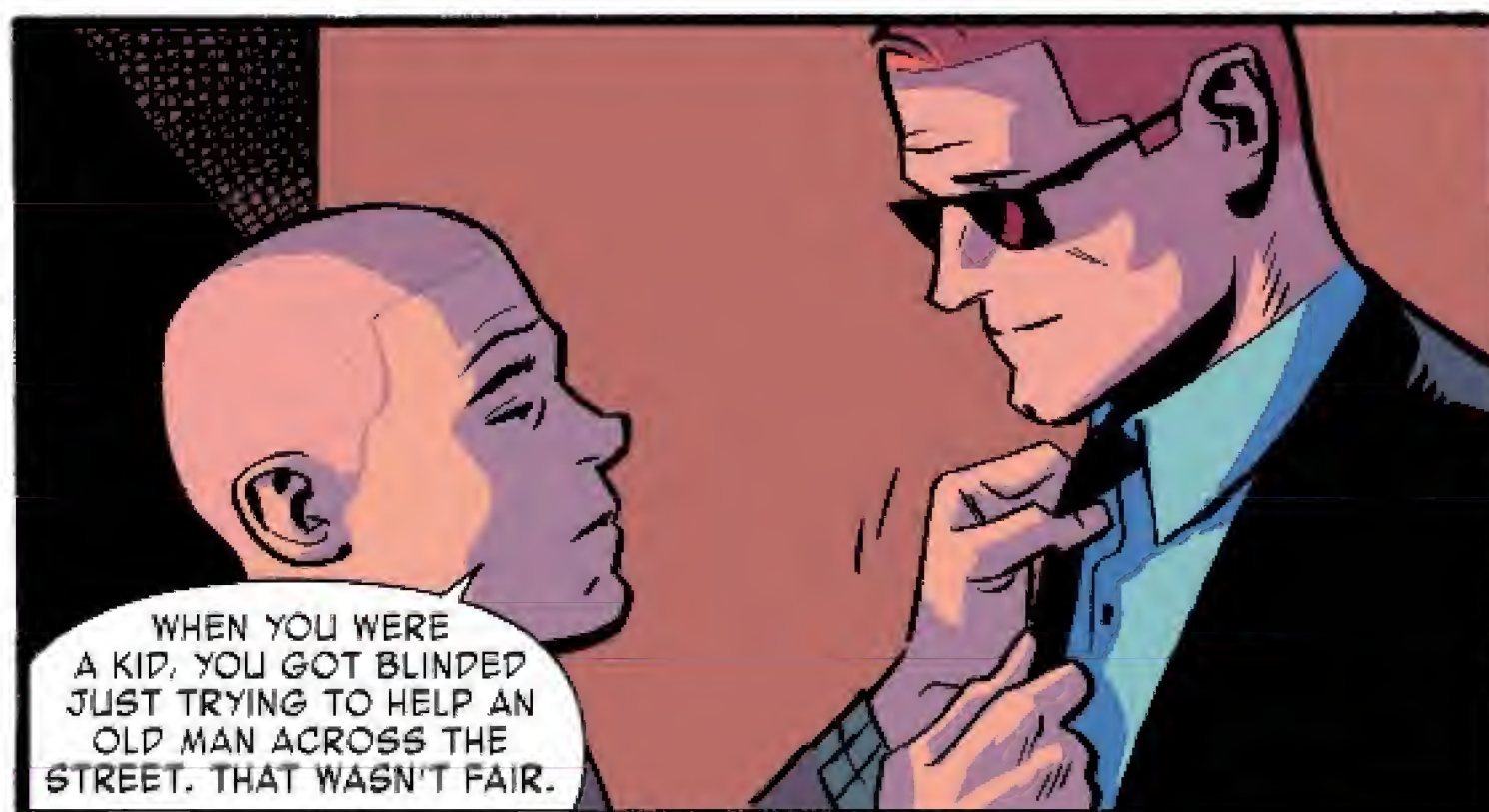
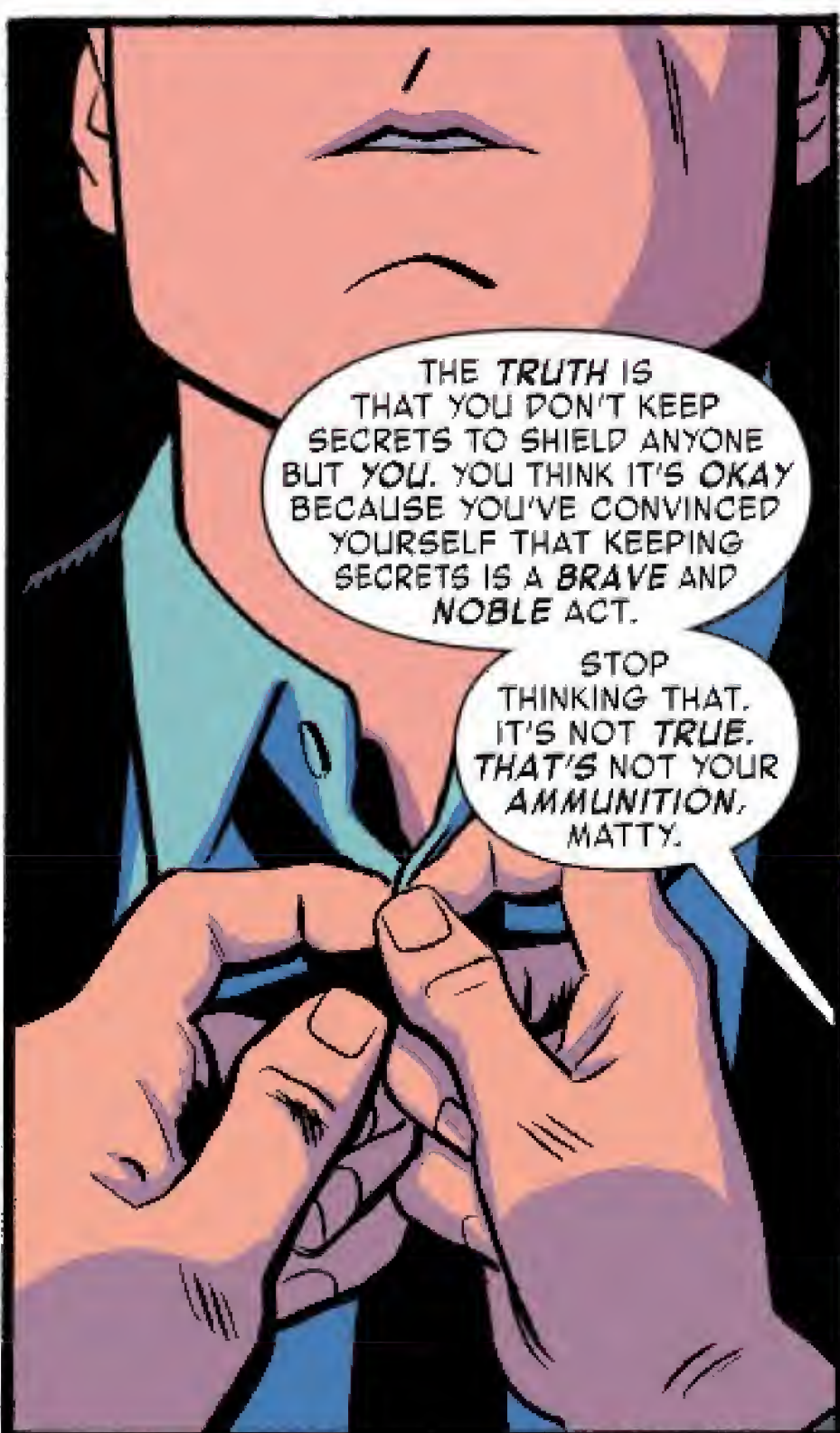
NOW WHAT DO WE HAVE TO SHIELD US?

EVERY DAY STANDING NEXT TO ME IS A GAMBLE!



WHO AM I TO BE SO ARROGANT AS TO BELIEVE I CAN ALWAYS SAVE YOU?













My name is  
Matt Murdock.

I'm a fighter,  
I'm a lawyer and  
I am a friend of  
inconsistent  
quality.

And, boy,  
am I loved.  
Go figure.



Whether I mean  
to or not, I tend  
to keep to the  
shadows.  
I always have.



I also make  
a lot of bad  
decisions.



Perhaps those  
two things aren't  
wholly unrelated.

I can see that  
now. That the  
light is nothing  
to be *afraid* of.  
Not really.





I mean, I may not  
have *eyes*, but for  
the love of God...

...I'm not  
*blind*.

# THE END

